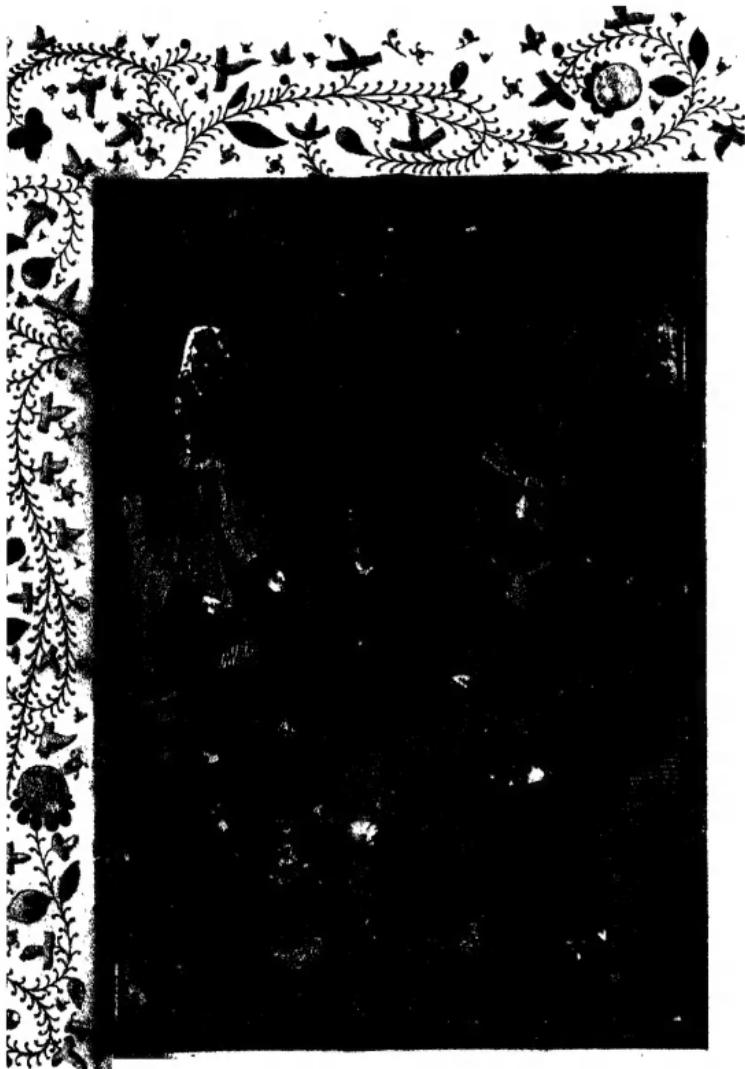


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SPECIMENS
OF THE
EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE.



Nature instructing the Poet.

From a MS. in the King's Library at Dover.

PREFACE.

EVERY lover of literature must have observed with regret the little attention bestowed by the English reader on the early poetry of France. In our own country the works of the best poets have been so diligently collected, that little is left to desire, presented as these treasures are to the public, in every possible form. It is not so with the same class of authors in France, though the researches of many able men have preserved their works from oblivion, and made them known to the learned world. Still some of their best and earliest poets are but little read even in France, and in England their very names are unheard of. To introduce them to the English public appeared, therefore, a desirable object; and an attempt has consequently been made in the following pages to convey, as much as possible, the spirit of the original poems, divesting them of the trammels which their antique phraseology has thrown around them. It is certainly not

mere verbal translation that that which pleases in one language can be rendered into another so as to give equal pleasure: the difference of idiom must be considered, and an *equivalent* expression may convey the poet's meaning with more force than a mere literal version of the passage could do.

The compositions of the Troubadours being more familiar than those of the poets who succeeded them, I have ventured only on a few specimens of the former, selected principally from the valuable collection of M. Raynouard.

So very numerous are the lays of these early minstrels, that had I given way to the temptation of translating all their known works, this volume would have far exceeded the limits allowed me. There remains then, it will easily be imagined, a countless store of their lays, to which I have not ventured even to allude in a work of so little extent as the present. Many probably of the greatest amongst the Troubadours and Trouvères, have remained untouched, and I have passed on to introduce other poets, perhaps even less known than they are.

I have confined myself to very brief biographical notices, and I owe some apology to the antiquarian reader, for having but slightly mentioned subjects so interesting and curious as many which have necessarily presented themselves.

I gladly avail myself of this moment to offer my very sincere and grateful acknowledgements to those who have so kindly afforded me their support in my undertaking, and assisted me in the most liberal manner, not only with their advice, but their valuable notes and comments, some of which I have been permitted to insert in this volume.

To Sir Frederick Madden, of the British Museum, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for his kindness during the progress of my work, for the interest he has taken in it, and for the valuable hints with which he has favoured me.

I feel less diffidence in submitting this collection to the public, since it has received the sanction of a person whose opinion carries so much weight, and who has most indulgently directed my inexperience with his judgment.

To Monsieur Francisque Michel I feel peculiarly indebted for the prompt and friendly manner in which he has obliged me by devoting a portion of his valuable time to the subject of the Trouvères. His name is so well known to all lovers of antiquarian lore, that to mention it is sufficient to ensure attention.

To my brother's diligent and patient research I owe the greatest part of the information which may be here offered, and my obligations

are not inconsiderable to those persons both in England and France, who have, with so much kindness, permitted me to avail myself of the treasures contained in their libraries.

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

September, 1834.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Description of the Plates.....	xix
Introduction.....	xxii
Lettre à Mademoiselle Louisa Stuart Costello.....	xxxix

THE TROUBADOURS.

WILLIAM, NINTH COUNT OF POICTIERS	3
Lay, 'Anew I tune my lute to love'	6
COMTESSE DE DIE.....	7
Elegy of Love	7
WILLIAM ADHEMAR.	
'Oh! were I sure that all the lays'	10
'She will not always turn away'.....	10
RAMBAUD D'AURENCE.	
'I should be blest! for in my dreams'	11
BERTRAND DE BORN.....	12
'She cannot be mine! her star is too bright'.....	13
GEOFFROI RUDELL.	
'Around, above, on every spray'	14
BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.	
'When I behold her, sudden fear'	15
'No!—joy can wake my soul no more'	16
PIERRE ROGIERS.	
'Who has not look'd upon her brow'	17

	Page
FOLQUET DE MARSEILLES.	
‘If I must fly thee, turn away’	18
Aubade (Author unknown). ‘Within our hawthorn bower how sweet’	19
RAIMOND DE MIRAVALS.	
‘I must be worthy of her love’	20
GAUCELM FAIDIT	21
Elegy on the Death of King Richard Cœur de Lion	21
RAMBAUD DE VAQUIERAS.	
‘While thus I see the groves anew’.....	25
ELIAS CAIREL.	
‘She’s fairer than my dreams could frame’	27
COUNT DE LA MARCHE.	
‘Fair, precious gem ! when first I cast’	29
PEYROLIS.	
‘So full of pleasure is my pain’	30
WILLIAM DE CABESTAING.	
‘No, never since the fatal time’	31
COUNTESS DE PROVENCE.	
To her Husband	32
THE MONK OF MONTAUDON	33
‘I love the court by wit and worth adorn’d’	33
CLAIRE D’ANDUZE.	
Lay, ‘They who may blame my tenderness’.....	34
PIERRE VIDAL.	
‘Ah ! if renown attend my name’	36
ARNAUD DANIEL	37
‘When leaves and flowers are newly springing’.....	38
BONIFACE CALVO.	
‘She was so good, so pure, so fair’.....	40

THE TROUVERES.

	Page
MARIE DE FRANCE	43
Lay of Bisclaveret	50
Lay of the Eglantine	61
LE CHATELAIN DE COUCY	68
Chanson II. 'My wand'ring thoughts awake,' &c. .	68
LA DAME DE FAYEL	70
Lai, 'Still will I sing to soothe my heart'	70
THIBAUT DE CHAMPAGNE.....	73
Lay, On departing for the Holy Land.....	76
Translation of a Stanza	78
Song to excite to the Crusade	79
+ Lay, 'Another lay I breathe for thee'.....	81
THIBAUT DE BLAZON.	
Chanson, 'I am to blame ! why should I sing ?' ...	83
GACE BRULÉ.	
'The birds in Brittany I hear'.....	84

EARLY FRENCH POETS.

JEAN DE MEUN	89
Le Codicille	91
Roman de la Rose	92
JEAN FROISSART	94
Triolet, 'Take time while yet it is in view'.....	95
Virelay, 'Too long it seems e'er I shall view '	95
CHRISTINE DE PISE	97
Tenson, entitled Gieux à vendre	102
Rondel, 'En espérant de mieulx avoir'	104
Rondel, 'I live in hopes of better days'	104
Rondel, 'Je ne scay comment je dure'	105

CHRISTINE DE PISE continued.

	Page
Rondel, ‘I know not how my life I bear’	106
Sur la Mort de son Père.....	106
On the Death of her Father	107
ALAIN CHARTIER	108
‘Ten seasons of a hapless exile’s life’	118
Part of <i>La Belle Dame sans Merci</i>	121
‘Twas all the joy the world could give’	122
<i>Le Breviaire des Nobles, Courtoisie</i>	123
Amour.....	123
CHARLES, DUKE OF OREANS	125
On the Death of his Wife	140
‘Take back, take back those treacherous sighs’	141
‘I stood upon the wild sea shore’	141
‘Thrice blest is he by whom the art’	142
‘Forgive me, love, if I have dared’	144
‘My only love, my dearest, best’ (supposed to be addressed to him by his Lady)	144
Answer, ‘I cannot love thee—for my heart’	145
‘She is fair, but fatal too’	146
‘Far from Love’s dang’rous glances fly’	147
Lay, ‘Tis past—oh, never speak again	148
Lay, ‘Is she not passing fair’	149
Song of the Mouse	150
‘Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply’	151
‘Begone, begone—away, away’	152
‘Deep, deep within my heart conceal’d’	152
‘Oh let me, let me think in peace’	153
‘Oh! shall I ever know if all’	154
‘Heaven! ‘tis delight to see how fair’	155
‘Heaven conduct thee, gentle thought’	156
CLEMENCE ISAURE	157
Plainte d’Amour	158
‘Fair season! childhood of the year’	158
FRANÇOIS VILLON	159
Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis.....	161

	Page
JEAN REGNIER	162
‘How many cite with airs of pride’.....	163
PIERRE MICHAULT	163
Moralité	163
GUILLAUME ALEXIS	164
L’Avare.....	164
MARTIAL DE PARIS.....	165
The Advantages of Adversity	166
‘Dear the felicity’.....	167
LEMAIRE DE BELGE	168
Adieu of the Green Lover	170
Epitaph of the Green Lover.....	170
Description of the Paradise into which l’Amant Verd is conducted by Mercury	171
JEAN MESCHINOT	178
‘Princes, are ye of other clay’.....	180
On John, Duke of Burgundy	180
JEHAN MOLINET	181
WILLIAM CRETIN	183
‘Love is like a fairy’s favour’.....	184
JEHAN MAROT	185
‘By evil tongues how many true and kind’	185
‘Oh! give me death, or pity show’	186
PIERRE GRINGORE	187
On Learning and Wealth	187
On Marriage.....	188
JACQUES COLIN	188
Cupid Justified	188
CLEMENT MAROT.....	190
To Anne, whose absence he regrets	194
On the Statue of Venus sleeping	194
On the Smile of Mad. d’Albret	195
On the Queen of Navarre	196

	Page
MAYNARD.	
‘ “ Although thine eyes consume my soul ”	271
PHILIPPE DESPORTES	272
Diane, ‘ If stainless faith and fondness tried ’	273
Diane, livre I. ‘ Je me laisse brûler,’ &c	273
‘ I perish with conceal’d desire ’	274
Diane, ‘ Ah, gentle couch ! if thou wert made ’	275
JEAN BERTAUT	276
‘ Fortune, to me unkind ’	276
Renaissance d’Amour	278
AMADIS JAMYN	279
Callirée, ‘ Although when I depart ’	279
Artemis, ‘ Because each night we may behold ’	280
D’HUXATIIME.	
Le Repentir du Repentir	281
DE PORCHERES.	
Regrets sur un Départ	284
HENRY THE FOURTH.	
Song, ‘ My charming Gabrielle ’	285

APPENDIX.

Song of Richard Cœur de Lion in his Captivity	289
Free Translation of Richard’s Song	290
MARIE DE FRANCE	292
Lai de Mort de Tristan de Léonnois	294
Note to Alain Chartier	297
Mary, Queen of Scots	298

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

No I.

“NATURE INSTRUCTING THE POET.”

Frontispiece.

This subject is taken from an illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century in the King’s Library at Paris, entitled “Les Eschecs Amoureux;” it has been described as a work on chess, with which, however, it has nothing to do. It might more properly be described as a work on natural philosophy illustrative of mythology.

No II.

“PORTRAIT OF JEAN DE MEUN.”

(*To face page 89.*)

Copied from the beautiful MS. of the Roman de la Rose in the British Museum, Harl. 4425.

No. III.

“PORTRAIT OF CHRISTINE DE PISE.

(To face page 97.)

This portrait appears repeatedly in the fine MS. (Harl. 4431) in the British Museum, where she is represented offering her book to the various royal personages who were her patrons. This MS. was once in the possession of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, 1676, as appears from his autograph; but is thought to have belonged originally to the Seigneur de la Gruthuse, whose name is also inscribed.

No. IV.

“PORTRAIT OF CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

(To face page 125.)

This subject is taken from the beautiful MS. in the British Museum, (King's MSS. 16 F. 11.) which was probably executed for King Henry VII., of England.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM a very early period the arts of poetry and music appear to have been much cherished in France. About the year 450, when the Gauls and Franks were united as one people under the name of French, their poets and musicians were in great esteem, were invited to all the meetings of princes and great lords, and frequently accompanied their armies to encourage the soldiers by reciting the actions of noble men, and by the melody and inspiring tone of their instruments.

The opinion introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in his ‘*Robert of Paris*,’ gives a correct notion of the esteem in which minstrels were held : “the company of a minstrel befits the highest birth, honours the highest rank, and adds to the greatest achievements.”

Posidonius and Diodorus attest the taste of the Gauls for poetry and music, and numerous authors might be cited to prove the estimation in which their professors were held. Fauchet mentions that these arts were esteemed under

Chilperic the First, in the sixth century, and that this prince piqued himself on his proficiency in them. Some of his Latin pieces are still preserved, as the poem in honour of St. Germain, “which,” says Fauchet, “may be read in the chapel of St. Symphorien in the church of St. Germain-des-Prés, where the saint was buried.”

Under Pepin, father of Charlemagne, a musical body was established for the royal chapel, under a master called *ministrellus*. Charlemagne, according to Eginhard, his historian, delighted in hearing the feats of the kings, his predecessors, in verse: and collected a great number of poems on the subject, with the intention of making a connected history from them. We know by several specimens of rhymed verse in the ancient French, German, or Tudesque, that rhymed poetry was in use in the ninth century. Both in the north and south of France poets abounded, and it has employed the attention of some of the most learned men, both of England and France, to decide to which race the honour is due of being the original masters in the art of versification.

The southern language, or *langue d'oc*, and the northern, or *langue d'oïl*, both proceeded from one common parent, the vitiated Latin, called in the councils of the ninth century

langue Romane ou rustique; a specimen of the latter exists in the well known treaty made between Charles the Bald and his brother Louis, at Strasburg, in the year 842.

Romance* was the common language of all the people who obeyed Charlemagne in the south of Europe, that is, all the south of France, part of Spain, and almost all Italy. This idiom seems to have gained ground on the Latin; so much so that the latter was scarcely understood, and Charlemagne sent to Rome for some grammarians to re-establish the knowledge of Latin in France.

All the provinces had their respective dialects† till the language was divided into two

* Great disputes have arisen amongst the learned respecting the origin and influence of the Romance language. The Provençaux assert, and the Spaniards deny, that the Spanish language is derived from the original Romance. Neither the Italians nor the French are willing to owe much to it as a parent. The Toulousans roundly assert that the Provençal is the root of all other dialects whatever. See Cazeneuve. Obros de Goudelin, (preface) &c. Most Spanish writers insist that the Provençal is derived from the Spanish. See *Notes to Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas*. Madrid, 1779.

Much valuable information on this interesting subject is contained in M. le Baron Taylor's beautiful work "Voyages Pittoresques dans l'ancienne France," Art. Languedoc.

† See "Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, &c." par M. L'abbé de la Rue.

principal idioms, the Romance north of the Loire, langue d'oil, and the Romance south of the Loire, langue d'oc. Each of these idioms soon had their poets, who are always the first writers in all languages. Those of the south were called Troubadours, and of the north Trouvères.

The Troubadours travelled from kingdom to kingdom, and were received everywhere with honour and enthusiasm;* they occasionally sang their own verses, and read or recited those which were not intended for music.

Pasquier and Fauchet are agreed that the oldest specimen of rhyming verse is that of Otfried, of the abbey of Wissembourg, in old Frankish, or Tudesque; but the lays of the professors of 'La Gaya Ciència' begin the age of poetry, properly so called.†

* Sometimes the Troubadours were accompanied by their wives, as for instance the wife of Anselm Faydit of Avignon: she had been a nun, was young and lively, and used to sing her husband's poems. See *Warton*.

† Raynouard cites, as the most ancient relic of the Langue d'Oc, a poem "sur Boëce," belonging to the abbey of Fleury, or St. Benedict, (Saint-Benoît sur Loire) founded in the sixth century, under Clovis the Second. This abbey was plundered when Odet de Coligny, Cardinal de Châtillon, who was abbot, became protestant in 1561, and the MSS. were dispersed. Many of them are now to be found in the Bibliothèque d'Orléans, and in the Vatican.

Some authors are of opinion that the marriage of King Robert with Constance, daughter of William, first Count of Provence, or Aquitaine, about the year 1000, was the epoch of a great change in the manners of the court of France. Some even assert that this princess brought in her train Troubadours, and Jougleurs, and it is contended that the taste for poetry and its accompaniments spread from the south of France to the more northern parts of the kingdom. This opinion is, however, indignantly refuted by M. de la Rue in his late work, "Essais Historiques sur les Bardes," &c., in which he goes far to prove not only that the literature of the north of France had attained a high state of perfection previous to this period, but that the poets who accompanied Constance, according to the historian Glaber, were persons very unfit to form or to improve the taste of so refined a people as the northern French already were. He thinks the idea equally unfounded and absurd of Eleonore of Aquitaine, at a later period, introducing from the south any literature which could in the least be needed by the poets of the north. However this may be, the protection and encouragement afforded by these princesses could not fail to be valuable to literature in general.

The most ancient of the works of the Trou-

badours with which we are acquainted, are those of William the Ninth, Count of Poictiers* and Aquitaine, who was born in 1070. From the grace and elegance of his style it is evident that poetry had attained considerable perfection in his time.

The Jougleurs,† who are sometimes confounded with the Troubadours and Trouvères, were an order of men who, uniting the art of poetry to that of music, sang to different instruments verses, sometimes of their own composition, sometimes of others. They frequently accompanied their songs by gesticulations, and ‘*tours d’adresse*,’ to attract the attention of and amuse the spectators, from whence their name Jugleors, Jugleours, Juglers, and Jougleurs, from the Latin word *joculator*, which comes from *jocus*.

Before the conquest of England by the Normans, the Anglo-Saxons named these persons *glee-men*, but, after the conquest, the Anglo-Normans gave them the name of Jougleurs, which they varied in different ways.

* Grandson of William called ‘the Great’ because of his valour, ‘the Grammarian’ on account of his great learning, and ‘the Pious’ in consequence of his devotion.

De Ste. Palaye.

† Often written *jongleurs*. In Wace’s poems the word is *juglors*; in Spanish it is *juglar*, and in Provençal always *juglar*.

On the stage they were called Mimes and Histrions, from the Roman *mimi* and *histriones*: they were called Conteurs or Diseurs when they mixed prose with their verse, or related *dictiés* in verse, and stories: and Fableurs when they introduced fables: Gesteurs when they sang romances to which they themselves gave the title of Chansons de Gestes: and Harpeurs when they accompanied themselves with the harp. They frequently travelled in troops, associated with performers on various instruments, buffoons, dancers, &c. they were then called Ménestrels, Ménestriers, or Minstrels by the Anglo-Normans.* By the subsequent

* An ancient Fabliau,† says M. de Roquefort, traces the portrait of a Ménestrier in not the most favourable light, and its resemblance is unfortunately but too correct. The variety of talents necessary for the profession there described is most surprising: it is such, says le Grand, as one could scarcely expect to see combined in the present day. We have a proof of this in another Fabliau‡ of the thirteenth century, in

† ‘De Saint Pierre et du Jougléor,’ MS. Nos. 7218, and 1830, de l’abbaye St.-Germain. Barbazan, tom. III, p. 282. Legrand d’Aussy, ‘Le Jougleur qui va en Enfer,’ tom. II, p. 36, 47.

‡ Les Deux Bordéors Ribauds, MS. No. 7218, fo. 213, v°. 7615, and 1830, de l’abbaye St.-Germain, fol. 69, v°.

See also ‘Le Songe de la Voie d’Enfer’ par Raoul de Houdan, MS. No. 7615, Legrand d’Aussy, and M. Ginguené, Hist. Litt. d’Italie.

license of their conduct, they brought their order into the contempt which at length attended it.

Flanders, Artois, and Picardy were particularly distinguished by their compositions; thus Warton calls the Jougleurs of these provinces ‘the constant rivals of the Troubadours;’ a comparison of their poetry with that of the southern minstrels would be very interesting, and it is to be hoped that M. de la Rue, since he himself points out the circumstance, will think the subject worthy his consideration.

While in the twelfth century the Jougleurs began to lose their respectability, men of quiet

which the author enters into a long detail of all that it is requisite for a Ménestrier or Jouleur to know. The poet imagines that two parties of this description, having met in a chateau, endeavour to amuse the lord by a feigned quarrel. The rivals, after having mocked each other, and been sufficiently liberal of abuse, make each an enumeration of their accomplishments. They are acquainted with the poets of their time and with their works, can *conter* in Romance and in Latin, recite the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne and Arthur, sing songs of every kind, play on every instrument, and give advice to lovers: know every description of game, and all poetry sung, declaimed, or related. This Fabliau also informs us that the most celebrated poets gave themselves noms de guerre, or sobriquets, such as Brise-tête, Tue-bœuf, Arrache-cœur, Ronge-foie, Brise-barre, Courte-barbe, Fier-à-bras, Tourne-en-suite, Franche-côte, Courte-épee, &c.

and retired habits were peaceably cultivating the muses, and were called Trouvères.

They differed from the Jougleurs, inasmuch as they contented themselves with making verses, while the Jougleurs both composed and sang them, and while the Jougleurs gave themselves little trouble to study, leading as they did dissipated lives, the Trouvères devoted all their time to perfecting their works, and were even obliged to have recourse to secretaries to assist them in transcribing their poems, as we are told by Richard Wace, and Guernes de Pont St. Maxence. There appears always to have been war between the Jougleurs and the Trouvères, as the latter justly considered the former inferior, and accused them of stealing their ideas.*

Wace,† the Trouvère, is placed by Fauchet in the first rank of northern poets : he lived, according to his own report, in 1155. His celebrated poems are ‘Le Brut,’ and ‘Le Roman de Rou.’‡

The poem of Alexandre, and its numerous

* The reader is here referred to the letter of M. Fran^cois Michel on the subject of French poetry in this volume.

† For an interesting article on Wace see the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 3.

‡ The Roman de Rou, or of Raoul or Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, was written about 1155.

branches, followed, compiled by a crowd of Trouvères and Jougleurs, whose object appears to have been that of exciting to noble deeds.*

The Sotte Chanson or Sirvente of the Trouvères was satirical, and frequently very forcible and bold : that of Guiot de Provins, called ‘La Bible Guiot,’† presents an accurate picture of his times.‡ It was produced under Philip

* Thus the song of Roland (or of Rollo?) was sung by the Norman Taillefer to encourage the soldiers of William the Conqueror in 1066, in which the whole army joined, according to the custom of those days in rushing to battle;

Arm'd, as if a knight he were,
Rush'd forth the minstrel Taillefer. Roman de Rou.

“As he sung, he played with his sword, and casting it high in the air, caught it again with his right hand, while all shouted the cry of ‘God aid us !’ Taillefer was killed in the mêlée.” *Archæologia.*

The name of Taillefer was acquired by Guillaume, Count of Angoulême, who, in a combat with a Norman, clove his adversary from the head to the breast, *through armour and all*: his descendants for three hundred years kept the name. See *Chronicon Ademari Chabannensis*, ap. Labbe, *Nov. Biblioth. MSS. libr. tom. II*, p. 167, ligne 3. M. Fran^cisque Michel has in the press an edition of the song of Roland, or *Roman de Roncevaux*.

† *Le Bible* was an ordinary title given to these kind of works.

‡ His poem opens thus :

Dou siècle puant et orrible
M'estuet commencer une bible
Por poindre et por aguilloner
Et por grant essample doner.

Augustus: he lived long, and had much experience, as he professes to speak only of what he had witnessed, and makes a long enumeration of the sovereigns he had known.

Et cels dont j'ai oī parler
Ne vueil-je pas ci toz nomer;
Mès ces princes ai-ge véuz.

Philip Augustus was a patron of poetry,* and it has frequently been asserted (although perhaps erroneously) that he delighted in hearing the verses of Helinand, a monk of the abbey of Froidmont in Beauvoisis, a poet of repute who was attached to his court: he used

* Nevertheless “ Philip Augustus preferred giving his *old clothes* to the poor, rather than to bestow them, as many did, on minstrels, to encourage whom, he said, was to sacrifice to the devil. Sometimes a rich man would wear a splendid robe only five or six times, and then give it to a minstrel.” *Dulaure’s Histoire de Paris*.

Le bon bourgeois Guillot, qui visita Paris à cette époque (Phil. Auguste.), nous donne une description détaillée de la situation de cette ville. See *Conte de Guillot de Paris, publié parmi les fabliaux de Méon*.

Paris at this period was in a state of filth not altogether poetical: “ Les bourgeois aïsés n’y circulaient que montés sur leur mule, et les pauvres piétons enfonçaient péniblement leurs jambes dans une boue noire et profonde.” *Capefigue*.

“ Un jour, le bon roi Philippe alloit par son palais, pensant à ses besognes, car il estoit moult curieux de son royaume maintenir et amender. Il se mist à une des fenestres de la salle, à laquelle il s’appuyoit aucune fois pour regarder la

to call for him at the conclusion of his repasts,
according to an old romance :

Quand li Roy (Alexandre) ot mangié, s'appella Hélinand,
Pour ly esbanoyer commanda que il chant.

During the regency of Blanche of Castile,
and the reign of St. Louis,* French poetry may

Seine et pour avoir récréation de l'air. Si advint en ce point que charette qui charrioit vint à mouvoir si bien la boue dont la rue estoit pleine, qu'une pueur si grand en issi qu'elle monta vers la fenestre où le roy estoit. Aussitost il s'en tourna de ceste fenestre en grande abomination de cuer : lors fist mander le prévost et bourgeois de Paris et leur commanda que toutes les rues fussent pavées bien et soigneusement de grès gros et fort." *Chroniques de St. Denis*, an. 1182.

* In the reign of St. Louis, the arrangement of the city appears to have been sufficiently confused, according to contemporary chroniclers. 'Les Crieries de Paris,' by Guillaume de la Villeneuve, present a curious picture of the state of things. From morning till night the different criers ceased not *de braire*. Every morning the scholars, monks, *nonnes*, *prisonniers*, and *aveugles* (the Quinze-Vingts) asked alms with loud cries :

Aus frères de saint Jaque pain,
Pain por Dieu aus frères Menors
Aus frères de saint Augustin
Du pain aus ~~Sas~~, † pain aus Barrez, ‡
Aus povres prisons enserez,
A cels du Val des Escoliers.
Li uns avant, li autres arriers,
Aux frères des Pies demandent,

† Frères *sachetins* ou *au sac*.

‡ Carmelites.

be said to have been at its height. The greatest lords, and even kings were ambitious to shine

Et li Croisié pas ne's atendent
 Et li Avngle à haute alaine
 Du pain à cels de Champ-porri
 Les Bons Enfans orrez crier:
 Du pain, ne's vueil pas oublier.
 Les Filles-Dieu sevent bien dire :
 Du pain, pour Jhésu nostre sire.
 Ça du pain, por Dieu, aus Sachesses
 Par ces rues sent granz les presses, etc.

Fabliaux de Barbazan.

TRANSLATION.

Bread for the Brothers of St. James,
 Bread every holy Minor claims,
 The Carmelites must needs be fed,
 And each Augustin shouts for bread ;
 Loudly the Sackcloth Brothers cry,
 Who may the Sackcloth Nuns deny ?
 Bread for the Prisoners must be spared,
 Bread with the Scholars must be shared.
 The Barefoot Friars assert their right,
 The Blind exclaim with main and might.
 The Bons Enfans call loud and high,
 The Filles de Dieu beg lustily.
 Behind, before, without, within,
 Deep, long, and clamorous is the din.

Rutebeuf le Ménestrel made many fabliaux, addressed to St. Louis and his knights—speaking of the Quinze-Vingts, he says :

Li Roix a mis en un repaire,
 Mès je ne sai pas porquoy faire,
 Trois cens aveugles tote à rote.

as poets. The Roman de la Rose of Guillaume de Lorris, and of Jean de Meun, is too well known to need comment.* Thibault Comte de Champagne, better known as Roi de Navarre, was one of the most remarkable Trouvères of his time, both for his compositions, his devotion to his ladye-love, Queen Blanche, and his constant plots against her and her son.

The freedom of the writings of many of the poets had, for some time, given umbrage to the clergy,† and from the period of Louis le Gros

Parmi Paris en va trois paire,
Tote jor ne finent de braire,
As trois cens qui ne voyent gote.
Li uns sache, li autre bote,
Se se donnent mainte secousse,
Qu'il n'i a nul qui lor éclaire :
Si feux y prent, ce n'est pas dote,
L'ordre sera bruslée tote,
S'aura li Roix plus à refere.

Fauchet, Oeuvres, édit. de 1610, fol. 578, verso.

* Molinet, and Marot, have given versions of the Roman de la Rose, and have each greatly altered the sense of the author. *Roquefort*.

† Rutebeuf, in his ‘Ordres de Paris,’ thus expresses himself, speaking of the Jacobins :

“ Ils disposent à la fois de Paris et de Rome, et sont Roi et Pape. Ils ont acquis beaucoup de biens, car ils damnent les âmes de ceux qui meurent sans les faire leurs exécuteurs testamentaires. Ils veulent qu'on les croie des apôtres, et ils auraient besoin d'aller à l'école. Personne n'ose dire la vérité sur leur compte, dans la crainte d'être assommé : tant

war was continually waged between them. The fearless bitterness of their attacks is indeed surprising, and well calculated to enrage the objects of them. By degrees, however, after having attained its height, the *gaie science* began to decline, and the holy fathers saw with pleasure their enemies sinking into contempt, till at length their compositions became a by-word, and ‘*ce n'est que joglerie*’ conveyed all that was lying and insignificant. Nevertheless the genius of Jean de Meun, called Clopinel, who continued the poem of Guillaume de Lorris, sustained the dignity of verse till the commencement of the fourteenth century; but the troubles which began about that time prevented its being cultivated with equal care, or receiving the same encouragement: yet it is in the fourteenth century that French tragedy and comedy, properly so called, take their rise, however rude

ils se montrent haineux et vindicatifs. Il serait dangereux d'en parler avec ma liberté ordinaire; je me borne donc à dire qu'ils sont des hommes.” *Fabliaux. Dulaure.*

In the Sirventes of many of the Troubadours the ministers of the church are violently attacked, and reproached for their crimes and cruelties with great boldness.

The ‘*Bible de Hugues, seigneur et châtelain de Bersil*’ is very severe on the monks, and Raoul de Houdan, in his *Chemin d'Enfer*, places the souls of several of his contemporary princes and prelates among the *dampnés*. Some of these satirical poems were called *Batailles, Chastiemens and Bestiaires*.

their first dawning. Few poets of any eminence appear to have disputed the palm with Jean de Meun, who seems to have lived to the age of ninety, and to have written to the last. In the enumeration of poets by Clement Marot he thus places them :

De *Jan de Meun* s'enfle le cours de Loire :
 En maistre *Alain** Normandie prend gloire,
 Et plaint encore mon *arbre paternel* :†
Octavien‡ rend Cognac éternel :
 De *Molinet*, de *Jan le Maire* et *Georges*,
 Ceux de Haynault chantent à pleines gorges :
Villon Cretin ont Paris décoré :
 Les deux *Grebans* ont le Mans honoré :
 Nantes la Brette en *Meschinot* se baigne :
 De *Coquillart* s'esjouit la Champagne :
 Quercy, *Salel*, de toi se vantera,
 Et (comme croy) de *moy* ne se taira.

Alain Chartier, secretary to the two monarchs, Charles the Sixth and Seventh, is a poet of whom any age and country might be proud. The tenderness, eloquence, and beauty of his compositions place him in the first rank, and indeed many of those on whom the French found their poetic fame, and distinguish in their ‘Parnasse,’ would scarcely be considered, by other nations, as worthy to approach him. His faults are those of his age, his beauties are

* Alain Chartier.

† Jean Marot.

‡ Oct. de St. Gelais.

his own, and those who followed did not scruple to adopt much of his style, and many of his ideas. M. du Tillet,* who dismisses this great poet very cavalierly, is obliged to acknowledge his fame by admitting that he was esteemed the greatest ornament of the court, and relates the well known and flattering testimony paid him by the beautiful and unfortunate Marguerite d'Ecosse,† while Dauphine; who, finding him one day asleep in the king's antichamber, honoured him with a kiss, agreeably justifying her action by saying it was not the man she saluted, but the mouth from whence issued so many beautiful sentences.

‡ Villon is the next poet who distinguished himself, of whom Boileau says,

Villon sçut le premier, dans ces siècles grossiers,
Débrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers.

Clement Marot is, however, the great glory of French poetry, and the darling of French critics, who, as he appears to be the father of that epigrammatic style which forms the cha-

* See *Parnasse François* by M. Titon du Tillet.

† See Appendix.

‡ The first *Art of Poetry* that is supposed to have appeared in France was a system of rules for ballad-writing, 'L'Art de dictier Ballades et Rondels,' by the Prior of Ste. Geneviève, about the middle of the fourteenth century. See Warton.

racter of their compositions, no doubt is deserving of the enthusiastic encomiums lavished upon him. The reader must not expect from him the grace of the Troubadours, or the tenderness of Alain Chartier; in his line, however, he is unrivalled. Of him Boileau says:

Marot bientôt après fit fleurir les ballades,
Tourna les triolets, rima les mascarades,
Et des refrains reglez asservit les rondeaux,
Et montra pour rimer des chemins tout nouveaux.

Marot flourished in great credit under Francis the First, the patron of science and the fine arts. In his reign, and that of his son, appear a considerable number of poets, whose works are known. Charles the Ninth and Henry the Third also were encouragers of poetry; indeed from the time of Francis the First to that of his grandchildren may be considered the golden age of poetry as to "*justesse, noblesse et grâce*," according to the opinion of the French themselves.

LETTRE

A MADEMOISELLE LOUISA STUART COSTELLO,

SUR LES TROUVERRES FRANÇOIS DES

XII^e ET XIII^e SIÈCLES.

MADEMOISELLE,

EN me demandant une lettre sur les trouverres françois dont les ouvrages sont l'objet de mes études, vous me faites un honneur que je voudrois pouvoir reconnoître par autre chose que par le desir de m'en montrer digne ; mais je crains que vous n'ayez trop présumé de moi. Vous me croyez peut-être capable d'exposer en quelques pages l'origine et les progrès de la langue françoise, les développemens rapides que les trouverres lui firent subir, l'action que leurs ouvrages exercèrent sur toutes les littératures de l'Europe ; en un mot, de tracer un précis de l'histoire de la poésie françoise du moyen-âge, et de dire ses caractères distinctifs, sa haute fortune et sa décadence : s'il en est

ainsi, ma crainte est fondée ; vous avez, mademoiselle, trop présumé de moi. Ce que je suis, je vous le dirai. Obscur et dédaigné par le vulgaire, chaque jour je viens m'asseoir, presque seul, sur les bords de l'abyme, où tout se rend tôt ou tard. Là je tends mes filets patriotiques dans lesquels je m'efforce de retenir une partie de ce que le torrent des âges entraîne vers le néant. Si par hasard je trouve quelque merveille antique, je l'examine long-temps en silence ; puis je l'essuye, je dégage ses angles du limon du fleuve, je lui rends son éclat, j'explique autant que je le puis ses hiéroglyphes, ses inscriptions, enfin je la porte sur la place publique où je l'expose aux regards. Le vulgaire passe à côté d'elle inattentif, mais quelques hommes d'élite la considèrent avec une curiosité studieuse, applaudissent à mes efforts, soutiennent mon zèle et m'adressent des paroles de considération et d'amitié. Alors, quoique brisé de fatigue, je retourne à ma première place que je m'habitue à regarder comme une place d'honneur, et je viens l'occuper chaque jour malgré l'inclémence des saisons et du sort.

Quoiqu'il en soit, je poursuivrai la carrière que je me suis tracée, je me plongerai dans le passé le flambeau à la main, puis à mon retour je vous dirai les chants de guerre et d'amour du moyen-âge ; et ces chants, qui charmoient les hommes d'autrefois, recevront de votre voix et de votre harpe le pouvoir d'intéresser les hommes d'aujourd'hui.

J'entre en matière. La langue françoise eut un

commencement semblable à celui de toutes les autres langues, commencement dont la philosophie doit rendre compte à défaut de l'histoire ; car l'écriture manque à l'enfance des littératures, et les premiers bégaiemens d'un peuple se font entendre bien avant qu'il sache l'art de les rendre visibles aux yeux ; ou si ce secret est connu à quelque individu privilégié, il dédaigne de l'employer pour assurer une certaine durée à ces chants faits pour le peuple audessus duquel il a su s'élever. Ce que nous disons ici s'applique surtout au moyen-âge. Quant les barbares se furent établis dans les contrées qu'ils avoient envahies, Rome survécut à la chute de son empire par sa langue, sa littérature et sa qualité de métropole du monde chrétien. Les chefs civils, chefs en sous ordre, comme cela arrive dans les temps de barbarie : en un mot, les évèques, les abbés et les prêtres, forcés par état d'étudier les Saintes-Ecritures et les ouvrages des Pères écrits ou traduits en latin, obligés en outre de correspondre avec le pape ou d'assister aux conciles dans lesquels l'emploi d'une seule et même langue étoit nécessaire pour la discussion, ces chefs s'habituerent à parler et à écrire un idiôme depuis long-temps fixé et l'employèrent dans les actes publics qu'ils étoient chargés de rédiger. Le langage vulgaire, rude, irrégulier et pauvre fut laissé aux usages communs de la vie et regardé comme incapable d'exprimer avec noblesse et clarté les clauses d'un traité, les vers inspirés par la solitude du cloître, par les vertus d'un saint ou les brillantes actions d'un chef

militaire. Cependant admirez cette fortune ~~contraire~~ ! Pendant que la langue latine, maniée par des moines ignorants et illétrés, s'altéroit par son contact avec la langue vulgaire, celle-ci se formoit, se polissoit et s'enrichissoit des dépouilles de son opulente rivale. Après s'être bornée à ne traduire que les clauses d'un court traité comme celui de 842, à se prêter au récit de quelques sermons, au chant de quelques courtes poésies, et à la traduction des pseaumes, du Livre des Rois et autres ouvrages dont le peuple avoit besoin, et qu'il ne pouvoit lire dans l'original ni dans la version latine, la langue d'oil jumelle, mais non fille, de la langue d'oc, s'étendit rapidement et s'empara, pour essayer ses forces, des souvenirs des vainqueurs et des vaincus, des traditions armoricaines et franques qui avoient échappé à la faux du temps et du christianisme ; elle les exploita en tant que guerre et amour, et, par un anachronisme qui prenoit sa source moins dans l'ignorance des auteurs que dans les besoins de l'époque, elle fit dominer ces deux grands mobiles d'intérêt par un troisième qui n'étoit pas moins puissant. Je veux parler ici de la religion qui certes avoit du pouvoir, alors que déposant sa foudre entre les mains d'un pontife aux pieds duquel trembloient ensuite les peuples et les rois, elle élevoit ces cathédrales dont la vue force encore à croire ; alors qu'il lui suffisoit de tendre le doigt vers l'orient pour y faire précipiter des milliers d'hommes, vainqueurs sans lutte de la crainte de la mort ; alors qu'elle obtenoit de Louis VIII le sacri-

fice d'une vie qui auroit pu être sauvée par une offense à ses loix. Religion, patrie, gloire, amour, tout étoit réuni pour séduire, enchanter, fanatiser : aussi, à peine parus, les romans des cycles armoricains et francs exerçèrent une influence inouïe sur les mœurs de l'époque qui elles-mêmes avoient fourni une partie de leurs traits principaux. Ces romans étoient, d'un côté, ceux de Tristan l'amoureux qui, quoiqu'en dise M. le Docteur Robert Southey qui n'a lu que la dernière rédaction, sont dignes de la renommée de leur héros ; ceux du Saint-Graal, de Perceval le Gallois, de Lancelot du Lac, de Gauvain, etc. D'un autre côté, l'arbre poétique sorti de la tombe de Charlemagne portoit mille fruits sur chacun de ses innombrables rameaux, et l'on vit apparoître successivement les romans du voyage du grand empereur à Constantinople, le récit de ses hauts faits et de ceux de ses pairs en Saxe, en Espagne, en Italie et en France. Dans le même temps, d'autres cycles se développoient, quoique moins entourés de la faveur populaire ; et parfois, dans leurs fêtes somptueusement barbares, nos ancêtres entendoient chanter les romans du roi Atla, du roi Horn, de Guy de Warwick, de Guy et de Beuves de Southampton, des Lorrains, du Chevalier au Cygne, du siège de Troyes, de Thèbes et d'Athènes, d'Alexandre, de Vespasien, d'Héraclius, du Renard, etc.

Mais admirez, mademoiselle, la merveilleuse fécondité de la littérature romane ! Bien loin d'être épuisée par ces enfantements successifs, elle sembloit

au contraire acquérir chaque jour plus de vigueur et d'activité ; car en même temps que par des poèmes-géants aux ramifications innombrables elle étonnoit les autres contrées de l'Europe qui s'empressoient de les faire passer dans leurs littératures, elle tendoit aussi la main à quelques traditions intéressantes, mais comparativement chétives, et arrétoit leur chute dans le gouffre de l'oubli. Grâces lui soient rendues ! car les lais, qui nous ont conservé ces traditions la plupart armoricaines, sont une des classes les plus curieuses et les plus attachantes de notre ancienne poésie. Ils ont donné à Marie de France, que sa traduction d'Esope n'auroit pas élevée audessus des rimeurs vulgaires de l'époque, une réputation égale, supérieure peut-être à celle de Raymbert de Paris, d'Alexandre de Bernay, de Jehan de Flagy, du Roi Adam, de Girardin d'Amiens et de Grains-d'or de Dijon.

Cependant, mademoiselle, le passé n'étoit pas la seule carrière dans laquelle les trouverres s'élançoiient la harpe à la main. Leur siècle leur fournissoit aussi des sujets qu'ils ne craignoient point de traiter. Outre les annales rimées par des contemporains, nous avons sur le Châtelain de Coucy, chevalier, poète et musicien dont tout le monde connoit les aventures avec la Dame de Fayel, un délicieux poème composé dans le xiii^e siècle ; nous avons aussi le non moins délicieux roman de Gérard de Nevers ou de la Violette, roman, il est vrai, dans toute l'étendue du

terme, mais qui, composé vers 1225, se déroule sur une scène placée sous le roi Louis VIII.

Ce dernier ouvrage, dont la fable est si dramatique et si connue, paroît être, sujet et détails, le fruit de l'imagination, faculté dont les trouverres ont surtout déployé les richesses dans leurs fabliaux en y combinant un merveilleux talent de narration et une verve comique intarissable. Malheureusement nos vieux fabliers ne sont pas toujours décents dans le choix de leurs sujets et de leurs expressions ; et cela vous a fait, mademoiselle, renoncer à la lecture de quelques uns des originaux pour vous en tenir à la traduction de Legrand d'Aussy, qui, quoique spirituelle, est bien décolorée ; mais au moins cet auteur a-t-il eu le soin de tourner les positions scabreuses.

Les fabliaux dont le peuple entendoit le récit avec délices, étoient aussi admis dans les cours et les châteaux où ils provoquaient l'hilarité des barons et des clercs. Cependant remarquez un fait singulier ! le fabliau étoit de basse extraction, c'est-à-dire qu'il n'avoit pour pères que des trouverres de profession, des ménétriers et des jongleurs ; les chevaliers et les barons, qui cultivoient la littérature, ne composant que des chansons amoureuses ou satyriques adressées à leurs dames ou contre leurs ennemis ; et, à ce propos, nous nous élèverons contre le préjugé général qui veut que dans le moyen-âge les seigneurs aient tenu à croupir dans la plus profonde ignorance. Ils ne savoient pas écrire, disent les détracteurs du passé.

Cela est vrai ; mais à l'époque à laquelle l'imprimerie n'étoit pas encore inventée, écrire étoit un métier qu'exerçoit une classe de gens qui en vivent, plus les moines et les prêtres. Or, comme le moindre baron avoit un chapelain à son service, il n'éprouvoit aucune nécessité d'apprendre lui-même ou de faire enseigner à ses enfants à se passer d'un serviteur que leurs besoins exigeoient impérieusement. Ainsi celui qui dit que les barons du moyen-âge étoient des gens sans aucune espèce de littérature parce qu'ils ne savoient pas écrire, peut également nier le mérite d'un architecte qu'il sait ne pas être capable de mettre la main à la truelle.

Mais si cet homme, taxant mes paroles de paradoxes, ne vouloit se rendre qu'à des exemples, je le renverrois, mademoiselle, aux manuscrits de chansons des xii^e et xiii^e siècles, aux recueils de Levesque de la Ravallière, de M. Raynouard, etc. ou plutôt encore au volume dont ces lignes forment comme l'ouverture, et alors il se rétracteroit sans doute à la vue des noms de Guillaume de Poitiers, de Bertrand de Born, du Châtelain de Coucy, des Rois de Navarre, de Sicile et de Jérusalem, de Raoul II de Coucy, du Vidame de Chartres, du Duc d'Orléans et de tant d'autres hauts et puissants barons qui savoient faire de beaux vers, mais non point signer une charte.

Revenons maintenant aux trouverres dont le seul talent faisoit la noblesse. Ils savoient le plier à toutes les formes et lui firent produire des œuvres dont le genre passe généralement pour être d'invention mo-

derne. Ainsi nous avons d'un anonyme du xii^e siècle *Aucassin et Nicolette*, charmant fabliau en prose et en vers, parlé et chanté, véritable opéra-comique, tout aussi bien que *li Gieus de Robin et de Marion* d'Adam le Bossu d'Arras, poète de la fin du xiii^e siècle. A la même époque environ, Rutebeuf rimoit son *Miracle de Théophile*, tragédie à nœud et à péripétie, et un anonyme *li Gieus Adam ou de la Feuillée*; Jehan Bodel publioit son *Jeu de St. Nicolas*, et un auteur inconnu composoit un miracle de la résurrection de Jésus-Christ dont il ne nous reste plus qu'un fragment: à son jeu de scène, qui est en vers, on voit que c'est un ouvrage à deux fins, pour la représentation et la lecture.

C'est vers le milieu du règne de Louis IX que la littérature romane fut dans tout son lustre: avec le xiii^e siècle elle tomba pour ne plus se relever. Sa dernière œuvre cependant étoit loin d'annoncer une mort prochaine; car elle est aussi remarquable par le sens que par l'expression. Je veux parler ici du *Roman de la Rose* qu'on a depuis long-temps jugé et qui est trop connu pour que j'aie à vous en entretenir ici. Je me bornerai à vous faire observer, mademoiselle, que sans être précisément le premier ouvrage françois dans le genre allégorique, il en détermina la mode et fit par là perdre le goût de la poésie héroïque et chevaleresque qui cessa de produire comme devant. Alors aux trouverres succéderent des aligneurs de rimes allégoriques, dévotes, morales ou amoureuses, parmi lesquels on ne peut nier

sans injustice qu'il n'y ait eu quelques poètes, comme Eustache Morel dit Deschamps, Guillaume de Machau son neveu, Charles duc d'Orléans, Christine de Pisan et Alain Chartier. Puis vint maître François Villon avec sa poésie vigoureuse et effrontée, poésie de mauvais lieux et de gibet, plus intelligible à des commensaux des prisons du Châtelet qu'à des maîtres de palinods ; et, malgré cela, il fut tellement goûté, non seulement par ses contemporains mais encore dans les âges suivants, que Marot reçut de François I l'ordre de publier une édition des œuvres du poète-voleur : ce dont le poète-courtisan s'acquita de manière à mériter les suffrages des savants du xvi^e siècle qui, comme on le sait, n'étoient pas difficiles en fait de philologie françoise ; et son édition fut réimprimée un grand nombre de fois. Cependant si un exemplaire de ce livre est tombé entre les mains de Boileau, il ne paroît pas qu'il ait pris la peine de le lire, non plus que d'accorder un coup d'œil à *l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers* ; sinon, au lieu de dire une sottise sur leur compte, il leur eût accordé ou des éloges ou des reproches raisonnés.

Enfin, nous eûmes *la Farce de maistre Pierre Pathelin*, chef-d'œuvre inimitable dans tous les temps et dans tous les lieux.

Ici, mademoiselle, je termine cette revûe. Sans doute elle est bien maigre et bien incomplète ; et, ce qu'il y a de pire, elle n'apprendra rien ni à vous ni à vos lecteurs ; mais je vous l'ai dit, pour répondre à votre ordre j'ai jetté à l'écart la plume du philologue pour

celle de l'écrivain, nécessairement mes phrases doivent se ressentir de ce changement subit : maintenant je retourne à ma besogne habituelle que peut-être n'eussé-je pas dû abandonner un seul instant, je rentre dans la carrière qui, bien qu'ouverte depuis plus d'un siècle, est presque encore vierge. Avec l'aide de Dieu, j'en tirerai des blocs dont vous ferez ensuite, mademoiselle, des statues pleine de vie, de grâce, de force ou de grandeur.

FRANCISQUE MICHEL,

En mission littéraire dans la Grande-Bretagne.

Londres, ce 23 Août, 1834.

THE TROUBADOURS.

FRA tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello
Gran maestro d'amor, ch'a la sua terra
Ancor fa onor col dir polito e bello.
Eranvi quei ch'Amor si leve afferra,
L'un Pietro e l'altro : e 'l men famoso Arnaldo,
E quei che fur conquisi con più guerra.
I'dico l' uno e l' altro Raimbaldo,
Che cantar pur Beatrice in Monferrato.
E 'l vecchio Pier d' Alvernia con Giraldo.
Folchetto, ch' a Marsiglia il nome ha dato,
Ed a Genova tolto : ed a ll'estremo
Cangiò per miglior patria abito, e stato
Giaufrè Rudel ch' usò la vela e 'l remo
A cercar la sua morte ; e quel Guglielmo
Che per cantar ha 'l fior de suoi di scemo
Amerigo, Bernardo, Ugo ed Anselmo,
E mille altri ne vidi : a cui la lingua
Lancia, e spada fu sempre, e scudo, ed elmo.

PETRARCH. *Trionfo d'Amore.*

SPECIMENS
OF THE
EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE.

WILLIAM, NINTH COUNT OF POICTIERS.

THIS prince, whose name is always placed at the head of the Troubadours, as the earliest of that race of poets, was born in the year 1071. Although no specimens of Provençal poetry of an earlier date exist than his, yet we are warranted in supposing that the art had been cultivated for at least half a century before, as the language itself, during that period, had shewn such manifest signs of improvement, a consequence arising from the intercourse between France and Spain, in which latter country the influence of Arabian literature was widely diffused from Toledo, its centre. The first poetical attempts of the Provençal poets were doubtless rude and imperfect, and to this cause we must probably attribute their loss; but that it underwent partial cultivation we may infer from the degree of perfection in which we find it in the poems of the Count of Poictiers. “On remarque,” says the Abbé Millot, “dans les vers de cet illustre Troubadour, une facilité, une élégance et une harmonie dont les premiers essais de l’art ne sont point susceptibles.” With regard to the license which prevails throughout, that must be ascribed partly to the manners of the times, but still more, perhaps, to those of the individual. All authors concur in describing

William as endowed with every personal advantage,—with courage and talent,—but with a mind remarkably depraved even in that licentious age ; of an open and cheerful character, but too prone to debase by low buffoonery his dignity and talent as prince and poet. On this subject many stories are told, —one which has been preserved by his own verse, presents a curious picture of the amusements of the high-born ladies of those days. “ He was once travelling,” he says, “ in company with two ladies who did not know him, and feigning to be dumb, they conversed before him without the slightest reserve. But they seemed afterwards to have had their doubts as to the cause of his silence, and resorted to an extraordinary experiment to ascertain whether it were natural or no. When the count had retired for the night, in the house where it appears they all rested, the ladies contrived to introduce a cat into his bed, which they dragged forcibly back by the tail, lacerating the unfortunate Troubadour in the most woful manner, an ordeal which he manfully endured without compromising his assumed character.” He complains of this treatment in his poem in very moving terms :—

Deriere m' aportero 'l cat
Mal e fello,
Ed escorgeron me del cap
Tro al talo.

He finishes the poem by telling his jougleur to carry his verses in the morning to the ladies, and desire them for his sake to kill their cat.

“ E diguas lor que per m' amor
Aucizo 'l cat.”

Another event of his life was of a different character. He is accused of having repudiated his wife Philippa, (called also Mahaud) and having espoused Malberge, the wife of the Viscount de Châtelleraud, during her husband's lifetime.

The Bishop of Poictiers resolved to punish this crime, and repairing to his court, began in the count's presence to repeat the formula of excommunication. William threatened him with his sword,—the bishop, with a deprecating gesture, demanded a moment's grace, as if for the purpose of retracting, but took advantage of the pause allowed to finish the formula. Having concluded, he addressed the count,—“ Now strike,” said he, “ I am ready!” “ No!” replied the prince, returning the sword to its scabbard, “ I do not love you well enough to send you to Paradise.” He ordered him, however, to be banished.* The general reputation of William was that of being a “ grand trompeur des dames,” and of perpetually seeking des “ dupes de sa coquetterie;” but, says his apologist, in a tone to disarm resentment for these *venial* offences, “ du reste, il sut bien trouver et bien chanter.”

Infected with the common mania of the age, he became a crusader, and on his safe return, in the year 1102, he wrote a poem on the subject, which is entitled by Crescimbeni “ Le Voyage de Jérusalem.” Unfortunately we know it only by name. In one of his songs occurs, probably, the first mention of FAIRIES in modern poetry, unconnected at least with the rhymes of the north, where they had their birth. He speaks of the levity of his disposition, and the inconstancy of his attachment, and says in excuse,

“ Aissi fuy de nuietz *fadatz*
Sobr' un puegau.”

(I was thus endowed by the fairies one night upon a mountain).

He died in 1127.

D. C.

* This sentence of excommunication is attested by the Chronique de Maillesais under the year 1114, and also by a letter from Geoffroi de Vendôme to Pope Pascal II.

LAY.*

Farai chansoneta nueva.†

A NEW I tune my lute to love,
 Ere storms disturb the tranquil hour,
 For her who strives my truth to prove,
 My only pride and beauty's flower,
 But who will ne'er my pain remove,
 Who knows and triumphs in her power.

I am, alas ! her willing thrall,
 She may record me as her own ;
 Nor my devotion weakness call,
 That her I prize, and her alone.
 Without her can I live at all,
 A captive so accustom'd grown ?

What hope have I, oh lady dear !
 Do I then sigh in vain for thee,

* We are ignorant from whence is derived the term *Lai*, and how it was called by British authors: the word is not only not to be found in their dictionaries, but none that resembles it: for the barbarous Latin word *Leudus* already in use in the 6th century, seems to have been formed from the northern languages. It is in fact to be found in the Teutonic *lied*, Danish *leed*, Anglo-Saxon *leod*, Islandic *liod*, Irish *laoi*, words which express a piece in verse proper to be sung. It is also said to be derived from the ancient German *leikr*, a concert of instruments, of which successively the words *leich*, *laics*, *lays*, *lay*, and *lai* have been formed. Others derive it from the Latin *lessus*, complaint, lamentation.

M. Roquefort *Lais de Marie de France*.

† Raynouard.

And wilt thou, ever thus severe,
 Be as a cloister'd nun to me ?
 Methinks this heart but ill can bear
 An unrewarded slave to be !

Why banish love and joy thy bowers—
 Why thus my passion disapprove ?
 When, lady, all the world were ours,
 If thou couldst learn, like me, to love !

COMTESSE DE DIE.

THERE were two poetesses who bore the title of Comtesse de Die, but nothing remains to distinguish one from the other : they are thought to have been mother and daughter. The first was beloved by Rambaud d'Orange, who died about 1173 : the latter is celebrated by William Adhémar, who died in 1190. On his death-bed both mother and daughter paid a visit to the expiring Troubadour, and afterwards erected a monument to his memory. The young countess retired to a convent at Tarascon, and died shortly after Adhémar.

ELEGY OF LOVE.*

A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu no volria.

Yes, sad and painful is my strain
 Of him I love since I complain :
 Although for him my boundless love
 All earth can give is far above.

* *Raymouard.*

Yet nought avails me, fondness, truth,
Beauty or grace, or wit or youth;
Alike unheedful, cold, unkind,
As though some crime deform'd my mind !

At least my comfort still may be,
In nought this heart has fail'd to thee,
Ne'er ceased to prize thee—to adore—
Not Seguis lov'd Valensa more !
Thus to surpass thee is my pride,
Thou, who excell'st in all beside !

Why, tell me, why severe and chill,
To me thy words sound harshly still ?
How shall I calmly bear to see
Thy looks so soft to all but me,
While all thy courtesy approve,
All praise, admire, alas ! and love !

Can I my wond'ring thoughts restrain,
To mark thee thus affect disdain—
Can I behold each studied slight,
Nor faint with anguish at the sight !
Can I to any else resign
The heart that was—that must be, mine !

Oh ! is it just, whate'er her charms,
Another wins thee to her arms ?
Think, think on all since first we met,
And ask thy heart can it forget !

Whate'er thy cold neglect may be,
The cause can ne'er arise from me.

Yet, yet, 'twill pass, I know thee well,
Thy worth, thy virtue, is the spell
That bids me hope the time will come
When thy true heart shall seek its home.
I know that should some high-born fair
Her love, her choice for thee declare,
She does what all may do whose soul
Can feel perfection's strong control;
But thou hast learnt whose heart the best
Can prize thee above all the rest,
Her faith, her fondness thou hast proved,—
Remember when and how we loved !

Methinks some hope may yet be mine,
Rank, beauty, worth, may still combine;
And my fond truth far more than all,
To lure the wanderer to my call.
I bid my song thy presence seek,
And this despairing message speak,—

Oh thou, too charming and too dear !
Fain would I know why thus severe,
Why thus my love so harshly tried,
Ah, tell me, is it hate or pride ?
Learn, learn, unkind one, from my song,
Such pride may last, alas ! too long !

WILLIAM ADHEMAR.

S'ieu conogues, &c.*

Oh ! were I sure that all the lays
 Which wake my idle strings
 Would in her heart one moment raise
 Kind thoughts of him who sings.
 What ardour in my song would glow,
 What magic in its numbers flow !

Yet what avails—though I despair
 To gain one tender smile,
 The world shall know that she is fair,
 Although so cold the while.
 Ungrateful though she be, too long,
 To her I dedicate my song.
 Better to suffer and complain,
 Than thus another's love obtain.

Ben say que ja, &c.†

SHE will not always turn away,
 She will at length forget her pride,
 My tenderness she will repay,
 My fond affection, sorely tried.

* Raynouard.

† Ibid.

She is all mercy, can she be
Harsh and unjust alone to me ?

Oh ! in the hope her praise to gain,
Have I not rush'd where dangers throng,
And far beyond the treacherous main
Have suffer'd slavery and wrong.
Yet all,—she knows,—why need I say,
One gentle smile could well repay.

RAMBAUD D'AURENGE.

Rire deg ieu, &c.*

I SHOULD be blest ! for in my dreams
I know what happiness may be,
'Tis then her smile upon me beams,
And then her lovely form I see.
She leans upon my breast, her eye
Gazes on mine—how tenderly !
So beautiful she looks, so bright,
Like some immortal shape of light,
Whose presence can all pain remove,
Who breathes the air of peace and love.

That look that made my dream divine
Dwells on my mind when I awake,
Oh ! why must I the bliss resign,
Why must the spell so quickly break !

* Raynouard.

If all the angels who above
 Pass their bright lives in joy and love,
 Together sought to yield me bliss,
 Which neither fate nor time may fade,
 They could not give me more than this—
 The substance of that lovely shade.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

THIS fierce and warlike Troubadour, who flourished from 1140-50 to 1199, is well known for the part which he took in fomenting the quarrels between Henry the Second of England and his three sons. His turbulent and intriguing disposition have ensured him a conspicuous place in the Inferno of Dante, who represents him as suffering a strange and fearful punishment, being condemned to bear his own head in his hand in the manner of a lantern.

E 'l capo tronco tenea per le chiome
Pesol con mano a guisa di lanterna.

The cause of his punishment is related in the following powerful lines :

Quando diritto appiè del ponte fue,
Levò 'l braccio alto con tutta la testa,
 Per appressarne le parole sue,
 Che furo : Or vedi la pena molesta
 Tu, che spirando vai veggendo i morti ;
 Vedi s 'alcuna è grande, come questa.
 E perchè tu di m^e novella porti,
 Sappi ch 'io son Bertram dal Bornio, quelli,

Che diedi al re Giovanni i ma' conforti.
 Io feci 'l padre e 'l figlio in se ribelli;
 Achitofel non se' più d' Absalone,
 E di David co' malvagi pungelli.
 Perch' io parti' così giunte persone,
 Partito porto il mio cerebro, lasso !
 Dal suo principio, ch' è 'n questo troncone.

Inferno, canto 28.

His poems in praise of war and its terrible pleasures paint his character better than his lays of love can do. He died a monk, according to the fashion of those days.

Ab que s tanh, &c.*

SHE cannot be mine ! her star is too bright,
 It beams too gloriously ;
 She is radiant with majesty, beauty, and light,
 And I unmark'd must die !

The more I gaze on her lovely face,
 The more my fate is proved,
 To another she will accord her grace,
 More worthy to be loved.

Are there not crowds around her sighing,
 And can I her pity awake,
 Whose only merit is in dying
 All hopeless for her sake !

* Raynouard.

LAI. GEOFFROI RUDEL.*

Pro ai del cant essenhadors, &c.†

AROUND, above, on every spray,
 Enough instructors do I see,
 To guide my unaccustom'd lay,
 And make my numbers worthy thee.
 Each field and wood, and flower and tree,
 Each bird whose notes with pleasure thrill,
 As, warbling wild at liberty,
 The air with melody they fill.—
 How sweet to listen to each strain,
 But, without love, how cold, how vain !

The shepherds love the flocks they tend,
 Their rosy children sporting near ;
 For them is joy that knows no end,
 And oh ! to me such life were dear !

To live for her I love so well,
 To seek her praise, her smile to win—
 But still my heart with sighs must swell,
 My heart has still a void within !

* Geoffroi Rudel loved the Countess of Tripoli by report only, having never seen her. He made a voyage to visit her, and being met by her on the beach, at his disembarkation, fell dead at her feet. He was Prince of Blaye, near Bourdeaux.

† *Raynouard.*

Far off those towers and castles frown
 Where she resides in regal state,
 And I, at weary distance thrown,
 Can find no solace in my fate.

Why should I live, since hope alone
 Is all to my experience known !

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.*

Quant ieu la vey, &c.

WHEN I behold her, sudden fear
 My throbbing bosom feels,
 My cheek grows pale—the starting tear
 My alter'd eye reveals.
 And like the leaves, when winds are shrill,
 Beneath her glance I tremble still.

In vain I call my pride to aid,
 In vain my reason's power would try,

Bernard de Ventadour divided his lays between the Princess Elionore of Guienne, afterwards Queen of Henry the Second, of England, and the Viscountess de Ventadour. He was page and secretary to Eblis, Viscount of Ventadour, who, disapproving of his love songs addressed to his lady, removed him from his service. He followed Elionore to England, and ended by becoming a monk. He also addressed the Countess Agnes de Montluçon under the title of *Bel Vizer*, and Elionore of Guienne as *Conort*.

† Raymonard.

By love a very infant made,
 I yield me to his witchery.
 She sees, she knows her power too well,
 But ah ! she will not break the spell !

El mon non es, &c.*

No !—joy can wake my soul no more
 Its visions are for ever o'er,
 For all they pictured was of thee,
 And what, alas ! art thou to me ?
 Less than the shade a cloud has cast—
 Less than a sound of music past—
 And others thou hast made still less
 The source to me of happiness.

And yet, ah yet, I blame thee not,
 Though all my sufferings are forgot.
 For if I live renown'd, carest,
 In all, but in thy pity, blest,
 My praise, my glory, all my fame,
 From thy dear inspiration came.*

* Raynouard.

† See the same in Petrarch. Many of the Troubadours repeat it, see Vidal.

S' alcun bel frutto nasce di me
 Da voi vien prima il seme.

And, but that I have lov'd so well,
 Ah ! more than poet e'er can tell !
 I still had, in the nameless throng,
 Conceal'd my unattended song,
 Nor told the world that thou wert fair,
 Nor waked the numbers of despair !

PIERRE ROGIERS.*

Jà non dira hom, &c.†

WHO has not look'd upon her brow
 Has never dreamt of perfect bliss,
 But once to see her is to know
 What beauty, what perfection is.

Her charms are of the growth of Heaven,
 She decks the night with hues of day ;
 Blest are the eyes to which 'tis given
 On her to gaze the soul away !

* His lady love was Ermengarde, Viscountess de Narbonne, (he celebrated her under the mysterious name of " *Tort n'avetz*,") who presided at a Court of Love with Queen Elionore of Guienne, the Countess of Champagne; and Countess of Flanders. She died in 1194.

† *Raynouard.*

‡ The Countess of Champagne was designed by the author of " *L'Art d'Aimer* " by the initial letter M.

FOLQUET DE MARSEILLES.*

> If I must fly thee, turn away
 Those eyes where love is sweetly dwelling,
 And bid each charm, each grace decay,
 That smile, that voice, all else excelling ;
 Banish those gentle wiles that won me,
 And those soft words which have undone me !
 That I may leave without regret
 All that I cannot now forget ;
 That I may leave thee, nor despair
 To lose a gem without compare.†

* *Raynouard.*

† From the above song it would be difficult to guess that its author was one of the most furious of the persecutors of the Albigenses, and distinguished himself against them in the ‘sacred’ war of extermination. He was bishop of Thoulouse, and appears to have suggested to Innocent III. the first rules of his order of “preaching brothers of St. Dominic :” it is to this ‘gentil troubadour’ then that the world was indebted for the first idea of the Inquisition. See *Sismondi* and others.

He addressed Azelais de Roquemartine under the title of *Mon Plus Leial.*

He took the monastic vow at Citeaux in 1200, but reappeared in the world as a persecutor : his exclamation at the sacking of Beziers is well known, “ Kill all ! God will know his own !”

He died in 1231, and was sainted by the monks of Citeaux ; even Petrarch extols him in his *Triumph of Love.* Dante places him in Paradise. Genoa and Marseilles disputed the honour of his birth, as if he had been another Homer !

AUBADE.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Oy Deus, oy Deus ! d'e *l'alba* tantost ve ^{**}

WITHIN our hawthorn bower how sweet
 The stolen moments pass away :
 But ah ! our hour of joy how fleet—
 Alas ! alas ! how soon 'tis day !
 Why flies the star-lit night so soon,
 Why ends the nightingale her lay,
 Why sinks the pale and wan'ning moon ?—
 Alas ! alas ! how soon 'tis day !
 If we might meet as others do,
 Nor dread what watchful foes may say ;
 Were we but blest as we are true,
 We need not mourn how soon 'tis day !
 But see the early waking flowers
 Spread to the morn their colours gay,
 And hand in hand the dancing hours
 Proclaim, alas ! how soon 'tis day !
 So lately met !—so soon to part—
 Can time our sorrows e'er repay !
 Must we, like guilty spirits, start,
 And shrink before the eye of day !

Adieu—adieu—the time may come,
 Though sad and tedious the delay,
 When this shall be our mutual home,
 And thou may'st linger, though 'tis day !*

RAIMOND DE MIRAVALS.†

Lo plus nescis, &c.‡

I must be worthy of her love,
 For not the faintest shade
 Of all the charms that round her move,
 Within my heart can fade.
 The glances of her gentle eyes
 Are in my soul enshrined,
 Her radiant smiles, her tender sighs
 Are treasured in my mind.

To see her is at once to learn
 What beauty's power can do :
 From all that pleased before to turn,
 And wake to life anew.
 To feel her charms all else efface,
 To bask beneath their light ;

* In the lays called Aubades it was necessary to bring in the word *Alba* at the end of every stanza. In the serenades it was the word *Ser*.

† He addressed Adelaide, Countess of Beziers as *Bel Regard, Gen Conquis, Bel Vizer*, &c.

‡ *Raynouard.*

To find her genius, sense and grace
 A day that knows no night !
 Ah ! to be loyal, brave, sincere,
 Her worthy slave to prove,
 It is enough to think on her,
 To see her and to love !

GAUCELM FAIDIT.

GAUCELM or Anselm Faidit, or Fayditt, of Avignon, was very celebrated. The Provençaux called his poetry “ De bons mots et de bon sens.” Petrarch is said to be indebted to him for many strokes of high imagination in his “ Trionfo d’Amore.” He was extremely profuse and voluptuous. After the death of his friend, Richard Cœur de Lion, he travelled near twenty years seeking his fortune. He married a nun at Aix, in Provence, who was young and lively, and could accompany her husband with her voice. *Warton.*

“ Nul ne chantoit aussi mal que Gaucelm Faidit ; mais sa musique et ses vers étoient bons.”

Nostradamus. Vies des Troubadours.

ELEGY
 ON THE DEATH OF KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION,
 IN 1199.

Fortz chausa est, &c.*

† And must thy chords, my lute, be strung
 To lays of woe so dark as this ?
 And must the fatal truth be sung,
 The final knell of hope and bliss !

* *Raynouard.* † See Appendix for King Richard’s song.

Which to the end of life shall cast
A gloom that will not cease,
Whose clouds of woe that gather fast
Each accent shall increase.

Valour and fame are fled, since dead thou art,
England's King Richard of the Lion Heart !

Yes—dead!—whole ages may decay
Ere one so true and brave
Shall yield the world so bright a ray
As sunk into thy grave!
Noble and valiant, fierce and bold,
Gentle and soft and kind,
Greedy of honour, free of gold,
Of thought, of grace refined:
Not he by whom Darius fell,
Arthur or Charlemagne,
With deeds of more renown can swell
The minstrel's proudest strain,
For he of all that with him strove
The conqueror became,
Or by the mercy of his love,
Or the terror of his name!

I marvel that amidst the throng
Where vice has sway so wide,
To any goodness may belong,
Or wisdom may abide.
Since wisdom, goodness, truth must fall,
And the same ruin threatens all!

I marvel why we idly strive*
 And vex our lives with care,
 Since even the hours we seem to live
 But death's hard doom prepare.
 Do we not see that day by day
 The best and bravest go ?
 They vanish from the earth away,
 And leave regret and woe.
 Why then, since virtue, honour, cannot save,
 Dread we ourselves a sudden, early grave !

Oh, noble king !—oh knight renown'd !
 Where now is battle's pride,
 Since in the lists no longer found,
 With conquest at thy side,
 Upon thy crest, and on thy sword,
 Thou show'dst where glory lay :
 And seal'd, even with thy slightest word,
 The fate of many a day.

Where now the open heart and hand
 All service that o'erpaid,
 The gifts that of a barren land
 A smiling garden made !
 And those whom love and honest zeal
 Had to thy fate allied,

* A similar strain of melancholy reflection on the uncertainty of human life occurs in the chorus to the final act of Tasso's *Torrismondo*, beginning :

Ahi ! lagrime, ahi ! dolore,
 Passa la vita, e se delegua e fugge !

Who look'd to thee in woe and weal,
Nor heeded ought beside :
The honours thou couldst well allow
What hand shall now supply ?
What is their occupation now ?
To weep thy loss—and die !

The haughty pagan now shall raise
The standard high in air,
Who lately saw thy glory's blaze,
And fled in wild despair.
The holy tomb shall linger long
Within the moslem's power,
Since God hath willed the brave and strong
Should wither in an hour.
Oh ! for thy arm on Syria's plain,
To drive them to their tents again !

Has Heaven a leader still in store
That may repay thy loss,
Those fearful realms who dares explore,
And combat for the Cross !
Let him—let all—remember well
Thy glory and thy name,
Remember how young Henry fell,
And Geoffrey, old in fame.

Oh ! he who in thy pathway treads,
Must toil and pain endure :
His head must plan the boldest deeds,
His arm must make them sure.

RAMBAUD DE VAQUIERAS.

DESCORT.

Eras quan vey verdeyar.*

THE following poem offers a singular specimen of this species of composition. The idiom and the number of lines are different in each stanza. According to Crescimbini the first stanza is in Romance, the second in Tuscan, the third in French, the fourth in Gascon, the fifth Spanish, and the sixth a mixture of each language.

WHILE thus I see the groves anew
 Clothed in their leaves of verdant hue,
 Fain would I wake a lay to prove
 How much my soul is bow'd to love.

But she who long inspired each lay,
 Has turn'd her changeful heart away,
 And only strains of discord now
 My words, my notes, my language show.

I am he to sorrow born,
 And who no joys can know,
 (In April and in May forlorn)
 Unless from her they flow.

I cannot in her language tell
 How fair she is, how bright,

* Raymonard.

Fresh as the corn flow'r's purple bell—
Ah ! can I quit her sight !

Oh lady, sweet and dear and fair,
I give myself to thee,
No bliss is mine thou dost not share,
Our hopes should mutual be.
A cruel enemy thou art !
Through too much love I die,
But never shall my soul depart
From truth and fealty.

Lady, I give myself to thee,
For good and true thy mind,
Ah ! what so perfect e'er can be,
Wert thou, alas ! but kind.
What graces in thy actions shine !
How bright thy cheek, thine eye ;
Thine all I am, and wert thou mine,
My faith should never die.

So much I tremble to offend,
Such fear and care I know,
My pain and torment never end,
My form consumes with woe.
Each night when on my couch I lie,
I start in sudden dread,
Methinks thou still art hov'ring nigh,
But soon my dream is fled.
Vain is each vision I believed,
I who, alas ! have ne'er deceived !

Ye sons of chivalry, so high
 Is prized your worth and fame,
 Each day renews my misery,
 Lest I no notice claim—
 Should she I love my pray'r despise,
 And make my life her sacrifice !
 By all the saints I vow my heart
 Can never more be free,
 And, lady, all my minstrel art
 Is lost for love of thee !

ELIAS CAIRL.

Ma dona a pretz, &c.*

SHE's fairer than my dreams could frame,
 A vision of all charms combined,
 And love can teach no word, no name,
 To tell the sweetness of her mind.
 Blest were my eyes that look'd so long,†
 And found existence in their gaze,
 Blest was my harp that waked the song
 Which proudly sought to hymn her praise.

* Raymouard.

† A similar idea occurs in Petrarch :

I' benedico il loco e'l tempo e l' ora
 Che si alti miraron gli occhi miei.

Yet, all perfection as she is,
I dare not make my secret known,
Lest, while I would increase my bliss,
I lose the little still my own.
For should she all my weakness know,
Perchance her eyes, now calm and sweet,
With anger or disdain might glow,
Or dread my ardent glance to meet.

Perchance no more her gentle words
Would charm and soothe me as of yore,
The precious hours she now accords
Would be my happy lot no more.

O let me then in silence still
Lament and hope, and gaze and sigh,
Even though my silent sorrow kill,
To lose her were at once to die.

THE COUNT DE LA MARCHE.*

Biaux doux Rubis, &c.†

FAIR, precious gem! when first I cast
 My eyes upon that heavenly brow,
 I quite forgot, in trembling haste,
 Before the dazzling shrine to bow.

No marvel, for my heart had flown,
 Even as I gazed all rapt on thee,
 Straight from my bosom to thy own,
 Nor has it e'er return'd to me.

* Hugues 10th de Lusignan, and Count de la Marche, was at length so fortunate as to marry his beloved Elizabeth or Isabella, of Angoulême, who was equally attached to him, but whom Jean sans Terre of England had violently taken from him and married. On his death she repaid the constant affection of her first lover.

When Hugues died, Isabella entered the convent of Fontevrault, where her tomb is to be seen, together with those of many of the kings and queens of England: among them are those of Henry the Second, who died in 1189; of Queen Elinore, his wife, who died in 1204; of Richard Cœur de Lion, their son, killed 1199; of his sister Jeanne, of England, who died a nun, after having been twice married; first, to William, King of Sicily, next to Raymond, Count of Thoulouse; also the heart of Henry the Third, who died in 1272; he was the son of John, by Isabella of Angoulême.

† Raynouard.

Oh she excels, whose praise I sing—
Whate'er the world of beauty shows,
Even as the lovely bud of spring
Is fairer than the full blown rose.

PEYROLS.

Evuelh be, &c.*

So full of pleasure is my pain,
To me my sorrow is so dear,
That not the universe to gain
Would I exchange a single tear.

What have I said!—I cannot choose,
Now would I seek to have the will,
How can I, when my soul I lose
In thought and sleepless visions still.
Yet cannot from her presence fly,
Although to linger is to die!

* *Raymonard.*

WILLIAM DE CABESTAING.

*Ans pus n' Adam, &c.**

No, never since the fatal time
 When the world fell for woman's crime,
 Has Heaven in tender mercy sent—
 All pre-ordining, all foreseeing,
 A breath of purity that lent
 Existence to so fair a being !

Whatever earth can boast of rare,
 Of precious and of good,
 Gaze on her form, 'tis mingled there
 With added grace endued.

Why, why is she so much above
 All others whom I might behold,
 Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
 To whom my sorrows might be told !
 Oh ! when I see her, passing fair !
 I feel how vain is all my care :
 I feel she all transcends my praise,
 I feel she must contemn my lays.
 I feel, alas ! no claim have I
 To gain that bright divinity.
 Were she less lovely, less divine,
 Less passion and despair were mine !

THE COUNTESS DE PROVENCE
TO HER HUSBAND.*

CHANSON.

Vos ge m' semblatz del corals amadors, &c.†

I FAINT would think thou hast a heart,
Although it thus its thoughts conceal,
Which well could bear a tender part
In all the fondness that I feel ;
Alas ! that thou wouldest let me know,
And end at once my doubts and woe !

It might be well that once I seem'd
To check the love I prized so dear,
But now my coldness is redeem'd,
And what is left for thee to fear ?
Thou dost to both a cruel wrong,
Should dread in mutual love be known ?
Why let my heart lament so long,
And fail to claim what is thine own !

* Beatrix de Savoie, wife of Raymond Bérenger, fifth and last Count of Provence, of the house of Barcelona, flourished in 1235. The above is the only song of her composition which has survived her, notwithstanding her celebrity.

† Raynouard.

THE MONK OF MONTAUDON.

HIS real name is not known, but it has been ascertained that he belonged to a noble family of Auvergne, and was born in the chateau de Vic. He was prior of the monastery of Montaudon, and, at first, confined himself to the duties of his situation, which he well fulfilled; but his love of poetry and pleasure at length induced him to leave the walls of his convent, and travel to courts and castles, where he was always well received. All the gifts presented to him he brought back to the priory at Montaudon. L'Abbé d'Orlac, his superior, well content provided the affairs of the convent went on well, permitted him to go to the Court of the King of Arragon, on condition of his submitting to whatever the prince should enjoin, the condition to be proposed by himself. This king (Alphonso the Second) ordered him to abandon his convent, live in the world, compose and sing verses, *manger gras et être galant auprès des dames*: the monk was very obedient, “*et il si fes.*”

His agreeable qualities obtained for him the lordship of Pui Ste. Marie, and the place of falcon-bearer to the king.

He remained in favour till the monarch's death, and continued with his successor, Peter the Second, till the battle of Moret. During the frequent journeys which Alfonso made in Provence, the monk of Montaudon visited the courts of Roussillon, Perigord, Gascony, and probably that of Poitiers, where reigned Richard Cœur de Lion. The Abbé d'Orlac finally gave him the priory of Villefranche, which he governed wisely, and greatly benefited. He died there, it is supposed, about the year 1226.

Mout me platz deportz e guayeza, &c.*

I LOVE the court by wit and worth adorn'd,
A man whose errors are abjured and mourn'd,
My gentle mistress by a streamlet clear,
Pleasure, a handsome present, and good cheer.
I love fat salmon, richly dress'd, at noon,
I love a faithful friend both late and soon.

I hate small gifts, a man that's poor and proud,
The young who talk incessantly, and loud ;
I hate in low bred company to be,
I hate a knight that has not courtesy.
I hate a lord with arms to war unknown,
I hate a priest or monk with beard o'ergrown ;
A doting husband, or a tradesman's son,
Who apes a noble, and would pass for one.
I hate much water and too little wine,
A prosperous villain, and a false divine ;
A niggard lout who sets the dice aside,
A flirting girl all frippery and pride,
A cloth too narrow, and a board too wide.
He who exalts his handmaid to his wife,
And she who makes her groom her lord for life.
The man who kills his horse with wanton speed,
And he who fails his friend in time of need.

* Raynouard.

CLAIRES D' ANDUZE.

LAY.

Selh que m blasma, &c.*

THEY who may blame my tenderness,
 And bid me dote on thee no more,
 Can never make my love the less,
 Or change one hope I form'd before.
 Nor can they add to each endeavour,
 Each sweet desire to please thee ever !

If any my aversion raise,
 On whom my angry looks I bend,
 Let him but kindly speak thy praise,
 At once I hail him as my friend.

They whom thy fame and worth provoke,
 Who seek some fancied fault to tell,
 Although with angels' tongues they spoke,
 Their words to me would be a knell.

* Raynouard.

PIERRE VIDAL.*

E ! s'ieu sai, &c.†

All ! if renown attend my name,
 And if delight await my song,
 Thine is the glory, thine the fame,
 The praise, the joy, to thee belong.
 For 'twas thy beauty taught me first
 To emulate the poet's lay,
 Thy smile my trembling numbers nurst,
 And sooth'd my early fears away.
 If aught I breathe of good and sweet,
 The strain by thee is taught to flow,
 My songs thy accents but repeat,
 Their purity to thee they owe.

* "Pierre Vidal chantoit mieux qu'homme du monde ; ce fut le Troubadour qui composa les meilleurs airs." He was the son of a furrier, and was a most extraordinary person. Nostradamus says of him, "Cantava mielhs c'on del mon, e fo bon trobaires, e fo dels plus fols home que mais fossen." He speaks in his songs of a lady whom he calls 'Na Vierna.' At one time he devoted himself to a lady called Louve, and in compliment to her clothed himself in the skin of a wolf, and suffered himself to be hunted by dogs, till, exhausted with fatigue, he was overtaken and with difficulty rescued. Perhaps he believed himself a Were-wolf, according to the popular superstition of the day. See lays of *Marie de France*, 'Bis-claveret.'

† Raynouard.

If gazing crowds around me sigh,
And listen with enraptured ear,
'Tis that thy spirit hovers nigh,
'Tis that thy tender voice they hear ;
When faint and low I touch the string,
The failing sounds, alas ! are mine ;
But when inspired and rapt I sing,
The power, the charm, the soul, is thine !

ARNAUD DANIEL.

ARNAUD DANIEL belonged to a noble family of Ribeirac in Perigord ; he received a good education, and was distinguished for his learning. His style is constrained and difficult, and scarcely merits the eulogium pronounced by Petrarch. The mistress to whom he addressed the greater part of his poems was the wife of Guillaume de Boville, a lord of Gascony, to whom he gave the name of Ciberne. He designates her also by the titles "*mon bon esper*," and "*mecls de ben*" (mieux que bien). It appears he was doomed to sigh in vain. Arnaud visited the court of Richard Cœur de Lion in England, and encountered there a jongleur, who defied him to a trial of skill, and boasted of being able to make more difficult rhymes than Arnaud, a proficiency on which he chiefly prided himself. He accepted the challenge, and the two poets separated, and retired to their respective chambers, to prepare for the contest. The muse of Arnaud was not propitious, and he vainly endeavoured to string two rhymes together. His rival, on the other hand, quickly caught the inspiration. The

king had allowed ten days as the term of preparation, five for composition, and the remainder for learning it by heart to sing before the court. On the third day the jongleur declared that he had finished his poem, and was ready to recite it, but Arnaud replied that he had not yet thought of his. It was the jongleur's custom to repeat his verses out loud every day, in order to learn them better, and Arnaud, who was in vain endeavouring to devise some means to save himself from the mockery of the court at being outdone in this contest, happened to overhear the jongleur singing. He went to his door and listened, and succeeded in retaining the words and the air. On the day appointed they both appeared before the king. Arnaud desired to be allowed to sing first, and immediately gave the song which the jongleur had composed. The latter, stupefied with astonishment, could only exclaim : 'It is my song, it is my song.' 'Impossible!' cried the king, but the jongleur persisting, requested Richard to interrogate Arnaud, who would not dare, he said, to deny it. Daniel confessed the fact, and related the manner in which the affair had been conducted, which amused Richard far more than the song itself. The stakes of the wager were restored to each, and the king loaded them both with presents.

Lan quan vei sueill.*

WHEN leaves and flowers are newly springing,
And trees and boughs are budding all,
In every grove when birds are singing,
And on the balmy air is ringing
The marsh's speckled tenants' call ;

* Raynouard.

Ah ! then I think how small the gain
Love's leaves and flowers and fruit may be,
And all night long I mourn in vain,
Whilst others sleep, from sorrow free.

If I dare tell!—if sighs could move her !
How my heart welcomes every smile :
My* FAIREST HOPE ! I live to love her,
Yet she is cold or coy the while.
Go thou, my song, and thus reprove her :
And tell her Arnaud breathes alone
To call so bright a prize his own !

* “ MON BEL ESPER.”

BONIFACE CALVO.

Tant era dreich'en, &c.*

SHE was so good, so pure, so fair,
I could not raise to Heaven a prayer
That she might find a home above,
Where all is purity and love.
Oh ! if this grief destroy my rest,
'Tis not from doubt that she is blest ;
I know that those enchanting eyes
Shine brighter now in Paradise ;—
If 'twere not so, that blissful place
Had no perfection, beauty, grace.
No : she is there, the most divine
Of all that, crown'd with glory, shine.
And if I cease not to deplore,
It is, that we shall meet no more !

* *Raynouard.*

THE TROUVERES.

Nous sommes ménétriers, voire, et de haute gamme,
Pour le déduit du sire ou de la noble dame
De céans. Nous savons Perceval le Gallois,
Le roman du Graal, Parthenopex de Blois,
Les amours de Tristan avec Yseult la Blonde
Et cent autres beaux dits les plus plaisants du monde ;
Nous savons aussi lais et contes à foison,
Les chansons de Thibaut, de Jacques de Chison,
De Blondel et du preux Robert de Marheroles.
Vous plait-il de mener ou danses ou caroles,
Ainsi soit ! nous avons harpe, flûte, buccin,
Psaltérion, tambour, trompe et cor sarrazin.

FRANCISQUE MICHEL.

MARIE DE FRANCE.

THE lais of Marie de France are preserved amongst the MSS. in the British Museum, *Harl. No. 978*. There is every reason to believe that the originals of these lays existed in the Bas-breton or Armoric language, but the life of the authoress, as well as her precise place of birth, and the period when she actually flourished, are involved in much obscurity. Ellis thinks the lays were certainly composed in England: according to him they are twelve in number, and are arranged in the following order:

1. Gugemer (translated by the late G. L. Way, Esq.)
2. Equitan.
3. Lai del Freisne (translated in the fifteenth century by some English writer).
4. Bisclavret.
5. Lanval (translated by G. L. Way, Esq.)
6. Lai des Deus Amanz.
7. Lai d'Ywenec.
8. Lai du Laustic (in the 41st tale of the *Gesta Romanorum* is the same story).
9. Lai de Milun.
10. Lai du Chaitivel.
11. Lai de Chèvre-foil.
12. Lai d'Eliduc.

To these M. de Roquefort adds

13. Lai de Graelent-Mor.
14. Lai de l'Espine.

About fifty-six lines at the beginning of the lais of Marie are intended as a general prologue, and twenty-six more form the introduction to the first lay. This prefatory matter is written in a style of no little obscurity, which was perhaps intentional, because the author defends it by the example of

the ancients, and quotes Priscian as her authority: but the doctrine she means to inculcate is that those who possess talents are bound to employ them, and that study is always good as a preventative to vice, and consolation in affliction. She tells us that she had therefore formed a plan of translating from Latin some *good history*, but found that her project had been anticipated by others. She then thought of the numerous lays *which she had heard*, and had carefully *treasured in her memory*. These she was sure must be new to the generality of her readers, and in this confidence she offers *to the king* the fruits of her labours. After complaining that she has met with envy and persecution where she deserved praise, she declares her intention to persevere, and relate as briefly as possible such stories as *she knows to be true, and to have been formed into lays by the Britons*.

*
Les contes ke jeo sai verrais,
Dunt li Bretun ont fait les lais,
Vus cunterai asez briefment.

Of her lays she says :

Plusurs en ai oï conter,
Ne voil laisser ne's oblier ;
Rimez en ai e fait ditié, &c.
Plusurs le m'unt cunté e dit,
E jeo l'ai trové en escrit.

Her works were much esteemed in her own time, and Denys Pyramus, an Anglo-Norman poet, of the reign of Henry the Third, says that,

† Les lays soleient as dames pleire,
De joye les oyent e de gré ;
Qu'il sunt sulum lur volenté.

* Ellis, *Specimens of Anc. Met. Rom.*

† Cotton, MSS. *Domitian, A. XI.* Vie de St. Edmond par Denys Pyramus.

Previously he observes :

E les vers sūt mult amez
 E en ces riches curtes loez ;
 E dame Marie autresi,
 Ki en rime fist e basti
 E copensa les vers de lays
 Ke ne sunt pas de tut verais.
 E si en est-ele mult loée
 E la ryme par tut anée,
 Kar mult l'aymēt si l'unt mult cher
 Cunt, barun e chivaler ;
 E si en aymēnt mult l'escrit
 E lire le funt, si unt délit
 E si les funt sovente retreire.

This approbation from a rival, who was in great credit at court, is a proof of his sincerity, and of the rank she held.

Her second work consists of a collection of fables, entitled "Le Dit d'Ysopet," translated into French. In her epilogue are these lines :

Per amur *le cunte Willame*
 Le plus vaillant de nul realme
 M'eintenur (entremis) de ceste livre feire, &c.

A complete collection of the works of Marie has been published by M. de Roquefort, (Paris, 1820) who speaks of her in the following terms : " She possessed that penetration which distinguishes at first sight the different passions of mankind, which seizes upon the different forms which they assume, and remarking the objects of their notice, discovers at the same time the means by which they are attained."

Her fables profess to be from the version of King *Alured's* Esop, probably that of King Alfred; her words are :

Li reis { *Alurez } . qui mut l'ama,
 { Henris }
 Le translata puis en Englez,
 Et jeo l'ai rimé en Franceiz.

* The name of the king is differently spelt in different MSS.

They amount to one hundred and one. "They are," says M. de Roquefort, "composed with that force of mind which penetrates the hidden recesses of the heart, and are particularly remarkable for superior reasoning, simple and unaffected diction, delicate and subtle reflections, and a high order of morality."

Her last production is the history, or rather tale, of St. Patrick's Purgatory, translated from the Latin.

That Marie was born in France * is to be inferred from her appellation, and her own assertion in the Epilogue to her Fables,

Marie ai num, si sui de France.

but there is no reason for supposing with M. de Roquefort that she was a native of Normandy.

The precise period when she flourished is, as we have observed, a subject of great doubt. The Abbé de la Rue, (*vide Archaeologia*, vol. xiii. p. 36), and after him M. de Roquefort (*Poésies de Marie de France*), are of opinion that she wrote in England during the reign of Henry the Third, and conceive that the patron whom she names must have been William Longue-Espée, Earl of Salisbury, the natural son of Henry the Second, and Rosamond Clifford, who died in 1226, and that her poems were consequently written anterior to that date. This opinion is founded upon her words, "Le plus vaillant de cest royaume;" but as the Harleian MS. (978) offers the word "nul" for "cest," and is confessedly the most complete copy of her works extant, we are not justified in considering the expression as applicable solely to England; it may refer to whatever country her

* It must be remembered that 'France' was then used only to designate that central portion of the kingdom, still termed the Isle of France. The Normans, Bretons, Poitevins, Gascons, &c. were called after their respective provinces.

patron belonged to. That the Earl of Salisbury was one of the most renowned knights of his time will readily be admitted, but we have no proof of the patronage which he afforded to literature, nor is it easy, as M. Robert observes,* to understand why an *English* nobleman should so earnestly desire a *French* version of fables already written in his own language. The second opinion which we shall notice is that of M. Meon, who, in the preface to his edition of the “*Roman du Renart*,” (4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826) supposes also that she wrote during the reign of Henry the Third, but thinks that her patron could be no other than William, Count of Flanders, who accompanied St. Louis in his first crusade, in 1248, and was killed at a tournament at Frasene, in Flanders, in 1251. The principal reason which he assigns for this supposition is, the *probability* of her being the authoress of the anonymous poem entitled “*Le Couronnement du Renard*,” in which the particulars of Count William’s death are detailed, and reference made to him by name. This probability arises from a passage at the end of the ‘*Couronnement*,’ where the author says:

“ Et pour çou veil ici endroit
Raconter pour coi m’entremet
Des bons proverbes d’Ysope.”

and the fables of Marie de France immediately follow the ‘*Couronnement*,’ in the only MS. which contains the latter in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, a MS. of the thirteenth century. But this is not sufficient authority to prove that Marie and the author of the *Couronnement* were identical, for a little earlier in the same poem Marie is mentioned in the third person:

* “*Essai sur les Fabulistes, qui ont précédé la Fontaine*,” in the preface to his “*Fables Inédites du xii, xiii, and xiv siècles*,” 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1825.

“*Pris mon prologue com Marie
Qui pour lui traitu d'Ysopet.*”

But although we may doubt this double authorship, yet the presumption in favour of Count William of Flanders is strong, as he it is, according to the author of the Couronnement, for whom the Fables were written,—a proof that the writer (probably a contemporary) was of that opinion.

The last conjecture which we shall offer is that of M. Robert:—

Coinciding in opinion with M. Meon, that the fables were written for *William, Count of Flanders*,—the question which he asks is, *which* Count William is intended! We know that Marie wrote in England, and may infer that her patron was connected with the country by some powerful ties;—it would also be a natural desire in a Flemish noble, a lover of literature, to have a French version of these English fables. To unite these two qualities he thinks that William, Count of Ypres, is the only possible person. This nobleman had disputed the title of Count of Flanders with Charles le Bon, who was assassinated in 1126; on his death he assumed the title, but deprived of it by Louis le Gros, King of France, he took refuge in England at the court of Henry the First, who had already afforded him support. He there embraced the cause of Stephen, whom he assisted in placing on the throne, a service for which he was rewarded by being created Earl of Kent. He subsequently retired to a monastery in England, where he died. In admitting this opinion, it will be necessary to antedate the period in which Marie is said to have flourished, and her style and orthography are certainly of a more ancient period than has usually been assigned to them. It is not improbable that her lays were dedicated to Stephen, a prince whose native language was French, and who, when at length in peaceable possession of the throne, doubtlessly endeavoured to cultivate the taste for his own tongue, which began to be neglected towards the close of the

long reign of his predecessor, Henry the First. At the solicitation of William of Ypres, whose language also was French, she translated the fables which Henri I. (Beauclerc) had rendered from Latin into English. The last circumstance which attaches weight to the opinion in favour of the greater antiquity of Marie's poems, is the use of terms in her fables when speaking of the wolf and fox, which, as early as the reign of Cœur de Lion, were designated by the names of Ysengrin and Renard; the latter *generally* so, at the commencement of the thirteenth century. It seems unlikely that Marie would have failed to notice these new and remarkable names, had they existed, when she wrote. We may therefore conclude that the Roman du Renard was a production subsequent to her fables.

These are the various conjectures which have been offered in support of the different opinions already cited;—we are inclined to favour the supposition most which we have stated last—but other and more competent judges must eventually decide, when circumstances throw more light on the obscurity in which the subject is enveloped.

D. C.

LAY OF BISCLAVERET.

Quant de lais faire m'entremet
 Ne voil ublier Bisclaveret, &c.*

WHEN lays resound 'twould ill beseem
 Bisclaveret were not a theme :
 Such is the name by Bretons sung,
 And Garwal † in the Norman tongue ;—
 A man of whom our poets tell,
 To many men the lot befel !
 Who in the forest's secret gloom
 A wolf was destined to become.

This savage monster in his mood
 Roams through the wood in search of blood,
 Nor man nor beast his rage will spare
 When wand'ring near his hideous lair.

* Poésies de Marie de France, publiées par J. B. de Roquafort.

† Garwal is a corruption of the Teutonic Wer-wolf or English Were-wolf, the same as the “λυκάνθρωπος” of the Greeks, Man-wolf, *loup-garou*, a man who has the power of transforming himself into a wolf. It does not appear that this word Garwal has continued in Normandy to our time; neither is that of Bisclaveret found among the Bretons, who still say Denbleis (Man-wolf).

Of such an one shall be my lay,
A legend of Bisclaveret.

In Brittany a knight was known,
Whose virtues were a wonder grown :
His form was goodly, and his mind
With truth endued, with sense refined :
Valiant, and to his lord sincere,
And by his neighbours held most dear.
His lady was of fairest face,
And seem'd all goodness, truth, and grace.
They lived in mutual love and joy,
Nor could one thought their peace annoy,
Save that, three days each week, the knight
Was absent from his lady's sight ;
Nor knew she where he made repair,
In vain all questions and all care.

One evening as they sat reclined,
And rest and music soothed his mind,
With winning smiles and arts she strove
To gain the secret from his love.
“ Ah ! is it well ? ” she softly sigh'd,
“ Aught from this tender heart to hide !
Fain would I urge, but cannot bear
That thy dear brow a frown should wear,
Else would I crave so small a boon,
‘ Tis idly ask'd, and granted soon.”
The gentle knight that lady prest,
And drew her closer to his breast :

“ What is there, fairest love !” he cried,
“ I ever to thy wish denied ?
What may it be I vainly muse
That thou could’st ask, and I refuse ?”
“ Gramercy,” said the artful dame,
“ My kindest lord, the boon I claim.
Oh ! in those days, to sorrow known,
When left by thee in tears alone,
What fears, what torments wound my heart,
Musing in vain why thus we part.
If I should lose thee ! if no more
The evening should thy form restore !—
Oh ! ’tis too much ! I cannot bear
The pangs of such continued care !
Tell me, where go’st thou ?—who is she
Who keeps my own dear lord from me ?
For ’tis too plain, thou lov’st me not—
And in her arms I am forgot !”
“ Lady,” he said, “ by Heaven above,
No deed of mine has wrong’d thy love.
But, were the fatal secret thine,
Destruction, death, perchance were mine.”

Then, pearly tears that lady shed,
And sorrow bow’d her lovely head,
And every grace, and art, and wile,
Each fond caress, each gentle smile,
She lavish’d on her lord, who strove
In vain against her seeming love :
Till all the secret was reveal’d,

And not the slightest thought conceal'd :
“ Know then a truth which shuns the day,
I am a foul——Bisclaveret !
Close shelter'd in my wild retreat,
My loathsome food I daily eat,
And, deep within yon hated wood,
I live on rapine and on blood !”

Faint grew that pale and lovely dame,
A shudder crept o'er all her frame,
But yet she urged her questions still,
Mindless but of her eager will,
To know if, ere the change was made,
Clothed or unclad he sought the shade.
“ Unclad, in savage guise I range,
Till to my wolfish shape I change.”
“ Where are thy vestments then conceal'd ?”
“ That, lady, may not be reveal'd—
For should I lose them, or some eye
Where they are hid presume to pry,
Bisclaveret I should remain,
Nor ever gaze on thee again,
Till he who caused the fatal harm
Restored them and dissolved the charm.”
“ Alas !” she said, “ my lord, my life,
Am I not thine, thy soul—thy wife ?
Thou canst not doubt me, yet I feel
I die if thou the truth conceal.
Ah ! is thy confidence so small,
That thou shouldst pause, nor tell me all !”

Long, long she strove, and he denied,
Entreaties, prayers, and tears were tried,
Till, vanquish'd, wearied, and distress'd,
He thus the fatal truth confess'd :
“ Deep in the forest's awful shade
Has chance a frightful cavern made,
A ruin'd chapel moulders near,
Where oft is shed my secret tear.
There, close beside a hollow stone,
With rank and bushy weeds o'ergrown,
My garments lie, till I repair,
My trial past, to seek them there.”

The lady heard the wondrous tale,
Her cheek now flush'd, now deadly pale,
And many a day and fearful night
Ponder'd with horror and affright.
Fain would she the adventure try,
Whose thought drove slumber from her eye.
She dared not seek the wood alone—
To whom then could she make it known ?

A knight there was, whose passion long
Had sought the hapless lord to wrong,
But coldly from his vows she turn'd,
And all his feigning ardour spurn'd,
Yet now, a prey to evil's power,
She sought him in a luckless hour,
And swore a deadly oath of love,
So he would the adventure prove.

The wood's recess, the cave, the stone,
All to his willing ear made known :
And bade him seize the robes with speed,
And she should be the victor's meed.

Thus man, by too much trust betray'd,
Too often is a victim made !

Great search was made the country round,
But trace was none, nor tidings found,
All deem'd the gallant knight was dead,—
And his false dame again was wed.

Scarce had the year attained an end,
The king woul'd to the greenwood wend,
Where, midst the leafy covert lay
The fierce and fell Bisclaveret.
Soon as the hounds perceive the foe,
Forward at once with yells they go.
The hunters urge them on amain,
And soon the Garwal had been slain,
But, springing to the monarch's knee,
Seem'd to implore his clemency.
His stirrup held, embrac'd his feet,
And urg'd his suit with gestures meet.
The king, with wond'ring pity moved,
His hunters call'd, his hounds reprov'd :
“ ‘Tis strange,” he said, “ this beast indeed
With human reason seems to plead.
Who may this marvel clearly see!—

Call off the dogs, and set him free.
And, mark me, let no subject dare
To touch his life, which thus I spare.
Let us away, nor more intrude
On this strange creature's solitude.
And from this time I'll come no more
This forest's secrets to explore."

The king then rode in haste away,
But, following still, Bisclaveret
Kept ever closely by his side;
Nor could the pitying monarch chide,
But led him to his castle fair,
Whose goodly towers rose high in air.
There staid the Garwal, and apace
Grew dearer in the monarch's grace,
And all his train he bade beware,
To tend and to entreat him fair:
Nor murmur'd they, for though unbound,
He still was mild and gentle found.
Couch'd at his master's feet he lay,
And with the barons loved to stay;
Whene'er the king abroad would wend,
Still with him went his faithful friend.
In hall or bower, at game or feast,
So much he loved the gallant beast.

It chanced the king proclaim'd a court,
Where all his barons made resort,
Not one would from the presence stay,
But came in rich and bright array.

Among them he, who with his wife
Had practised on the Garwal's life.
He, all unconscious, paced along
Amidst that gay and gallant throng,
Nor deem'd his steps that fatal day
Watch'd by the sad Bisclaveret.
With sudden bound on him he flew,
And towards him by his fangs he drew :
Nor would have spared him, but the king,
With angry words and menacing,
Forbade the vengeance which had straight
Dealt to the trembling wretch his fate.
Much marvel all, and wond'ring own
He ne'er before so fell was known :
Why single out this knight from all ?
Why on him thus so fiercely fall ?
In much amaze each went his way,
But pondered on it many a day.

The king next eve the forest sought,
Where first Bisclaveret was caught :
There to forget the toils of state,
That on a monarch's splendour wait.
The guilty wife with false intent,
And artful wiles to meet him went,
Apparell'd in her richest guise,
To draw on her admiring eyes.
Rich presents brought she in her train,
And sought an audience to gain.
When she approach'd Bisclaveret,

No power his vengeance could allay ;
With hideous howl he darted forth
Towards the fair object of his wrath :
And soon her false but beauteous face
Of deadly fury bore the trace ;
All rush to staunch the dreadful wound,
And blows and shouts assail him round.

Then spoke a learn'd and reverend sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, grey with age :
“ Sire, let the beast receive no wrong :—
Has he not here been harbour'd long,
And never, even in sport, been seen
To show or cruelty or spleen ?
This lady and her lord alone
The fury of his ire have known.
Twice has the lady been a wife—
How her first lord was reft of life,
For whom each baron sorrows still,
Breeds in my mind some fear of ill.
Question the wounded dame, and try
If we may solve this mystery ;
I know, by long experience taught,
Are wondrous things in Bretaigne wrought.”
The king the sage advice approved,
And bade the lady be removed,
And captive held till she should tell
All that her former lord befel :
Her guilty spouse they seek with speed,
And to a separate dungeon lead.

'Twas then, subdued by pain and fear,
The fearful tale she bade them hear ;
How she her lord sought to betray,
And stole his vestments where they lay,
So that for him the hope were vain,
To gain his human form again.

Her deed of treachery display'd,
All pause, with anxious thought dismay'd,
Then each to each began to say,
" It is the beast Bisclaveret ! "

Soon are the fatal vestments brought—
Straight is the hapless Garwal sought,
Close in his sight the robes they place,
But all unmoved, and slow his pace,
He heeds not as he passes by,
Nor casts around a curious eye.
All marvel, save the sage alone,
The cause is to his prescience known :
" Hope not," he said, " by means so plain
The transformation to obtain.
Deep shame and grief the act attend,
And secrecy its aid must lend :
And to no vulgar mortal eye -
'Tis given to view this mystery.
Close then each gate, be silence round,
And let a hollow stone be found,
Choose ye a solitary room,
Shade each recess with deepest gloom :

Spread forth the robes, let none intrude,
And leave the beast to solitude."

All that the sage advised was done.
And now the shades of night were gone,
When towards the spot with eager haste,
The king and all his barons past :
There, when they oped the guarded door,
They saw Bisclaveret no more,
But on a couch, in slumber deep,
Beheld the uncharm'd knight asleep !

With shouts of joy the halls resound,
The news soon spreads the country round,
No more condemn'd to woe and shame,
He wakes to life, to joy, and fame !
Admir'd, carest, midst hosts of friends,
At once his ling'ring torment ends.
His lands restored, his foes o'erthrown,
Their treach'rous arts to all made known :
The guilty pair condemn'd to fly
To banishment and infamy.

'Tis said their lineage to all time
Shall bear a mark that speaks their crime ;
Deep wounds and scars their faces grave,
Such as the furious Garwal gave.
And well in Brittany is known
The wondrous tale my lay has shown :
Nor shall the record fade away,
That tells us of Bisclaveret.

THE LAY OF THE EGLANTINE.*

Assez me plest è bien le voil
 Del lai qu'hum nume Chèvre-foil
 Que la vérité vus en cunt, &c. &c.†

A WAKE, my harp, and breathe a lay
 Which poets oft have loved to tell,
 Of Tristan and his lady gay,
 The fortunes that to each befel;

Of all their fondness, all their care,
 Of Tristan's wand'rings far away ;
 And lovely Yseult, call'd the Fair,‡
 Who died upon the selfsame day.

How Mark, the aged, jealous king,
 Their fatal passion came to know,
 And banish'd Tristan, sorrowing,
 Where Wales a while conceal'd his woe.

There, wand'ring like a restless shade,
 From weary night to cheerless morn,

* Lai du Chèvre-foil.

† Roquefort.

‡ Yseult la Blonde, daughter of Argius, King of Ireland, and wife of Marc, King of Cornouailles, uncle of Tristan.

He roam'd o'er mountain, wood, and glade,
Abandon'd, hopeless, and forlorn !

Nor marvel ye, who hear the tale,
For such their fate will ever prove,
Whose constant hearts in vain bewail
The lot of early, blighted, love.

A weary year in sullen mood
With anxious memory he strove,
But found at length that solitude
But added deeper wounds to love.

“ Alas !” he said, “ why ling’ring stay,
Why hover round this living tomb ?
Where Yseult pines far far away,
’Twere meet I sought my final doom.

There to some forest haunt I’ll go,
And, hid from every human eye,
Some solace yet my soul may know,
Near where she dwells at least to die !”

He went—and many a lonely night
In Cornwall’s deep retreats he lay,
Nor ventured forth to mortal sight,
An exile from the face of day.

At length along the flowery plains
He stole at eve with humble mien,

To ask the simple shepherd swains
Some tidings of the hapless queen.*

Then told they how the baron bold
Was banish'd to his distant home,
And to Tintagel's mighty hold
The king, with all his court, was come.

For Pentecost, with pride elate,
The feast, the tourney, they prepare,

* *Tristan de Léonois*, knight of the Round Table, is the hero of one of the most pleasing of the romances of antiquity. The translation† of it into French prose in the twelfth century is by Luces de Gast, a Norman, who lived at Salisbury. The celebrated poet, Chrestien de Troyes, versified it, but his work is unfortunately lost. Sir Walter Scott has published an edition of *Sir Tristrem* by Thomas the Rhymer of Ercil-down.

† This romance is said to have been written in Latin prose about 1110 by Rusticien de Pise, in the time of Louis le Gros; it is asserted he took this, and *Lancelot du Lac* from two much older British writers. Rusticien composed his romances for Henry the First, of England, grandson of William the Conqueror, in the splendid court which that prince held in Normandy.

The wife of Tristan was *Yseult aux Blanches Mains*, daughter of Iloïl, king of Little Britain, whom he married after his separation from *Yseult la Blonde*. King Marc having sent him to Ireland, to fetch his destined bride, they unfortunately fell in love on the voyage. The latter is sometimes called *La Belle Isoule*.

And, mistress of the regal state,
The lovely Yseult would be there.

Joy sprung in Tristan's eager heart—
The queen must through the forest wend,
While he, unnoticed, there apart,
Secure her coming could attend.

But how to bid her understand,
When close to him she loved she drew?—
He cut in haste a hazel wand,
And clove the yielding wood in two.

Then on the bark his name he traced,
To lure her for a while to stay:
Each branch with trembling hand he placed
At distance in fair Yseult's way.

It was their sign of love before,
And when she saw that name so dear,
The deepest shade she would explore,
To find if he were wand'ring near.

"Oh! well thou know'st, dear love," he said,
"No life has Tristan but in thee!
And all my fondness is repaid,
My Yseult lives alone for me!"

Thou know'st the tree around whose stem
The eglantine so fondly clings,



And hangs her flowery diadem
From bough to bough in perfumed rings.

Clasp'd in each others arms they smile,
And flourish long in bliss and joy,
As though nor time nor age the while
Their tender union could destroy.

But if it chance by Fate's hard hest
The tree is destined to decay,
The eglantine droops on his breast,
And both together fade away.

Ah, even such, dear love, are we,
How can we learn to live apart?
To pine in absence thus from thee
Will break this too devoted heart!"

She came—she saw the dear loved name,
So long to deep regret consign'd,
And rosy bright her cheek became,
As thoughts flash'd quick across her mind.

She bade her knights a space delay,
While she repos'd amidst the shade;
Obedient all at distance stay,
Nor seek her slumber to invade.

The faithful Brangian alone
Companion of her search she chose,



To whom their early hopes were known,
Their tender love and after woes !

Nor long amidst the wood she sought,
Ere she beheld, with wild delight,
Him whom she loved beyond all thought
Rush forth to bless her eager sight.

Oh, boundless joy unspeakable !
After an age of absent pain,
How much to say—how much to tell—
To vow, regret, and vow again !

She bade him hope the time was near
When his sad exile would be o'er,
When the stern king her prayer would hear,
And call him to his court once more.

She told of many a bitter tear,
Of hopes, of wishes, unsubdued,
Ah ! why midst scenes so brief, so dear,
Will thoughts of parting still intrude !

Yes—they must part—so lately met,
For envious steps are lurking round,
Delay can only bring regret,
And danger wakes in every sound.

“ Adieu ! adieu !” and now 'tis past,
And now each path far distant lies,

Fair Yseult gains her train in haste,
And through the forest Tristan hies.

To Wales again his steps he bent,
And there his life of care renew'd,
Until, his uncle's fury spent,
He call'd him from that solitude.

'Twas then, in mem'ry of the scene,
To both with joy so richly fraught;
And to record how blest had been
The signal love himself had taught:

That Tristan waked the softest tone
His lute had ever breath'd before,
Though well to him, Love's slave, was known
All the deep springs of minstrel lore.

His strain to future times shall last,
For 'twas a dream of joy divine:
And that sweet record of the past
He call'd 'The Lay of Eglantine.'*

* There is printed "Le Roman du noble et vaillant Chevalier Tristan fils du noble roy Meliadus de Leonnoys, par Luce, chevalier, seigneur du chateau de Gast." Rouen, 1489, fol.

In Caxton's 'Morte Arthur,' the 8th, 9th, and 10th books treat of 'Sir Trystram.' Mons. Francisque Michel is about to give an edition of all the remains of the poems and lays which were composed upon Tristan by the Anglo-Norman trouverres of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. London, 2 vols. W. Pickering.

LE CHATELAIN DE COUCY.

LE Châtelain de Coucy lived before the time of St. Louis, and was celebrated as a poet and lover. Eustace le Peintre, a poet, contemporary with Thibault of Navarre, speaks of him. He flourished certainly between the years 1187 and 1203, or perhaps, 1221. He was versed in all the literature of his age, and was both a poet and musician. The adventures of the Châtelain de Coucy, and the Dame de Fayel are well known, but they have been greatly disputed. The Provençaux claim them as belonging to one of their Troubadours, Guilhem de Cabestanh, or de Cabestaing, the Italians to a knight named Guardastagno, (see Boccace) and a certain Guiscard, (see also Boccace) the Spaniards for the Marquis d'Astorga under Charles II. M. Francisque Michel, from whose interesting edition of the poems of the Châtelain de Coucy these specimens are derived, is of opinion that the Sire de Fayel's cruel vengeance gave rise to all the other stories, and that the poets chose the subject and attributed the events to other heroes.

CHANSON II.

Nouvele amor où j'ai mis mon penser, &c.*

MY wand'ring thoughts awake to love anew,
 And bid me rise to sing the fairest fair
 That e'er before the world of beauty knew,
 That e'er kind Nature made her darling care :

* "Chansons du Châtelain de Coucy," publiées par M. Francisque Michel, 8vo. Paris, Téchener, 1830.

And when, entranced, on all her charms I muse,
All themes but that alone my lays refuse,
Each wish my soul can form is hers alone,
My heart, my joys, my feelings all her own !

Since first my trembling heart became a prey,
I have no power to turn me back again ;
At once I yield me to that passion's sway,
Nor idly seek its impulse to restrain.

If she, who is all sweetness, truth, and joy,
Were cold or fickle, were she proud or coy,
I might my tender hopes at once resign,
But not, thank heaven ! so sad a lot is mine !

If ought I blame 'tis my hard fate alone,
Not those soft eyes, those gentle looks of thine,
On which I gazed till all my peace was gone !
Not at their dear perfection I repine,
I cannot blame that form all winning grace,
That fairy hand, that lip, that lovely face ;
All I can beg is that she love me more,
That I may live still longer to adore !

Yes, all I ask of thee, oh lady dear,
Is but what purest love may hope to find ;
And if thine eyes, whose crystal light so clear
Reflect thy thoughts, be not to me unkind.
Well may'st thou see, by ev'ry mournful lay,
By all I ever look, or sigh, or say,
That I am thine, devoted to thy will,
And, midst my sadness, fondly thank thee still.

I thank thee, even for these secret sighs,
For all the mournful thoughts that on thee dwell,
For as thou bad'st them in my bosom rise,
Thou canst revive their sweetest hopes as well,
The blissful remedy for all my woe
In those dear eyes, that gentle voice I know ;
Should Fate forbid my soul to love thee more,
My life, alas ! would with my grief be o'er.

To thee my heart, my wishes I resign,
I am thine own, oh lady dear, be mine !

LA DAME DE FAYEL.

THE Dame de Fayel, the heroine of the tragedy which has made her so celebrated, must not be confounded with Gabrielle de Vergy, a mistake which has very frequently occurred. See M. Francisque Michel's work on the subject.

LAI.

Ge chanterai por mon corage, &c.*

STILL will I sing to soothe my heart,
Deprest, alas ! and full of care,
Not even yet shall hope depart—
Not even yet will I despair.

* *Francisque Michel.*

Though none from that wild shore return
 Where he abides I love so well,
 Whose absence I for ever mourn,
 Whose voice to me was music's spell ;
 God ! when the battle cry resounds,
 Thy succour to the Pilgrim show,
 Whom fatal treachery surrounds—
 For faithless is the Pagan foe !

No time my sorrow can assuage,
 Till I behold him once again ;
 He roams in weary pilgrimage,
 And I await in ceaseless pain :
 And though my lineage urge me long
 With threats another's bride to be,*
 In vain they seek to do him wrong—
 All idle seem their frowns to me.
 Noble he is, and I am fair ;
 Ah, Heaven ! all mercy since thou art,
 Why doom two hearts to this despair,
 Why bid us thus so rudely part !

One tender solace yet I find—
 His vows are mine, my treasured store !
 And when I feel the gentle wind

* It would appear by these lines that the unfortunate Dame de Fayel was attached to the Châtelain de Coucy previous to her ill-fated marriage with a man who was indifferent to her, and whom the importunities of her family alone induced her to accept.

That blows from yonder distant shore,
I turn me to the balmy gale,
Its whisp'ring breath my fancy charms,
I list his tender voice to hail,
He seems to clasp me in his arms !

He left me ! ah, what vain regret !
I may not follow where he flies !—
The scarf* he gave, when last we met,
A cherish'd relic still I prize :
I fold it to my throbbing heart,
And many a vanish'd scene recall ;
For quiet to my soul distrest,
For joy, for solace—this is all !
God, when the battle cry resounds,
Thy succour to the Pilgrim show,
Whom fatal treachery surrounds,
For faithless is the Pagan foe !

* I must here apologise for the liberty I have taken with the original in this line : it was impossible, without some change, to make the idea pleasing to a modern reader.

THIBAUT DE CHAMPAGNE.

THIS celebrated Trouverre was the son of Thibaut, third Count of Champagne and Brie, and Blanche, daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre. He was born about the beginning of 1201, a few months after the death of his father, who died very young. His mother, who was a great patroness of poetry, governed his dominions during his minority, and Philip Augustus, of France, took him under his protection. He had to sustain a long war against Airard de Brienne, who, having married one of the daughters of his uncle, disputed his right to the Counties of Champagne and Brie. This great quarrel was finally transferred to the Court of Peers of the kingdom, and terminated by negociation in November, 1221. Ten or twelve years afterwards the barons of the kingdom, indignant at Thibaut having abandoned them in the war which they waged against the king and the regent of the kingdom, leagued together, and called upon Aleide, widow of the King of Cyprus, the second daughter of his uncle, to assert her claims upon Champagne. The protection of the king and the queen mother defended him from this invasion, and enabled him to negociate with Aleide, whose rights he purchased. The death of Sancho the Powerful, his maternal uncle, elevated him to the throne of Navarre, in April, 1234. A short time afterwards he set out for the crusades. He remained in Romania a year or two without having contributed much to soften the misfortunes of the christians in the Holy Land. On his return to his kingdom he devoted his attention to the government of his dominions, and died in June, 1253, at Pampeluna, where he was buried : his heart was taken to the monastery of St. Catherine, near Provins, which he had founded. See *Préface aux Poësies*

du Roy de Navarre. Paris, 1742, par M. l'Evesque de la Ravallière.

The above learned author treats as quite apocryphal the well known tradition of Thibaut's love for Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, and attributes it to the malice and misrepresentation of some authors, and the neglect of others. Who the Dame de ses Pensées really was, is not ascertained, but he will not allow the supposition to exist of its being Blanche of Castile, fixing the probability on a certain daughter of Perron, or Pierre, who was chamberlain to St. Louis, or else of Pieron Seigneur de Pacy. He adds, however : "Non que je prétende par cette découverte affirmer que Thibaut ait eu cette seule maîtresse." He asserts that many of the poems written in honour of this mysterious "Blanche" were not composed till he was upwards of thirty, and the queen past fifty.

However this may be, it is difficult to relinquish the received opinion, which has little in it to shock the mind, as all authors agree that the fair Regent was insensible to his passion. I add the testimony of numerous authors who take a different view of the question.

M. Titon du Tillet, in his *Parnasse François*, has this passage : "Nous avons encore quelque chansons de sa façon composées à la louange de la Reine Blanche de Castille qu'il aimoit avec passion, quoique cette princesse fût très-indifférente pour lui, ne pensant uniquement qu'à le ménager pour les intérêts du roi son fils."

Pasquier recounts, from the book of the Great Chronicles of France, dedicated to Charles the Eighth, that a great number of the fine songs of Thibaut, made for the Queen Blanche, were transcribed in the great saloon of the palace of Provins,* with notes of music to the first stanzas.

* And also in that of Troyes. Those discovered in the château de Provins were, according to the 'Chroniques,' "à l'endroit de la prison."

The poems of the King of Navarre had great reputation in his own time, and even long after, as Dante witnesses in his work ‘*De vulgari eloquentia.*’ “*Il buon re Tibaldo.*”

“Thibaut was constantly forming plots against St. Louis, during the regency of Blanche, with whom he was for years desperately in love. On several occasions he is said to have submitted “ebabi” by her beauty and grandeur. When she was fifty-one and he thirty-five, handsome, accomplished, and loving without hope, she banished him the court, owing to his making his passion too apparent. He quitted her, went to Palestine, and on his return to his kingdom of Navarre, he no longer sang of love, but made pious verses, and died a year after Blanche.”—*Vie de Blanche de Castille, par la Comtesse de Machebo née Bataille.*

The story is well known of the insult he received at court from Robert d’Artois, a boy, brother of the king; who, instigated by the lords, threw a *soft cheese* in his face, with a contemptuous remark. He could not resent this from a child, but being aware by whom it was encouraged, he retired in disgust from court. Sir Walter Scott observes—“Enthusiasm of every kind is peculiarly sensible to ridicule: Thibaut felt that he was an object of mirth, and retired for ever to his feudal dominions, where he endeavoured to find consolation in poetry for the rigour and *perhaps the duplicity* of his royal mistress. His extravagant devotion to poetry and beauty did not prevent his being held a sagacious as well as accomplished sovereign.”

Tales of a Grandfather. France.

Thibaut the Posthumous, Count of Champagne, set the example to the vassals of Louis the Eighth to retire from his army. At the age of twenty-six he was reckoned among the best poets of his age; he called himself ‘the Queen’s Knight,’ and *pretended to be in love with her*, though she was more than forty. The death of Louis soon after a dispute with Thibaut has occasioned some historians to

attribute that event to the latter, as he was thought to have died poisoned." *Sismondi's Albigenses.*

He was grandson of Marie de France, Countess of Champagne, the zealous patroness of the Provençal poets, and daughter of Elionore of Guienne.

LAY.

ON DEPARTING FOR THE HOLY LAND.

Dame, ensi est qu'il m'en convient aler, &c.*

An, gentle lady ! must I go,
 And quit this sweet, enchanting shore,
 Where I, 'tis true, have suffer'd woe,
 But, thus to leave thee, suffer more.
 Why, cruel Nature, didst thou frame
 A land from bliss so far removed,
 Where joy exists but as a name,
 And banish'd is each dream of love ?
 Without affection can I live ?
 'Tis all my solace, all my thought,
 My heart can nought beside receive,
 For me with vital breath 'tis fraught.
 I learnt to prize it in a school,
 Where too severe my lessons were,
 Ever to grow content or cool,
 Or weary absence strive to bear.
 Do I deserve this life of care ?
 My truth methinks thou must approve,

* *M. de la Rarallière.*

Who art the purest, brightest fair,
That ever man durst ask to love !
Alas ! if I must leave thee so,
What ceaseless torments will be mine,
When, but an hour condemn'd to go,
My fainting heart would still repine !
If now I tear myself from thee,
Will not remorse, regret, betide,
When thy dear lines with tears I see,
And know what seas our fates divide !
Oh Heaven ! be thine my future days,—
Farewell each hope that bade me live,—
Rich the reward thy hand displays,
To thee my love, my joy, I give.
See, in thy service I prepare,
My fortunes henceforth are thy own,
I seek thy banner, blest and fair,
Who serves thee ne'er can be o'erthrown.
My bosom throbs 'twixt joy and pain,
For grief that from my love I part :
For joy that I shall now maintain
His cause, whose glory nerves my heart.
The love of Heaven is ever blest,
Without all shade or taint of harm,
A gem, how precious when possest !
Which all the sins of earth can charm.
Bright queen, and lady without peer !
To guard me be thy power display'd :
Fill thou my soul with faith sincere,
I lose my lady—lady, aid !

TRANSLATION OF A STANZA.

Li rossignols chante tant.*

THE night bird sings so loud, so long,
That as she ends her heavenly song,
Exhausted her melodious breath,
Amidst the boughs she sinks in death.
Is there a lot so full of bliss,
So rich in ecstacy as this ?
Even thus I die while I her praise relate,
But ah ! how little she regards my fate !

* This specimen, which is also in M. de la Ravallière's collection, vol. ii., p. 33, is given from the 'Lays of the Minnesingers.' The author of that delightful work considers the style of the royal poet dull and meagre, and refuses him the credit he deserves. Bossuet is very severe on him, and dismisses him, saying "he made songs which he was fool enough to publish." His own opinion, recorded in *Chroniques de St. Denis*, is more favourable, these are his words : "Qu'il fit les plus belles chançons et les plus délitables qui furent oncques oyées."

SONG TO EXCITE TO THE CRUSADE.

Signor, saciez ki or ne s'en via, &c.*

LORD ! thou canst tell that he who turns away
 From that blest land where God was born and died,
 Nor will in Pagan realms the cross display,
 In blissful Paradise shall ne'er abide.

Ye, whose high souls remorse and pity know,
 For God and vengeance rise and strike the blow,
 Redeem his country from the heathen's pride !

Yet let the unworthy linger still behind,
 Who loves not God no honour shall attain :
 A wife, a friend, subdue his wav'ring mind,
 Bound by the idle world in passion's chain.
 Away with those who friends or kindred name,
 Before the cross which beckons them to fame !

Arm ! noble youth, pursue the bright career,
 'Tis glory's call, 'tis mighty heaven's command,
 Let earth and all her frailties disappear,
 Rouse for the faith, uplift thy conquering hand,
 And leave thy ashes in the sacred land !

God died for us—for us his cross he bore,
 And these, his words, a happy promise tell :

* *M. de la Ravallière.*

“ Ye, who my Cross uphold for evermore,
 Shall find a place where glorious angels dwell :
 There ye shall gaze upon my brow of light,
 There my celestial mother ye shall know,
 But ye, who turn ye from the happy sight,
 Descend to darkness and eternal woe !”

Those who, devoted to the joys of earth,
 Shun death and danger with a coward’s care,
 I hold as foes and sinners little worth,
 Senseless of good, and worthy of despair.

Oh ! bounteous Lord ; our evil thoughts remove,
 Let us behold thy sacred land of love !
 Pray for us Queen and Virgin, heavenly bright,
 And let no ill assail us, through thy might !*

* “ Thibaut se croisa en 1236, avec un zèle qui répondait à la manière pathétique et vive dont il prêchoit la croisade dans cette chanson, qui fait voir combien la noblesse de ces tems-là étoit obligée d’aimer ces guerres saintes, puisque son salut, sa réputation et son honneur y étoient attachés. Raoul de Coucy fit aussi une chanson presque semblable à celle de Thibaut.”

M. l’Evesque de la Ravallière. Poësies du Roy de Navarre.

LAY.

Une chançon encore voil
Faire, pour moi conforter, &c.*

ANOTHER lay I breathe for thee,
To rouse my soul again,
Sole solace of my misery,
Sole refuge of my pain !
I sing, for if a moment mute,
My tears bedew the mournful lute !

I thought to prove thee soft and kind,
Even as thou art fair,
But ah, those gentle looks I find
Were but a secret snare.
My love I cannot yet resign,
Awake, in sleep, my thoughts are thine !

Yes, in my sweetest dreams thou art—
Ah ! then what visions rise !
Then my poor, unregarded heart
To thy dear presence flies ;
And sweetly, gently, is carest—
Why is my slumber only blest !

* M. de la Ravallière.

Delight and sorrow mingled sound
Amidst my fitful strains,
And still I sing, although the wound
Deep in my breast remains :
Dear love ! too soon thou wert my fate !
But ah ! my guerdon comes too late !

And dost thou feel not one regret
That thus I slowly pine ?
It is not meet thou should'st forget,
That all the blame is thine.
Ere long thy unrelenting eye
Will only gaze to see me die !

My lute still pleads, perchance in vain,
And idle each endeavour,
One smile, one look, at least to gain,
Before 'tis mute for ever !

THIBAUT DE BLAZON.*

CHANSON.

Certes a tort.†

I AM to blame ! why should I sing ?—
 My lays 'twere better to forget,
 Each day to others joy may bring—
 They can but give to me regret !
 Love makes my heart so full of woe,
 That nought can please or soothe me more,
 Unless the cruel cause would show
 Less coldness than I found of yore.
 Yet wherefore all my cares repeat !
 Love's woes, though painful, still are sweet—
 I am to blame !

I am to blame !—was I not born
 To serve and love her all my life !
 Although my recompense is scorn,
 And all my care with pain is rife :
 Yet should I die, nor ever know
 What 'tis to be belov'd again,

* Thibaut de Blazon was a friend of Thibaut of Champagne.

† Auguis.

At least my silent life shall show
How patiently I bore my chain.
Then wherefore all my griefs repeat!—
 Love's woes, though painful, still are sweet.
 I am to blame!

GACE BRULÉ.*

Les oisillons de mon païs, &c.†

THE birds in Brittany I hear
 Warble in plaintive strains,
 Like those that once to me were dear,
 Amidst my native plains.

And gentle thoughts and mem'ry sweet
 Wake with their melody,
 Till I would fain, like them, repeat
 Love's promises to me.

I know, by disappointment crost,
 "Tis useless to complain,
 But all the joys that others boast
 To me seem only pain.

* Gace Brûlé was the friend of the Count of Champagne. In the *Chroniques de St. Denis* it is said of them, “qu'ils firent entre eux les plus belles chansons, les plus déliteuses et les plus mélodieuses qui furent onques oyées.”

† *Auguis.*

How many times have I believed
Bliss might be mine once more,
And still I find my hopes deceived,
Even as they were before.

THE characteristic distinctions of Troubadour and Trouvère began to be lost in the early part of the thirteenth century ; the succeeding poems are therefore classed under the general denomination of the Early French Poets.



ms. 3.9.2 folio 10v

Portrait of Jean de Meern

From a Ms. in the British Museum.

JEAN DE MEUN.

THE name of Jean de Meun is so closely associated with that of William of Lorris, and the celebrated poem “The Romance of the Rose,” that it is necessary to refer both to the latter author and the poem itself, in speaking of the former. Of William of Lorris, the original author of the poem, little more is known than the place of his birth, at Lorris, on the Loire, not far from Montargis. He was born in the early part of the thirteenth century, and died,—probably young, as his poem was unfinished,—about the year 1340.* Forty years after his death, the subject was continued and amplified by Jean de Meun, surnamed Clopinel, a poet also from the banks of the Loire. Although not equal to his predecessor in imagination and descriptive talent, he possessed many of the qualifications of a good poet, and the satire which he infused into the work, considerably enhanced its reputation. This quality appears to have been a remarkable characteristic of Jean de Meun, as is proved by some anecdotes which are related of him :† one amongst them is sufficiently amusing, though perhaps apocryphal. During his whole life he had invariably inveighed against the new orders of monks, particularly the Jacobins, and in his last testament he did not forget them. He there gave orders, that as soon as his funeral should be over, which

* Not 1360, as has been generally stated ; this question has been decided by M. Raynouard. V. *Journal des Savans*, 1816, p. 69 and 70.

† See his life by Thevet, and Dissertation by Lantin de Damery, in M. Méon’s edition of the *Roman de la Rose*, Paris.

he directed should be performed in the church of the Jacobins,—a weighty coffer was to be placed in their hands. The monks imagined that remorse for the abuse which he had heaped upon them while living had dictated this heavy atonement after his decease ; and scarcely was the ceremony of interment concluded, when they became anxious to ascertain the amount of treasure which the excellent Jean de Meun had bequeathed to them. Accordingly they immediately caused the coffer to be opened, but great was their dismay and surprise, when nothing presented itself to their disappointed gaze but a few sheets of lead, inscribed with mathematical figures. In the fury of their disappointment, they immediately disinterred the poet's remains, and cast his body out of their consecrated inclosure ; but the Court of Parliament being informed of the event, directed that it should be honourably re-interred in the cemetery attached to the same church. The poet's life was passed at court, where he figured as its principal literary ornament, and where most of his works were composed. Besides his continuation of the Romance of the Rose, he translated “*Les Merveilles d'Irlande*,” the “*Letters of Abelard to Heloise*,” and other works ; he also wrote two other poems, “*Le Testament de Jean de Meun*,” a general satire, and “*Le Codicile, ou Trésor*,” relating chiefly to the mysteries of religion.

His principal work was very highly estimated by some of the most celebrated of the early poets of France. Clément Marot admired and gave an edition of it ; Jean Molinet rendered it into prose ; and Pasquier compares the author to Dante ! M. Lenglet Dufresnoy, who published an edition of the *Roman de la Rose*, in 1735, says : “*Nos ancêtres ont si fort estimé le Roman de la Rose, qu'il y auroit ou trop de mépris, ou une ingratitudo trop marquée de n'en pas faire aussi quelque cas.*” But this consideration would, we fear, be almost the only one with the modern reader, whose patience must weary of an allegory extending through upwards

of 22,000 verses. The merit of the poem is, however, great; there is much of invention, the style is lively and agreeable, and many of the descriptions are beautiful. The father of English poetry was alive to these excellencies when he translated the greater part of the poem written by William of Lorris, and the most congenial to his taste. The descriptions of May, of the Gardens, of the figures of Sorrow, Envy, Hatred, and Avarice, are admirable, both in the original, and in Chaucer's version. The chief defects of the work are a certain monotony,* the number of digressions, and the little interest excited by a series of allegorical personages. It has had as many antagonists as supporters, and was at an early period the subject of much controversy. The reputation on which it must rely is that which it has acquired as a poetical monument illustrating the language of France in the early period when it appeared.

D. C.

LE CODICILLE.

J'ai fait en ma jeunesse maint dit par vanité, &c.†

Too many lays, too light and vain
 In youth I sang, and praise was mine;
 The time is come to change the strain,
 And all those idle toys resign.
 Perchance my words, though late, may be
 More sage for others and for me?*

* Vide Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. ii. section 13. (8vo. edition, 1824), for a comparative view of both versions.

† *Ed. de Méon.*

'Twere harsh the faults of youth to blame,
 Which yet, by time, may wiser grow,
 But great his worth, and high his fame,
 Whose heart in youth would wisdom know;

But mine and others yet I fear
 From time small store of virtue claim,
 Still do we hold our youth too dear,
 As death to us were but a name:

Alas! the fatal truth is plain,
 We die, nor know we how, nor where,
 Youth may be summon'd, age remain,
 Which fate is best who may declare!

ROMAN DE LA ROSE.

Amour soubstient, amour endure, &c.*

Love sustains, and love endures,
 Love is lasting, love secures:
 Love in loving takes delight;
 Loyal love, Love pure and bright
 Feels his vassalage no care,
 Can all things gain, can all things dare:
 His sign two hearts in one can blend;
 His magic glance a charm can lend

* Méon.

JEAN DE MEUN.

To parting sighs or meeting smiles.
Souls of all envy he beguiles,
Restores a heart, or makes it roam,
Leads it astray, or brings it home ;
Delights to please, makes peace at will,
Makes all things fair, or all things ill.
Love can attract, or turn aside,
Estrange two bosoms, once allied.
Nothing from Love's great power can fly,
Love tunes the heart to ecstacy,
Gives grace and joy, divides, unites,
Destroys, creates, avoids, invites.

No wound can pierce him, nor offend :
"Twas Love that made a God descend,
Stoop to our form, and for our sake
The cross and all its sorrows take :
Love bade him teach the good his word,
And precepts to the bad afford ;
"Twas Love that made him seek us here,
Love makes our souls his laws revere.

Virtue can have no stay on earth,
If Love preside not at her birth,
Nor faith nor hope can find a place,
Nor truth, nor justice, force, nor grace,
If Love inhabit not the soul,
Nor with his breath illumine the whole !

JEAN FROISSART.

JEAN FROISSART is better known as a delightful historian than as a poet; indeed so little merit do his compositions possess, that the specimens which follow are only given as curiosities rather than as deserving a place amongst the poets of his time. He was born at Valenciennes about 1336, and was, as he relates, a great *lover* in his youth, and he speaks with complacency of the numerous songs, poems, and romances which he composed. He travelled into England to divert his mind from a disappointed attachment, and became secretary to Philippa, of Hainault, wife of Edward the Third. After her death he entered into holy orders. One of his romances is called *Méliador, ou le Chevalier au Soleil d'Or*. This work he presented to Gaston de Foix, when at the brilliant court of that prince, which he preferred to all others. So greatly was the romance admired, that the chief delight of Gaston was to hear passages of it read to him constantly after supper.

On his introduction to Richard the Second he presented that monarch with a superb MS., engrossed with his own hand, containing his poems. He is supposed to have died in 1400. The *Paradis d'Amour* is one of his productions.*

* *Warton. Vigneul Marville* (D. Bonav. d'Argonne), &c.

TRIOLET.

Faut prendre le tems comme il vient, &c.*

TAKE time while yet it is in view,
 For fortune is a fickle fair:
 Days fade, and others spring anew,
 Then take the moment still in view.
 What boots to toil and cares pursue !
 Each month a new moon hangs in air :
 Take then the moment still in view,
 For fortune is a fickle fair.

VIRELAY.

Moult m'est tart.†

Too long it seems e'er I shall view
 The maid so gentle, fair, and true,
 Whom loyally I love :
 Ah ! for her sake, where'er I rove,
 All scenes my care renew !
 I have not seen her—ah, how long !
 Nor heard the music of her tongue ;
 Though in her sweet and lovely mien
 Such grace, such witchery is seen,
 Such precious virtues shine,

* Poésies de Jean Froissart. Chroniques Nationales Françaises publiées par Buchon.

† *Buchon.*

My joy, my hope is in her smile,
And I must suffer pain the while,
Where once all bliss was mine.

Too long it seems !

Oh tell her, love !—the truth reveal,
Say that no lover yet could feel

Such sad consuming pain :
While banish'd from her sight I pine,
And still this wretched life is mine,

Till I return again.

She must believe me, for I find
So much her image haunts my mind,
So dear her memory,
That wheresoe'er my steps I bend,
The form my fondest thoughts attend,
Is present to my eye.

Too long it seems !

Now tears my weary hours employ,
Regret and thoughts of sad annoy,
When waking or in sleep,
For hope my former care repaid,
In promises at parting made,
Which happy love might keep.
Oh for one hour my truth to tell,
To speak of feelings known too well,
Of hopes too vainly dear ;
But useless are my anxious sighs,
Since fortune my return denies,
And keeps me ling'ring here :
Too long it seems !



L. S. Costello da Lodi

Illustration for a manuscript by Book to illustrate the 1st of June

From a MS in the British Museum

CHRISTINE DE PISE.

CHRISTINE was the daughter of Thomas de Pise, and was born at Bologna, the most flourishing school of literature, next to Florence, of that age. The reputation of Thomas for science spread so diffusely, that, having married the daughter of Dr. Forti, a member of the great council of Venice, the Kings of France and Hungary were jealous of Venice possessing such a treasure, and invited Thomas de Pise to adorn their respective courts. The personal merit of Charles the Fifth, surnamed the Wise, “la prépondérance du nom François,” the desire of visiting the university of Paris, then in great brilliancy, determined the illustrious stranger. Charles showered honours and wealth on Thomas de Pise: the *Wise* monarch appointed him his astrologer, and fixed him in France, whither he sent for his wife and daughter, who were received at the Louvre, where the people, astonished at their magnificent costume, ‘à la Lombarde,’ flocked to see them, and overwhelmed them with admiration and applause. This happened in 1368, when Christine was but five years old. She was born with her father’s avidity for knowledge, and was early instructed in the Latin tongue. At fifteen she had made such progress in the sciences, and her personal charms were so remarkable, that she was sought in marriage “par plusieurs chevaliers, autres nobles, et riches clercs,” but she adds modestly, “qu’on ne regarde ceci comme vanteuse: la grande amour que le roi démontroit à mon père en étoit la cause, et non ma valeur.”

The king had bestowed on Thomas a pension of 100 livres, payable every month, and equivalent to 8400 livres of the present day, besides annual gratifications of “livrées et autres bagatelles;” and that this bounty might not be thought extravagant in so economical a monarch, Christine, to prove

the solidity of her father's knowledge, informs us that he died on the very hour that he himself had predicted, and that Charles owed much of the prosperity of his arms, and of the great effects of his government, to the sage counsels of Thomas of Pise.

Stephen Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy, was the fortunate suitor who obtained the hand of the favourite astrologer's daughter; and the sovereign who made the marriage, appointed the bridegroom one of his notaries and secretaries. Christine adored her husband, whose character she has painted in the most favourable colours, and by whom she had three children. But their brilliant horizon was soon overcast: the king died; the uncles of the young successor thought of nothing but plundering the kingdom, and probably were not fond of predictions. The pensions of Thomas were stopped, and his son-in-law was deprived of his offices. Thomas, who his daughter confesses had been too liberal, fell into distress, grew melancholy, and soon followed his royal master. Castel, by his good conduct, for some time sustained the family, but was taken off by a contagious distemper at the age of thirty-four!

The widowed Christine was deeply afflicted for the loss of her consort, and had injustice and poverty to struggle with as well as her grief. Still she sunk not under her misfortunes, but, with true philosophy, dedicated her melancholy hours to the care of her children, and the improvement of her mind, though but twenty-five at the death of her husband. She gave herself up to study, and then to composition. Poetry was a cordial that naturally presented itself to her tender heart; yet, while unfortunate love was her theme, the wound was rather mitigated than cured, and proved that a heart so sensible was far from being callous to a new impression. In a word, ere her tears were dried for Castel, the Earl of Salisbury arrived at Paris as ambassador from his master to demand the young princess Isabel in marriage. The beauty and

talents of Christine outshone in the eyes of the earl all the beauties of the court of France; and the splendour and accomplishments of this personage were too imposing not to make his homage agreeable to the philosophic, disconsolate, widow. Yet so respectful were the Paladins of those days, or so austere were the manners of Christine, that, though they communicated their compositions to each other, in which Salisbury* spoke by no means mysteriously of his passion, yet the sage Christine affected to take the declaration for the simple compliment of a gallant knight; and the earl, blushing at having gone too far, vowed for the future to be more circumspect.† Christine's eldest son was about the age of thirteen. The discreet earl, to prove at once his penitence and esteem, proposed to her to take the youth with him to England, declaring that he bade adieu to love, renounced marriage, and would build his future happiness on educating and making the fortune of her son. Far from being offended at so extraordinary an alternative, the tender mother resigned her son to that

* John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, lived in the time of Richard the Second, and was executed as a conspirator in the following reign. The words which Shakespeare has put into his mouth in pity to his royal master, might apply to the unfortunate nobleman himself:

“Ah Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sits weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossing to thy good, all fortune goes.

K. RICH. II., *Act ii., Scene 4.*

† This is the opinion of the French author, but does it not seem more natural to suppose that Christine declined the offer of his hand, being so recently deprived of a beloved husband, notwithstanding which she was sensible of his worth and goodness?

mirror of knighthood, and the too generous Salisbury parted with the pledge of his mistress's favour, which his unaccountable delicacy had preferred to one it had been more natural to ask, and which some indirect queries that Christine confesses to have put to him induce us to think she would not have received too haughtily, if consistent with the laws of honour. When King Richard was deposed, the usurper Henry immediately imprisoned his faithful servants, and struck off the head of his favourite Salisbury: and the savage Bolingbroke, who found the *Lays* of Christine in the portefeuille of her murdered lover, was so struck with the delicacy and purity of her sentiments, that he formed the design of drawing her to his court, and actually wrote to invite her. She!—she at the court of the assassin of her lover! horrible, impossible thought! However the decorum due to a crowned head, and one who had taken into custody and treated kindly her son, imposed on her the hard necessity of making a gentle, but firm excuse: and, though the monarch twice despatched a herald to renew the invitation, she declined it, and nevertheless obtained the recovery of her son.

Visconti, Duke of Milan, and Philip le Hardy, Duke of Burgundy, wrote no less pressing to obtain her residence in their courts. The first was positively refused, though her fortunes in France were far from being re-established. The latter had taken her son under his protection, and had tempted her by an employment most congenial to her sentiments, a proposal of writing the reign of her patron Charles the Fifth. She had even commenced the agreeable charge when death deprived her of that last protector likewise. Destitute of everything, with a son, an aged mother, and three poor female relations to maintain, her courage, her piety, and the muse, supported her under such repeated calamities; the greatest of all being to her that of being reduced to borrow money, a confession perhaps never before made by a lady of so romantic a complexion. “ Beau sire Dieu! comme elle rougissoit

alors ! demander lui causoit toujours un accès de lièvre," are her own words.

Her latter days were more tranquil ; and her ingenious and moral writings are favourable indications of her amiable mind, and justify the attention paid her by so many distinguished princes.

Christine wrote, in addition to her Moral Proverbs, the Epistle of Othea, and other poetical subjects. A Life of Charles the Wise, which is preserved in the MSS. of the King's Library at Paris. Vide Mémoire Historique, p. 31, prefixed to the first vol. of the Anthologie Française.

Her moral proverbs were translated into English by Anthony Widville, Earl Rivers, brother to Edward the Fourth's queen. The *explicit* of his translation is as follows :

Of these sayinges Cristyne was the auctoresse,
 Whych in makyn had such intelligence,
 That thereof she was mirror and maistresse ;
 Her workes testifie th' experience :
 In French languaige was written this sentence ;
 And thus englashed doth hit reherse
 Antoine Wydeville therle Ryvers.

Caxton, who printed this work, and was protected by Lord Rivers, inspired by his patron's muse, concludes the work thus :

Go, thou litel quayer, and recommaund me
 Unto the good grace of my special lorde,
 Therle Ryveris, for I have emprinted thee
 At his commandement, following every worde
 His copye, as his secretaire can recorde ;
 At Westmestre of Feverer the xx daye,
 And of K. Edward the xvii yere vraye.

Emprinted by Caxton
 In Feverer the colde season.

Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

TENSON, ENTITLED GIEUX A VENDRE.

Je vous vens la passe-rose, &c.*

L'AMANT.

I SELL to thee the autumn rose,
 Let it say how dear thou art !
 All my lips dare not disclose,
 Let it whisper to thy heart :
 How love draws my soul to thee,
 Without language thou may'st see.

LA DAME.

I sell to thee the aspen leaf,
 'Tis to show I tremble still,
 When I muse on all the grief
 Love can cause, if false or ill :
 How too many have believed,
 Trusted long, and been deceived !

L'AMANT.

I sell to thee a rosary,
 Proving I am only thine,
 By its sacred mystery
 I to thee each thought resign ;

* MS. Brit. Mus. Harl. 4431.

Fairest, turn thee not away,
Let thy love my faith repay !

LA DAME.

I sell to thee a parrot bright,
With each colour of the sky,
Thou art form'd to charm the sight,
Learn'd in softest minstrelsy—
But to love I am unknown,
Nor can understand its tone.

L'AMANT.

I sell to thee a faded wreath,
Teaching thee, alas ! too well,
How I spent my latest breath,
Seeking all my truth to tell ;
But thy coldness bade me die
Victim of thy cruelty !

LA DAME.

I sell to thee the honey flow'r—
Courteous, best, and bravest knight,
Fragrant in the summer show'r,
Shrinking from the sunny light :
May it not an emblem prove
Of untold but tender love ?

RONDEL.*

EN espérant de mieulx avoir
 Me fault le temps dissimuler,
 Combien que voye reculer
 Toutes choses à mon vouloir.

Pourtant s'il me fault vestir noir
 Et simplement moy affuller,
 En espérant, etc.

Se fortune me fait douloir,
 Il me couvient tout endurer,
 Et selon le temps ruiler
 Et en bon gré tout recevoir.
 En espérant, etc.

RONDEL.

I LIVE in hopes of better days,
 And leave the present hour to chance,
 Although so long my wish delays,
 And still recedes as I advance;

* MS. Harl. 4431, fol. 29, r^o, col. 2. We give the originals of some of these poems, as they have never yet been printed.

Although hard fortune, too severe,
 My life in mourning weeds arrays,
 Nor in gay haunts may I appear,
 I live in hopes of better days.

Though constant care my portion prove,
 By long endurance patient grown,
 Still with the time my wishes move,
 Within my breast no murmur known ;
 Whate'er my adverse lot displays,
 I live in hopes of better days.

RONDEL.*

JE ne scay comment je dure,
 Car mon dolent cuer font d'ire ;
 Et plaindre n'ose ne dire
 Ma doulereuse aventure.

Ma dollente vie obscure
 Riens fors la mort ne desire.
 Je ne scay, etc.

Et me faut par couverture
 Chanter quant mon cuer souspire,
 Et faire semblant de rire ;
 Mais Dieux scet ce que j'endure.
 Je ne, etc.

* MS. Harl. 4431, fol. 29, r°, col. 1.

RONDEL.

I know not how my life I bear !
 For sad regrets my hours employ,
 Yet may I not betray a tear,
 Nor tell what woes my heart destroy ;
 My weary soul a prey to care,
 I know not how my life I bear !

And must I still these pangs conceal !
 And feign the joys that others feel ;
 Still vainly tune my lute to sing,
 And smile while sighs my bosom wring ;
 Seem all delight amidst despair !—
 I know not how my life I bear !

SUR LA MORT DE SON PERE.

Com turtre suis, sans per, toute seulete
 Et, com brebis sans pastour, esgarée ;
 Car par la mort fus jadis sepparée
 De mon doulx per, qu'à toute heure regrete.

* MS. Harl. 4431 fol. 28, vo, col. 2.

Il n .vij. ans que le perdi, lassette !
 Mieulx me vaulsist estre lors enterree.
 Com turtre sui, etc.

Car depuis lors en dueil et en souffrette
 Et en meschief très grief suis demourée ;
 Ne n'ay espoir, tant com j'aray durée,
 D'avoir solas qui en joye me mette.
 Com turtre sui, etc.

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

A MOURNING dove, whose mate is dead,
 A lamb, whose shepherd is no more,
 Even such am I, since he is fled,
 Whose loss I cease not to deplore,
 Alas ! since to the grave they bore
 My sire, for whom these tears are shed,
 What is there left for me to love !
 A mourning dove !

Oh ! that his grave for me had room !
 Where I at length might calmly rest,
 For all to me is saddest gloom,
 All scenes to me appear unblest !
 And all my hope is in his tomb,
 To lay my head on his cold breast,
 Who left his child nought else to love.
 A mourning dove !

ALAIN CHARTIER.

THE distinguished poet, Alain Chartier, of whom, unfortunately, little seems known, and whose works appear to have been strangely neglected by his countrymen, was secretary to the two kings, Charles the Sixth and Seventh, and was the ornament and boast of the court. His wit, taste, and eloquence, made him the most esteemed poet of his time : and of the estimation in which he was held a proof is given in the well known compliment paid him by the Dauphiness Marguerite d'Ecosse (afterwards Queen, wife of Louis the Eleventh). Having discovered him one day asleep in the king's antechamber, she bestowed on him a kiss, saying that it was not the man she saluted, but the mouth from whence issued so many fine sentiments, and so many charming words.

The beautiful and unfortunate Marguerite appears to be the Dame des Pensées of the grateful poet, if we may judge by the numerous allusions in his poems to one whom he dares not name, to whom his duty and homage is due ; and by his pathetic lamentations for the early death of his beloved mistress. Marguerite died very young, a victim to the tyranny of her detestable husband, Louis the Eleventh, whose character Mezeray has well described in these lines :

Louis renversa tout pour suivre son caprice.
Mauvais fils, mauvais père, infidèle mari,
Frère injuste, ingrat maistre, et dangereux ami,
Il régna sans conseil, sans pitié, sans justice;
La fraude fut son jet, sa vertu l'artifice,
Et le prévost Tristan son plus grand favori !

When she was dying, some of her attendants, wishing to recall her thoughts to life, and the enjoyments yet in store for her, she turned from them with disgust, exclaiming : " Fi de la vie!—Ne m'en parlez pluz!"*

There is so much deep and real feeling, so much beauty of expression, so much energy in the style of Alain, that his works cannot but delight all whom the antiquated dress in which his thoughts are clothed does not deter from studying them : yet even in this particular his poetry is far more smooth and flowing, and his diction less quaint than many much later poets, who thought themselves his superiors. Occasionally, indeed, he falls into the tiresome strain of his period, as appears by the following lines, which are known more as a nursery rhyme than as the production of a celebrated poet ; though Dr. Johnson is said to have rendered it into English to show the capability of the language which had been doubted by the arguer in favour of French superiority :—

BALLADE.

Quant ung cordant
 Veult corder ung corde,
 En cordant trois cordons
 En une corde accorde ;
 Et se l'ung des cordons
 De la corde descorde,
 Le cordon descorde
 Fait descorde la corde.

He has another ballad beginning

Le doulx plaisant *nominative*
 Dont je prétends former ung *génitive* ;

and so on for *thirty-five* lines, like Caleb Quotum's song ! but at this we shall not be surprised, but rather wonder he escaped, as he did, the vice of his age, when we read what

* See Appendix.

the Abbé Massieu says on the subject : he observes, speaking of the state of French poetry under Charles the Eighth, and Louis the 12th, a period immediately succeeding that in which Chartier flourished :

“Those who appeared in the reigns of Charles the Eighth, and Louis the Twelfth, disfigured poetry in such a manner as to render it scarcely possible to be recognised. They composed nothing good in their endeavours to surpass all others, and spoilt all by too much refinement.

Since they could not reach the naïveté of which Villon* had left them examples, they sought other methods of pleasing ; but it was more in astonishing the ear than in satisfying the mind, that they succeeded. Their chief object was to multiply rhyme at the expense of all kind of reason, and to pile them one upon the other. Molinet and Cretin set the most pernicious example of this style, and were more instrumental than any others in producing this disorder.

Hence those rhymes of all kinds, the descriptions of which occupy so much of our ancient dissertations on the poetic art : *la Batelée*, *la Fraternisée*, *l'Enchaînée*, *la Brisée*, *la Retrograde*, *l'Equivoque*, *la Génée*, *la Couronnée*, *l'Emperièrée*, and others, which, with great justice, are at the present day considered as an abuse of human intellect. The singular feature in this circumstance is, that this bad taste took possession of all France. It even lasted long after, till the time of Francis the First, Marot himself, *tout Marot qu'il étoit*, did not escape, and there are none of these rhymes of which specimens cannot be found in his writings.” See *Hist. de la Poésie Françoise*, by the Abbé Massieu.

* It is singular to observe how entirely French critics pass over Chartier to arrive at Villon, whom they make their standard of excellence, till the all-conquering Marot throws, in their opinion, all others into shade. The English reader will find some difficulty in discovering the beauties of either of these poets.

Some examples of this absurd style may not be uninteresting to the reader. La rime *Batelée* was when the end of the first line rhymed with the middle of the following, as

Quand Neptunus, puissant Dieu *de la mer*,
Cessa d'armer galères et vaisseaux, &c.:

it was called *Fraternisée*, when the last word of a verse was repeated entire, or in part, at the commencement of another: as

Dieu garde ma maitresse et *regente*,
Gente de corps et de façon ;
Son cuer tient le mien dans sa *tente*,
Tant et plus en mortel fusson, &c.*

It was termed *Retrograde* when the rhyme and measure were preserved on reading the verse backwards: ex.

Triomphamment cherchez honneur et prix.
Désolez coeurs, méchans, infortunatez,
Terriblement estes moqués et pris, &c.

Read backwards the lines run thus :

Pris et moqués estes terriblement,
Infortunatez, méchans coeurs, désolez.
Prix et honneur cherchez triomphamment, &c.

La rime *Enchaînée* consisted in a certain connection of the rhyme and sense in the following manner :

* See a specimen of this style by d'Hemery d'Amboise, 'ù son jeune portrait.'

Mais dis-moy, dis-moy, mon portrait,
Mon portrait, dis-moy, qui t'a fait ?
Qui t'a fait à moy si semblable ?
Si semblable à moy misérable,
Moy misérable, &c.

Dieu des amours, de mort me garde;
 M'en gardant, donne-moi bonheur;
 Eu me le donnant, prens la darde;
 En la prenant, navre son cœur.

It was *Brisée* when in dividing the lines, the divisions still rhymed, thus :

De cœur parfait	chassez toute douleur,
Soyez soigneux,	n'usez de nulle feinte,
Sans vilain fait,	entretenez douceur,
Vaillant et pieux,	abandonnez la feinte.

The *Equivoque* was when a word was entirely repeated at the end of two lines, but with a different signification : thus Cretin says to 'Ste. Geneviève' :

Peuples en paix te plaise maintenir
 Et envers nous si bien la main tenir,
 Qu'après la vie ayons fin de mort seure,
 Pour éviter infernale morsure.

It was called *Génée* when all the words in each line began with the same letter, as

Ardent amour, adorable, angelique.

The rhyme was *Couronnée* when it appeared twice at the end of each line, thus :

Ma blanche Columbelle, belle,
 Je vais souvent priant, criant,
 Qui dessous la Cordelle d'elle
 Me jette un oeil friand riant :

but the rhyme *Emperièrè* was the most extravagant of all, being heard three times at the end of the line, thus :

Benins lecteurs, très diligens, gens, gens,
 Prenez en gré mes imparfaits, faits, faits, &c.

It is difficult to conceive a period in which men could make such an absurd use of their talents and their time ; yet this was the approved style under the two abovenamed reigns. They gave themselves infinite trouble to produce the most insignificant results ; and, entirely occupied in endeavours to excel in vain sound, the sense was totally neglected.

As they turned rhymes to all possible uses, so they made lines of all possible lengths. Hitherto we have named only those of ten or twelve syllables, but they were pleased to make some of *two*, *three*, and *four*, and meaning could not be too much confined : these of Marot will show those of two syllables :*

Tel bien
Vaut bien
Qu'on fasse
La chasse, &c.

* See several specimens of this '*rime double ou en écho*,' in M. de Roquefort's work, 'De l'Etat de la Poésie Françoise dans les 12^e and 13^e siècles.' The following is by Gilles le Viniers, a poet of the thirteenth century :

Au partir de la froidure
Dure,
Ke voi apresté
Esté ;
Lors plaing ma mésaventure.
Cure
N'ai éu d'aimer,
Car amer
Ai sovent son gieu trové.
Prové
Ai soventes fois.
Malefois
Fait par tot trop à blasmer.

Those of three syllables :

Ami jure,
Je te jure
Que desir
Non loisir
J'ai d'écrire, &c.

Scarron has employed this kind of verse in a manner most suitable in his jesting letter addressed to Sarrasin, the *bardinage* of which is sustained throughout :

Sarrasin,
Mon voisin,
Cher ami,
Qu'à demi
Je ne vois :
Dont, ma foi,
J'ai dépit
Un petit, &c.*

But M. le Duc de Nevers has shown, what appeared impossible, that this style was susceptible of sublimity and majesty :

* The following 'Magdaléniade' by Père Pierre de St. Louis is conceived in a similar style:

Que donne le monde aux siens plus souvent?
[Echo] vent.
Que dois-je vaincre ici sans jamais relâcher?
— La chair.
Qui fit la cause des maux qui me sont survenus?
— Vénus.
Que faut dire auprès d'une telle infidelle?
— Fi-d'elle.†

† The reader will be here reminded of similar lines in Hudibras, written to ridicule this absurd style.

Prince fait
A souhait,
Qu'on admire,
Qu'on peut dire
Tout parfait ;

Dont Homère
Eust dû faire
Le portrait,
Et le peindre
Sans rien feindre
Trait pour trait.

* * * *

L'univers
Mis au fers,
Nulle peine
N'eust senti
Dans la chaîne
De Conti.

Our poets were in too happy a vein to rest contented with achievements like the above : they appeared anxious to multiply the difficulties of an art already in itself sufficiently so. They thought of joining together lines of unequal length, and arranging them in such a manner that the pieces they composed should present to the eye extraordinary figures, such as ovals, triangles, crosses, forks, rakes, &c.; a frivolous amusement, for which, however, they may find an excuse in the example of antiquity. Symmius of Rhodes was passionately attached to this mode of composition : some of his pieces still exist, which represent a hatchet, an altar, an egg, a whistle, and wings. It was thus our poets sought every means of torturing their minds, and vied with each other in the glory of imagining the most senseless and ridiculous things."

Abbé Massieu, Hist. de la Poës. Franç.

The French are not the only poets who adopted this style. Many instances [of its adoption] occur among the early

Spanish authors; thus, in a cancion by Juan de Mena, in the time of John the Second, of Spain (in the fifteenth century).

*Ya dolor del dolorido,
Que con olvido cuydado,
Pues que antes olvidado
Me veo, que fallecido
Ya fallece mi sentido, &c.*

and also :

*Cuydar me hace cuydado
Lo que cuydar no devria
Y cuydando en lo passado
Por mi no passa alegría.*

Similar playing on words is common throughout the celebrated collection of Spanish songs called ‘Cancionero General.’

See *Bouterweck Hist. Span. Lit.*

Addison, in the fifty-eighth number of the *Spectator*, ‘On false Wit,’ a subject which he continues in several papers, brings forward many instances of this barbarous style, and quotes Dryden’s lines in *Mac Flecnoe*:

Choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land,
There mayst thou wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

He speaks also of a famous picture of Charles the First, which has the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. This extraordinary conception was imitated by some ingenious artist so late as the time of the First Consul Napoleon, whose head and bust are entirely represented in writing, recording his victories, &c.

Amongst the ancient votaries of false wit cited by Addison are “the Lipogrammatists, or Letter-droppers, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular

letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing : he composed an odyssey, or epic poem, on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of twenty-four books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha (lucus a non lucendo), because there was not an Alpha in it : his second book was inscribed Beta, for the same reason. In short the poet excluded the whole twenty-four letters in their turn, and showed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them. * *

I find also among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit which the moderns distinguish by the name of a Rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a letter in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money ; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure on the coin of the commonwealth. * * This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty.

I find also the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this were excusable in any author, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice.

The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo, who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables, which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. * * *

I have seen half the *Aeneid* turned into Latin rhymes by

a monk of the dark ages. I have likewise seen a hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words :

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, celo.
Thou hast as many virtues, oh Virgin, as there are stars in heaven."

Addison's Spectator.

The Bouts Rimés were long in fashion in France, see Sarrasin's poem 'La Défaite des Bouts Rimez.'

An instance of one of these conceits somewhat curious might be observed, says *Sauval*, within a few years, on the door of a passage, which led from the ancient cemetery of St. Séverin to the Rue de la Parcheminerie.

Passant, penses-tu passer par ce passage,
Où pensant j'ai passé ?
Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage ;
Car, en n'y pensant pas, tu te verras passé.

Sauval. Ant. de Paris.

ALAIN CHARTIER.

Au dixiesme an de mon dolent exil, &c.*

TEN seasons of a hapless exile's life,
With ceaseless woes and frequent perils rife,
Opprest with suffering past, and present care,
Of which Heaven will'd that I should have my share,†
Brief time had I to dwell on history's page,
Or with heroic deeds my mind engage :

* Poësies d'Alain Chartier, édition de 1526.

† The resemblance is forcible in this line to Goldsmith's

" In all my grief, and God has given me share."

The original line runs thus,

Dont j'ay souffert, grâce à Dieu, assez.

To trace the rapid steps of chiefs, whose fame
Has given to glorious France her deathless name,
Who ruled with sov'reign right sublime and sage,
And left unstain'd the noble heritage
To sons, who saw, beneath their wise command,
Encreased the power and glory of the land ;
Their manners kept, their precepts made their guide,
And follow'd where they led with filial pride ;
Beloved and honour'd through their wide domain,
And fear'd, where foreign shores the waves restrain ;
Just in each act, in friendship never slow,
Stern to the bad, and haughty to the foe.
Ardent in honour, in adventure warm,
All good protecting, and chastising harm :
Reigning with justice, and with mercy blest,
Sway, strength, and conquest on their mighty crest.

'Twas thus they lived, 'twas thus the land was sway'd,
By truth and equity unequall'd made,
And leaving, after countless victories past,
Their country peace and glorious fame at last.

Oh ! great and envied lot ! ordain'd by Heaven,
And for their virtues to our fathers given,
Whose lives pass'd on, ere Death undreaded came,
Calm and secure in the repose of fame.
But we——ah, wretches !—we, whose stars malign
Did at our birth in evil spells combine,
And cast us forth to view our country's fall,
Our wrongs a mockery and reproach to all !

And those once noble, just, revered, and high,
Now slaves, confounded in their misery.
Ah, wretched exiles ! shunn'd, despised, forlorn,
Who ev'ry ill of fate have tried, and borne :
Who, day by day, lament our blasted fame,
And hunted, helpless, lost, grow old in shame !
Deserted ! outcast ! and is this our due,
For following right, and keeping truth in view ?

Alas ! what bitter thoughts, what vain regret,
Our ever-wakeful hearts would fain forget !
Those vanish'd hours no sorrow can restore,
Our land another's, and our friends no more !
We dare not towards the future turn our eyes,
So little hope our dismal lot supplies,
While we behold fair France contemn'd, o'erthrown,
And in her low estate deplore our own.

And how should I, though youth my lays inspire,
To joyous numbers rouse my slumb'ring lyre ?
Ah ! in its strain far other accents flow—
No joy can issue from the soul of woe !
Grief, dread, and doubt, and adverse fortune still
Besiege my thoughts, and turn their course to ill ;
Till fainting genius, fancy, wit, decline,
And all is changed that once I deem'd was mine.
Sorrow has made me, with his touch, so cold,
In early years unnaturally old :
Subdues my powers, contemns my thirst of praise,
And dictates all my melancholy lays !

PART OF LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

Si disoye : Il fault que je cesse, &c.*

YES, I must cease to breathe the song,
At once must lay my harp aside,
No more to me may joy belong,
It wither'd when my lady died !
In vain my lips essay to smile,
My eyes are fill'd with tears the while ;
In vain I strive to force my lays
Back to the dreams of former days.
Let others sing, whom love has left
Some ray of hope amidst their grief,
Who are not of all bliss bereft,
And still can find, in verse, relief.
The thoughts, by fancy beauteous made,
All now are changed to endless gloom,
And following still my dear one's shade,
Sleep with her in her early tomb !

* Poësies, éd. de 1526.

C'estoit tout mon bien en ce monde.*

'Twas all the joy the world could give,
To serve her humbly, and alone;
For this dear task I seem'd to live,
And life to me all summer shone.
All that I sought in Fortune's store,
Was thus to love her evermore !
I thought my state a paradise
More bright than I have words to tell,
When those fair, soft, and smiling eyes
A moment deign'd on mine to dwell :
It seem'd far better thus to me
To live, although no hope were mine,
Than monarch of fair France to be,
And this existence to resign.
From infancy began my care,
And all my being centres there.

* Poësies, ed. de 1526.

LE BREVIAIRE DES NOBLES.*

COURTOISIE.

FOR ever sinks a noble name,
 When once the heart is known to shame,
 When outrage dwells upon the tongue,
 And envy's knell, uncheck'd, has rung.
 A fiery soul, a hasty sword,
 Makes man a jest in deed and word.
 True courtesy assumes no part,
 Disdainful looks, or feigning art,
 But gently seems to prize each guest,
 And makes all happy, and at rest:
 To none a foe, by all adored,
 Without deceit in deed and word.

LE BREVIAIRE DES NOBLES.*

AMOUR.

A HAPPY thing is love, unstain'd by wrong,
 A life of endless joy, unspeakable !
 Love, pure and innocent, exists not long,
 Save in the mind where worth and wisdom dwell.

* Poësies, édit. de 1526.

'Tis the high feeling of a noble mind,
That not for selfish joy alone he lives,
That shares his good with all, and strives to find
Another heart for that he frankly gives.
Hate withers in the flame herself gave birth,
Who has nor love nor friends is nothing worth.

Seek friendship as a gem that hath no peer,
Strive by high deeds to win it for thine own,
Thy king, thy country, and thy friend hold dear,
And at their need be thou their champion known.
Hence with deceit that fain by art would gain !
Whose mantle torn aside a monster shows,
Whose hope, by evil deeds to rise, is vain,
For, nor his own, nor others good he knows.
Check, noble youth, this weed even at its birth,
Who has nor love nor friends is little worth !

Unblest his lot, a lot for fiends to share,
Whom envy urges, and whom malice leads,
Who sees around no virtue worth his care,
And finds a blemish in the brightest deeds.
His punishment, close on his crime, attends,
Love springs to love, and knows at once his friends.
The man who hates must cast contentment forth,
Who has nor love nor friends is nothing worth !



Louisa S. Chapple Collection

The Duke of Orleans

From a M. in the British Museum

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Charles, duke of Orleans, nephew to the king.

Shakespeare, Hen. V.

CHARLES, Duke of Orleans, was grandson of Charles the Fifth, of France, father of Louis the Twelfth, and uncle of Francis the First: he was born May 26, 1391.* He applied himself to letters from his earliest youth, and particularly attached his attention to poetry and eloquence. He found consolation in these pursuits during the course of an eventful and chequered life. He became twice a widower in the space of nine years. In 1415 he was at the disastrous battle of Azincourt, where he was made prisoner,† and taken to England: he remained there twenty-five years, notwithstanding his great credit, and the exertions made for his deliverance. He owed his liberty at length principally to Philippe le Bon, Duc de Bourgogne. In 1440, on his return to France, he espoused Marie de Clèves, daughter of Adolphe, Duc de Clèves, and of Marie de Bourgogne. His misfortunes had a salutary effect on the mind of Charles: he be-

* His father, Louis of France, Duc d'Orleans, is said to have instituted the order of the Porcupine on the occasion of his baptism: this device was chosen, and the epigraph *Cominus et Eminus*, not only out of aspiring hopes conceived of his child, but to intimate something of revenge against John of Burgundy, his mortal foe: being an emblem both offensive and defensive. Others make Charles himself the founder of the order.
Ashmole.

† The Duke of Orleans was found wounded and insensible under a heap of slain. About 1417 a poem was written for

came a virtuous and estimable prince, and was generally regretted when he died the 8th of January, 1466.

A taste for literature had become the fashion of the court from the time of Charles the Fifth. Few, however, of his contemporaries possessed talents which could aspire to comparison with those of the Duke of Orleans, although they treated the same subjects. Every nobleman was ambitious of being an author, and the greatest part were so. The well known "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" were composed under the direction of Louis the Eleventh, by the most distinguished persons of the court, and this prince is himself supposed to have had a share in them. It was chiefly in this description of work that their talents were employed : but poetry was a favourite occupation. In a MS. on vellum, called "Ballade du Duc d'Orléans," in the library of M. de Bombarde, which is nearly of the time of the author, are some poems

the harp, called The Battallye of Agynkourte, in which these lines occur;

Oure gracyus kyng men myzt knowe
 That day fozt with his owene hond,
 The erlys was dyscomevityd up on a rowe,
 That he had slayne understand.

* * * * *

As thonder-strokys there was a sounde
 Of axys and sperys ther they gan glyd,
 The lordys of Franyse lost her renowne, &c.

Henry the Fifth, disgusted at the vanities and boastings to which this great victory gave rise, commanded, by a formal edict, that the theme should not be chosen by the harpers and minstrels. This prohibition, however, had no other effect than that of displaying Henry's humility. Warton.

"The above verses are much less intelligible than some of Gower's and Chaucer's, which were written fifty years before," —if we compare with them the *English songs* of the Duke of Orleans, they do not appear to disadvantage.

by John, Duke of Bourbon, Philippe le Bon, Duc de Bourgogne, and René d'Anjou, King of Sicily,* of John de Lorraine, Duke of Calabria, the Duc de Nevers, the Count de Clermont, and Jean, Duc d'Alençon: but all these poets want the delicacy, grace, and naïveté which so distinguish the compositions of Charles. He may be said with truth to have possessed a genuine taste for poetry, and, in a more enlightened age, he would have been one of the first poets of France. The defect of the period at which he lived was the false taste of allusions: the Duke of Orleans, like others, has fallen into it, but his allusions are much less forced than those employed by his contemporaries. If he makes use of images, whether under the forms of Justice, Theology, or Philosophy, he introduces them in a certain agreeable manner, which pleases the reader. His subjects are less remarkable for elevation than for gentleness and tenderness; they require a sweet and quiet imagination. The most simple and easy fiction is sufficient for his purpose, and seems to present itself. Nothing, therefore, beyond this simplicity is to be found in the verses of the Duke of Orleans; but his ideas are always noble, and inspired by delicate sentiment, always correct, and expressed with infinite elegance. In every one of his poems these characteristics are observable.

The father of Charles was murdered in Paris, in 1407. His mother was the celebrated Valentine of Milan, who held a ‘Court of Love;’ after his assassination she adopted this motto, “Rien ne m'est plus—plus ne m'est rien!” She died fourteen months afterwards, a prey to grief and mortification at the composition between Charles the Sixth, and Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, her husband's mur-

* Father of Margaret, wife of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, of England. He was not only a celebrated poet of his time, but a painter and musician. A magnificent work in MS. illuminated by his own hand, is in the Royal Library at Paris.

derer. The children of the Duke of Orleans were taken to Chartres to ratify the treaty of peace with Jean sans Peur. When the latter, to obtain his pardon, approached Charles and his brother, the princes, overwhelmed by grief, were a long time before they could reply. The queen and the princes, who accompanied them, used the most urgent entreaties that they would accede to his wishes: the king himself asked it of them, and, displeased with their continued silence, he was obliged to command their obedience. Charles then repeated the answer which was dictated to him: "My very dear lord," said he, addressing the king, "I am pleased with all that you have done, I pardon him all he has committed, since your majesty commands it, having no thought of being disobedient." His brother repeated the same words. After the ceremony the court returned to Paris, and Charles, with his brother, took the road to Blois. By the death of their parents, the children of Orleans were plunged in the deepest sorrow. Charles, the eldest, at the age of sixteen, (in 1406) married Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth, of France, widow of Richard the Second, of England. She died in 1409, and thus his sad retirement was rendered even more lonely, and in his solitude he fostered the resolve to avenge his father's death. But in the next year, in order to strengthen his party with the Dukes of Bourbon and Berry, he espoused Bonne d' Armagnac, daughter to the Count d' Armagnac, and from this period a series of party wars and disturbances occupied his attention, until the year 1415, when he joined the Dauphin in marching against the English, led on by Henry the Fifth. The battle of Azincourt was fatal to his liberty, he was wounded and left for dead on the field of battle. The King of England ordered all care to be taken of him, and he was conducted to Calais with the other prisoners. He refused on the road to take any nourishment, and Henry asked him the cause; on his replying that he was resolved to fast, the king answered:

"Fair cousin, be of good cheer, it is to the protection of Heaven that my victory alone is due, that Heaven which was determined to punish the French nation for its bad conduct." The prisoners accompanied the king from Calais to London, and were kindly treated in their captivity, but Charles had shortly the misfortune to hear of the death of Bonne d'Armagnac, his wife. Some efforts were now made by himself and the Duke de Bourbon to obtain their liberty, and consolidate a peace, but on the failure of their negotiations, they were removed from London to Yorkshire, and confined in Pontefract castle. The detention of Charles was considered of so much consequence, that, on the occasion of Henry's marriage with Catherine of France, he said to his chancellor, "If the prisoners of Azincourt, and, above all, if Charles of Orleans were to escape, it would be the most unfortunate event that could possibly happen." When Henry died, in 1419, he recommended in his will that none of the prisoners should be liberated till his son attained his majority: and Charles saw that the term of his captivity was now indefinitely prolonged. In fact, for five and twenty years he remained prisoner in England, all the projects failing which had for their object a peace between the two nations, and the recovery of his own liberty. In 1440, owing to the powerful mediation of Philip of Burgundy, he was freed from his chains.* On this occasion the Duke of Cornwall, the Sire de Roye, and several English noblemen were charged to

* The deliverance of the Duke of Orleans from captivity was chiefly due to the exertions of his cousin Michelle, Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Charles the Seventh, and wife of Philippe le Bon. She contrived to engage the interest of the Cardinal of Winchester, whose party was always opposed to that of the protector, Duke Humphrey. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Duke of Gloucester, the council of state decided in favour of the Duke of Orleans' release, assigning as the principal reason, that his return to France would only serve to encrease

conduct him to Calais, and accompanied him as far as Gravelines, where the Duchess of Burgundy met him, and gave him a noble reception. Philippe le Bon did not linger long behind, and the interview between the princes was indescribably affecting. They held themselves locked in each other's arms, then gazed wistfully in silence. Charles was the first to speak : “ By my faith, fair cousin, and brother-in-law, I am bound to love you more than any prince in this kingdom, and my fair cousin your wife also : for without your assistance I had never escaped from the hands of my enemies, or found so good a friend to ‘help me.’ ” Philip replied, “ that much it grieved him that he could not sooner effect that which he had laboured so long to gain, namely, his liberty.” The Bastard of Orleans (the celebrated Dunois) also warmly welcomed him, and Charles, to requite him, gave him the county of Dunois,* and other lordships. He after-

the troubles of that country ; but the real motive was want of money. The ransom was fixed at 120,000 *crowns of gold*, a sum which equalled *two thirds* of the entire subsidy which the council had been able to obtain during *seven years* for the expenses of the government, from the commoners of England. The dauphin and all the French princes became bound for the payment. The states of Burgundy granted Philip a subsidy of 30,000 crowns to pay the share for which he had agreed.

* Le Dunois is a little province depending on the government of Orleans, and is in the Pays Chartrain : Chateaudun is the capital. There are two fine forests in this county called Fréteval and Marchenoir. The Counts of Dunois, and the Viscounts of Chateaudun were celebrated. The Counts of Blois united the county of Dunois with theirs, and both passed into the house of Châtillon at the end of the fourteenth century. Guy, second and last Count of Blois, of Châtillon, having no issue, sold his county to Louis of France, Duke of Orleans, second son of Charles the Fifth. This prince united with it Chateaudun, confiscated from Pierre de Craon, for having

wards followed the court of Burgundy to St. Omer, where he made oath that the assassination of Jean sans Peur, which took place in the year 1418, had been perpetrated without his privity, and not at his instigation. He shortly afterwards espoused the princess Marie de Clèves,* the niece of Philip, and the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp. A chapter general of the order of the Golden Fleece was held, and Charles was decorated with the order. In return he invested the Duke of Burgundy with that of the Porcupine,† founded by his father.‡ His progress from Burgundy into his own dominions was a series of triumphs,

assassinated the Constable de Clisson. *Charles of Orleans*, son of Louis, gave it, thus reunited, to his natural brother, John, Bastard of Orleans, whose exploits have rendered the name of the Count de Dunois so famous. This hero was the founder of the house of Longueville. *Dun*, in ancient Celtic, means *mountain*. *Mélanges d'une Grande Biblio.*

* Their fiançailles took place in the abbey of St. Bertin, at St. Omer.

† See a preceding note. This order was also called *du Camail*, because, in conferring it, Louis gave a golden ring, set with a cameo or agate, on which was engraved the figure of a porcupine.

‡ On the entry of the Dukes into Bruges, the splendour of their reception was very great: amongst the numerous pageants and devices was one of a young girl dressed like a nymph, leading a swan, wearing a collar of the Golden Fleece, and a porcupine, which, according to the popular belief, had the power of darting its quills at its enemies: hence the motto of the order, “Cominus et Eminus,” *de près et de loin*. The fountains and conduits ran with wine: one rich citizen covered the walls and roof of his house with gold and silver leaves. A miniature tournament was held in the great hall of the abbey of St. Bertin, previous to their leaving St. Omer. See M. de Barante.

and so much anxiety and joy were displayed on his account that it gave umbrage to Charles the Seventh, who gave him to understand, that if he were to present himself with all his retainers, and those who had recently swelled his train, the king would refuse him an audience. Charles, offended at this conduct, returned to his estates, and complained to the Duke of Burgundy. At length, after much negotiation, and through fear of Charles becoming his enemy, the king consented to receive him, and at Limoges the interview took place, where he was highly honoured.

He now, for some years, enjoyed himself in tranquillity on his own domains. On the death of Charles the Seventh he was present in Paris at his funeral, but, being now advanced in years, he was unable to be present at the coronation of Louis the Eleventh, nor could he go out to meet him on his entrance into Paris. He, however, followed the court into Tourraine, and, at Chinon, his wife was delivered of a son, whom Louis the Eleventh held at the baptismal font, and who finally came to the crown by the title of Louis the Twelfth.

But Louis the Eleventh was not destined long to remain his friend; after deceiving him with false appearances for some time, his real intentions broke out, and he openly accused him of connivance with a rebellious party, at the head of whom was the Duc de Bretagne. He loaded him with the severest reproaches, and Charles, indignant at so unmerited an outrage, his heart pierced with grief, retired from the court, and, a few days after, at the age of seventy-four years, he died, carrying to the tomb the regrets of all his contemporaries. The principal events in the life of this prince form a part of the history of France. His youth was consecrated to the pursuit of the assassins of his father: he only quitted the turmoil of civil war to lose his liberty, and languish on a foreign soil, but, in all situations, according to the best received accounts, his conduct was such as to com-

mand universal esteem. In the war which he undertook, though his youth prevented him from being the chief actor, he nevertheless gave proofs of capacity and courage, whenever circumstances required them of him. Of the actions of his private life history has preserved only one, which, of a piece with the manners of the times, offers an instance of his religious piety. Every year, on the Thursday of Passion week, (according to Monstrelet) it was his custom to assemble together a number of poor persons, whose feet he washed, in imitation of our Saviour's act. This practice of humility in showing his attachment to the virtues of Christianity, makes it probable to presume that the consolations to be derived from religion were not unknown to him. He was indebted for his virtues and his talents to his mother, Valentine of Milan. Louis d'Orléans, his father, esteemed the most amiable, and one of the most learned men of his time, confided to his wife the education of his sons. As wise as virtuous, Valentine omitted nothing to instil into their hearts the principles of religion and goodness. Charles answered her most sanguine expectations, and gave her great hopes of future promise. He particularly studied French and Latin literature, and succeeded so well in the former as to obtain the distinction he desired. If he merited by his birth a high rank among the princes of his time, his talents no less demanded a brilliant place among the writers of the period. By his marriage with Isabella, eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth, of France, he had one child, Jeanne d'Orléans, who was married to the Duke d'Alençon.

Bonne d'Armagnac died without giving any increase to his family. By Marie de Clèves he had three children. Marie d'Orléans, who married Jean de Foix, Vicomte de Narbonne : Jeanne d'Orléans, abbess of Fontevrault, and Louis, who succeeded Charles the Eighth, and whose reign obtained for him the flattering title of Father of his People.

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

In Drayton's Battaile of Agincourt are the following line respecting the Duke of Orleans :

When in comes Orleance, quite thrust off before,
 By those rude crowdes that from the English ran,
 Encouraging stout Borbon's troupes the more,
 T'affront the foe that instantly began :
 Faine would the Duke, if possible, restore
 (Doing as much as could be done by man)
 Their honour lost by this their late defeate,
 And caused onely by their base retreat.

* * *

They put themselves on those victorious lords *The Dukes of*
 Who led the vanguard with so good successe *Orleance and*
 Bespeaking them with honourable words, *Borbon taken*
prisoners.

Themselves their prisoners freely to confess,
 Who by the strength of their commanding swords
 Could hardly save them from the slaughtering presse,
 By Suffolk's ayde till they away were sent,
 Who with a guard convoyed them to his tent.

In an historical account of Tunbridge Wells the following passage occurs :

Groombridge, the place of first note in this parish, was purchased from the Clintons by Sir Richard Waller, a brave warrior under Henry the Fifth, who followed the king into France, and distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt, from whence he brought the Duke of Orleans prisoner, whom he was allowed to keep in honourable confinement at Groombridge.

This prince remained twenty-five years in captivity, and paid at last 400,000 crowns for his ransom ; and from a principle of gratitude for the hospitality of his generous keeper, rebuilt the mansion house, and repaired and beauti-

fied the parish church, which to this day bears his arms over the portal.

He also assigned to Sir Richard and his heirs for ever, as a perpetual memorial of his merits, this honourable addition to his family arms, viz. the escutcheon of France suspended upon an oak, with this motto affixed to it :

Hi fructus virtutis.

See *Dugdale's Baronetage*, edit. 1720, vol. ii., p. 289.

In Hasted's History of Kent the addition to the arms of Waller is thus mentioned : "Richard Waller was a valiant soldier, and for his remarkable courage and good behaviour at the battle of Agincourt, in France, fought on the 25th of October, in the fourth year of King Henry the Fifth, had the Duke of Orleans, then taken prisoner, committed to his custody, who, being brought over by him into England, was confined at his seat at Groombridge, which was so beneficial to him, that, during the time of the duke's restraint here, he rebuilt the house upon the old foundation, and was, besides, a benefactor to the repair of Speldhurst church, where the duke's arms now remain in stone over the porch. How long the duke remained with him I do not find, but he was certainly committed to other custody before the eighth year of King Henry the Sixth, for it was enacted in parliament that year that the Duke of Orleans, the king's cousin, then in the keeping of Sir John Chamberworth, Kt., should be delivered to Sir John Cornwall, Knt. by him to be safely kept."

Richard Waller had, in honour of his taking so noble a prisoner, an additional crest granted him and his heirs for ever, viz.:—the arms or escutcheon of France, hanging by a label on a *walnut* tree, with this motto affixed, "Ha fructus virtutis." The arms of the Wallers were *sable*, three walnut tree leaves *or*, between two cotises, *argent*. The arms of Orleans are those of France, charged with a *lambal*, (or label) *azure*, three fleurs de lis *sené*, *or*.

Hasted.

In Boothroyd's History of Pontefract the imprisonment of the Duke of Orleans is thus slightly adverted to:—"In 1415, Henry the Fifth obtained one of the most splendid victories recorded in the annals of history, over the French at Agincourt, when the Duke of Orleans, and several other persons of the highest rank were taken, and by his order sent prisoners to Pontefract castle, nor were they released till the fatal disasters of the following reign destroyed the English interests in France."

"The order of Orleans, of the Porcupine, was composed of twenty-five knights, comprehending the duke as chief governor thereof. They wore long loose cassocks of fine scarletted murray, (which is violet) and over them cloaks of watchet coloured velvet, lined (as the mantellet and chaperon) with carnation satin: and thereupon the collar of the order formed as a wreath of chaines of gold, at the end whereof hung upon the breast a porcupine of pure gold upon a rising hill of green grasse and flowers."

Favin's Theatre of Honour.

When Louis the Twelfth came to the crown, he retained the porcupine for his device, where, in the halls of state and in other places of high ceremonial, in addition to the fleurs-de-lis, semez de France, are his initial L, and a "pore-espis couronné."

Among the Cotton MSS. (Vesp. F. iii. 5.) is a MS. said to be in Henry the Fifth's own hand, concerning the detention of Charles at Pontefract, and the custody of other prisoners:—

"Furthermore, I wold that ye comend with my brothe with the chancellor with my cosin of Northumberlond, and my cosin of Westmerland; and that ye set a gode ordinance for my north marches, and specialy for the Duc of Orlans, and for alle the remanant of my prisoners of France, and also for the K. of Scotelond; for as I am secrely enfourmed by a man of ryght notable estate in this lond, that there hath

ben a man of the Dues of Orlance in Scotland, and accorded with the Duc of Albany, that this next somer he schal bryng in the mamnet of Scotlond to sturre what he may ; and also that ther schold be founden weys to the havyng awey specially of the Duc of Orlans, and also of the K. as welle as of the remanant of my forsayd pryoners that God do defende. Wherfore I wolde that the Duc of Orlance be kept stille within the castil of Pontfret, with owte goyng to Robertis place, or to any othre disport, for it is bettre he lak his dispor then we were disceyved. Of alle the remanant dothe as ye thenketh."

In Walpole's ' Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' he gives two English poems of the Duke of Orleans from Mlle. Keralio's specimens, transcribed from a MS. in the Royal Library of Paris. The first begins

Myn hert hath sent glad hope this message,
Unto confort, pleasant joye, and speed, &c. ;

the second is called Rondeaux Anglois :

When shalt thou come glad hope y viage ?
Thou hast taryd so long manye n day, &c.

Walpole remarks upon these : " It grieves me a little to mention that the fair editor is of opinion that the Duke's English poetry is not inferior to his French, which does not inspire a very favourable opinion of the latter, though, indeed, such is the poverty and want of harmony of the French tongue, that one knows how very meagre thousands of couplets are which pass for poetry in France. It is sufficient that the rhymes are legal, and if sung to any of their statutory tunes, nobody suspects that the composition is as arrant prose as ever walked abroad without stepping in cadence."

The following are from the MS. which has afforded the French specimens. The work is very beautiful, containing six splendidly illuminated miniatures prefixed to the different divisions of the volume. The text is large and clear, the copy is in high preservation, and the initial letter very finely illuminated. The three first parts consist of poems and ballads; the fourth is a translation of the epistles of Héloïse, entitled “Epistres de l'Abbesse Héloïs;” the fifth is a treatise in prose, entitled “Les demandes d'Amors,” and the sixth and last is a prose work, which concludes with a short poem, and is called “La Grâce Entière, sur le Gouvernement du Prince.”

ENGLISH SONG.

Go forth my hert, with my Lady,
 Loke that ye spare no bysynes,
 To serve her with suche olynnes,
 That ye gette hor of tyme pryvely,
 That she kepe truly her promes.
 Go forth, &c.

I must like a helis* body
 Abyde alone in hevynes,
 And ye shal dwelle with yur mastres,
 In plisaunse glad and mery.
 Go forth, &c.

SECOND ENGLISH SONG.

My herty love is in your governans
 And ever shall whill yet I live may,

* Mr. Ellis remarks that he does not understand this word; he supposes *helis body* may mean *heleless, unclean*.

I pray to God I may see that day,
That we be knyt with trouthful alyans,
Ye shall not fynd feynyng or varianns,
As in my part that wyl I trewely say.
My hertly love, &c.

Mr. Ellis observes that the Duke of Orleans is still very imperfectly known to the public; some short specimens of his poetry are published in the *Annales Poétiques*, Paris, 1778, and a few more in M. de Paulmy's "*Mélanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque*." He has given three pieces of his English poetry. Mr. Ritson had given a previous specimen.

Mr. Ellis remarks, on the detention in England of James the First, King of Scotland, who was taken prisoner by Henry the Fourth, of England, and kept fifteen years captive: "It is singular enough that the two best poets of the age, James of Scotland, and Charles, Duke of Orleans, both of royal blood, both prisoners at the same court, both distinguished by their military as well as literary merit, both admired during their lives, and regretted after death, as the brightest ornaments of their respective nations,—should have been forgotten by the world during more than three centuries, and at length restored to their reputation at the same period." Mr. Tytler published the poems of James in 1783.

The poems of the Duke of Orleans were printed in quarto by Mr. Watson Taylor, for the Roxburgh Club, a copy is in the *Brit. Mus.*

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Ballades, chansons et complaintes
Sont par moi mises en oublieance.*

No more, no more my trembling lute
Can wake for love some mournful story,
Alike its alter'd chords are mute
To gentle lays, or themes of glory :
My art is lost, and all forgot
The tender strains, so sweet, so moving ;
I ponder but my hapless lot,
And start when others speak of loving.
My soul declines in pensive thought,
A dreary gloom around me lingers,
My lips with idle words are fraught,
And wildly move my wand'ring fingers.
A cloud no sunshine can remove
Hangs its dark shadowy pall above me,
I must not—cannot sing of love,
For none are left on earth to love me !

* Poésies de Charles, Duc d'Orléans, éd. de Chalvet, 1809.

Reprenez ce larron soupir, &c.*

TAKE back, take back those treacherous sighs,
 And spare me those enchanting smiles,
 Turn not on me those gentle eyes,
 Nor lure me with a thousand wiles :
 Thy beauty, source of every harm,
 Oh ! would its power I ne'er had known !
 For Heaven can tell what fatal charm
 Its magic o'er my soul has thrown !

En regardant vers le pays de France.†

I STOOD upon the wild sea shore,
 And mark'd the wide expanse,
 My straining eyes were turn'd once more
 To long loved distant France !
 I saw the sea-bird hurry by
 Along the waters blue ;
 I saw her wheel amid the sky,
 And mock my tearful, eager eye,
 That would her flight pursue.

* Chalvet.

† Chalvet.

Onward she darts, secure and free,
 And wings her rapid course to thee !
 Oh ! that her wing were mine to soar,
 And reach thy lovely land once more !
 Oh Heaven ! it were enough to die
 In my own, my native home,—
 One hour of blessed liberty
 Were worth whole years to come !*

Loué soit celuy qui trouva.†

TURICE blest is he by whom the art
 Of letters first was taught !‡
 Sweet solace to the lover's heart,
 With painful memory fraught !
 When lonely, sad, and far away,
 His woes he may not tell,
 A letter can at once convey
 His secret thoughts—how well !

* He was twenty-five years a prisoner in England.

† Chalvet.

‡ The similarity of these lines to those in Pope's epistle is remarkable :

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid, &c.

The duke, however, was well acquainted with the works of Heloise, having translated them, and the adoption of so natural an idea is not extraordinary in his situation.

The truth, the fond affection prove,
Of him, the faithful slave of love !

By doubt and anxious dread opprest,
Though hope may be denied,
Still to his watchful, trembling breast
Some comfort is supplied :
And if she read with eye benign
The tale he dares to trace,
Perchance each pleading, mournful line
May yet obtain her grace ;
And pity in her bosom move
For him, the faithful slave of love !

For me, full well I know the joy
This blissful art can give,
And when new grieves my soul annoy,
Its magic bids me live.
To her I write, for whom alone
My weary life I bear,
To her make all my sorrows known,
And claim her tender care.
My chains, my bars, it can remove,
Though I be still the slave of love !

Oh ! that I could behold once more
Those charms so vainly dear !
That happy moment could restore
The shade of many a year,
And all my future life would prove
How true a slave I am to love !

Amour, ne prenez desplaisir, &c.*

FORGIVE me, love, if I have dared
 To breathe the woes that from thee spring,
 If I thy name have little spared,
 And seldom sought thy praise to sing ;
 Forgive me that I murmur'd still,
 And strove to break thy flow'ry chain,
 Have spurn'd thy power with stubborn will,
 And would not linger in thy train.
 Thy utmost clemency I crave,
 And to thy empire humbly bow,
 The sage, the fool, each is thy slave—
 And I was foolish until now.

Mon seul amy, mon bien, ma joye ! &c.†

(SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO HIM BY HIS LADY.)

MY only love, my dearest, best,
 Thou whom to love is all my care !
 Be not thy heart with woe opprest,
 Nor yield thy thoughts to dark despair.

* Chalvet.

† Chalvet.

One sole design my thoughts can move,
 To meet, and cast our woes to air,
 My dearest, best, and only love,
 Thou whom to love is all my care!

Alas! if wishes had the power
 To waft me on their wings to thee,
 The world could give no brighter hour,
 Nor one desire be left for me:
 Wert thou to this fond bosom prest,
 My only love, my dearest, best!

ANSWER.

Je ne vous puis ne scay amer, &c.

I CANNOT love thee—for my heart
 Has not attain'd the blissful art
 To love thee with the flame divine,
 Fit for a soul so pure as thine!
 Nor have I words the thanks to tell
 That in my trembling bosom swell,
 When those sweet lines, so kind, so dear,
 Make all my woes a dream appear.
 Oft to my lips those lines are prest,
 “My only love, my dearest—best!”

And yet I feel each tender word,
 Although brief comfort they afford,

Add but new torture to my pain,
 Who have no joy to give again !
 Thou bidst me hope once more to see
 All that existence holds for me ;
 That nought enduring love can do
 Shall be untried to join us two :—
 Oh ! that the welcome light would gleam !
 But no ! 'tis but a flatt'ring dream !

And when thy ‘ winged wishes’ fly
 To soothe my lone captivity,
 Ah ! gentle, peerless as thou art,
 What bliss those wishes can impart !
 It is too much—in vain I seek
 The transports of my love to speak—
 I feel even I can yet be blest,
 My only love, my dearest, best !*

De la regarder vous gardez, &c.†

SHE is fair, but fatal too,
 Whom I serve with homage true ;
 Turn away, and oh ! beware,
 Look not on that brow so fair ;

* His wife, Bonne d'Armagnac, to whom these, and many other of his verses are addressed, died before he returned from captivity.

† Chalvet.

For the heart is lost too soon,—
But to gaze is to be won.
 And, if still thou wouldest be free,
 Linger not her form to view,
 Shun the snare that waits for thee,
 She is fair and fatal too !
 Heaven has made her all divine,
 Ceaseless glories round her shine,
 Lest thy heart they should betray,
 In her presence turn away !

Fuyez le trait de doulx regard, &c.*

FAR from Love's dang'rous glances fly,
 Thou, whose weak heart no spell has charm'd ;
 And none thy valour shall deery,
 For to contend were vain, unarm'd.
 Thou wilt be captive, soon or late,
 When love his fatal dart has thrown :
 Then thou must yield thyself to fate,
 But fly, ere yet he claims his own.
 Go, where Indiff'rence waves on high
 Her banner in the temp'rate air,
 But Pleasure's tents approach not nigh,
 Or all is lost—in time beware !
 Unless thou walk'st in panoply,
 Far from Love's dang'rous glances fly.

LAY.

C'est fait ! Il n'en fault plus parler !*

'Tis past—oh, never speak again
The word that has my peace undone,—
This the reward of years of pain,
To be deserted—scorn'd—alone !
No solace can my heart obtain,
Alike all scenes, or sad or gay,
"Tis past !—oh, never speak again
The word that stole all hope away !
What boots it that I would not doubt her,
And idly sought her heart to move,
She knew I could not live without her,
Yet turn'd away and spurn'd my love !
'Tis past !—my love and her disdain—
Oh never speak the word again !

* Chatlet.

LAY.

N'est-elle de tous biens garnie ?*

Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well ?
On earth, in sea or air,
Where may her equal dwell ?
Oh ! tell me, ye who dare
To brave her beauty's spell,
Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well ?

Whether she speak or sing,
Be lively or serene,
Alike in ev'ry thing,
Is she not beauty's queen ?
Then let the world declare,
Let all who see her tell,
That she is passing fair,
She whom I love so well !

* Chahet.

SONG OF THE MOUSE.

Nouvelles ont couru en France.*

THEY tell me that in France 'tis said
'The captive Charles at length is dead.'
Small grief have they who wish me ill,
And tears bedim their eyes who still
Have studied vainly to forget,
And, spite of Fate, are loyal yet.
My friends—my foes—I greet you all,
The mouse still lives, although in thrall.

No sickness nor no pain have I,
My time rolls onward cheerfully.
Hope in my heart for ever springs,
And to my waking vision brings
Dear, absent Peace, whose long repose
Has given the triumph to our foes :
She comes to glad the world again,
She comes with blessings in her train :
Disgrace her enemies befall !—
The mouse is living, though in thrall.

Youth yet may yield me many a day,
In vain would age assert his sway,

* Chalier.

For from his gates my steps are far,
 Still brightly shines my beacon star :
 My eyes are yet undimm'd by tears,
 Success and joy may come with years.
 Let Heaven above be thank'd for all,
 The mouse is living, though in thrall !

No mourning songs for me prepare,
 No mourning weeds shall any wear,
 Come forth in purple and in pall,
 The mouse still lives, although in thrall.

Le voulez-vous que vostre soye ?*

WILT thou be mine ? dear love, reply—
 Sweetly consent, or else deny,
 Whisper softly, none shall know,
 Wilt thou be mine, love ?—ay or no ?

Spite of Fortune we may be
 Happy by one word from thee ;
 Life flies swiftly, ere it go,
 Wilt thou be mine, love ?—ay or no ?

* Chalvet.

Allez-vous-en, allez, allez !
Soucy, soing et mélancolie, &c.

BEGONE, begone—away, away !
Thought and care and melancholy—
Think not ling’ring thus to stay,
Long enough has been my folly,
Reason now asserts her sway,
Begone, begone—away, away !

Should ye dare to come again
With your gloomy company,
May ye seek for me in vain,
For henceforth my heart is free.
Hence ! obscure no more my day—
Begone, begone—away, away !

Dedans mon sein, près de mon cœur, &c.*

DEEP, deep within my heart conceal’d,
A dear, a precious treasure lies,
'Tis scarcely to myself reveal'd,
And cannot shine in other eyes.

* Chalvet

There it exists, secure, alone,
 . And loves the home my bosom gives,
 Its life, its being, are my own,
 And in my breath it dies or lives.
 How doubly dear that in a cell
 So poor as where its beauties hide,
 It would unknown for ever dwell,
 Nor ask nor seek a world beside !
 Oh, thou canst give this gem a name,
 This lifedrop in my frozen heart,
 For from thy gentle lip it came,
 And is of thee and love a part :
 This secret charm of silent bliss
 Long in my soul enshrined shall be,
 Thou know'st it is the tender kiss
 That fond affection gain'd from thee !

Laissez-moi penser à mon aise—
 Hélas ! donnez-m'en le loisir ! &c.*

Oh let me, let me think in peace !
 Alas ! the boon I ask is time !
 My sorrows seem awhile to cease
 When I may breathe the tuneful rhyme.
 Unwelcome thoughts, and vain regret
 Amidst the busy crowd increase ;

* Chalvet.

The boon I ask is to forget,
Oh let me, let me think in peace !

For sometimes in a lonely hour
Past happiness my dream recalls ;
And, like sweet dews, the fresh'ning shower
Upon my heart's sad desert falls,
Forgive me, then, the contest cease —
Oh let me, let me think in peace !

Madame, le saurai-je jà ?*

Oh ! shall I ever know if all
The moments pass'd in pain,
Since thou hast held my heart in thrall,
Have wither'd thus in vain ?
If thou canst love or pity show,
Oh ! tell me, shall I ever know ?

If when the tear swells in thine eye,
Its source is my despair,
If, when thy thoughts awake a sigh,
My image may be there :
If thou canst ought but coldness show,
Oh ! tell me, shall I ever know ?

If when I mourn we should have met,
 Thou canst those words believe,
 If when I leave thee with regret,
 Our parting makes thee grieve.
 If thou canst love, canst fondness show,
 Oh ! tell me, shall I ever know ?

Dieu ! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
 La gracieuse, bonne et belle ! &c.*

HEAVEN ! 'tis delight to see how fair
 Is she, my gentle love !
 To serve her is my only care,
 For all her bondage prove.
 Who could be weary of her sight !
 Each day new beauties spring,
 Just Heaven, who made her fair and bright,
 Inspires me while I sing.

In any land where'er the sea
 Bathes some delicious shore,
 Where'er the sweetest clime may be
 The south wind wanders o'er,
 'Tis but an idle dream to say
 With her may ought compare,
 The world no treasure can display
 So precious and so fair !

* Chalvet.

Dieu vous conduye, doulx penser.*

HEAVEN conduct thee, gentle thought !
May thy voyage happy prove,
Come again, with comfort fraught,
To the heart that faints with love.
Not too long be thou away,
Only for her pleasure stay.

I tell thee not, soft messenger,
What I would have thee breathe to her,
For all the secrets of my soul
Thou know'st are in thy own control ;—
All that to her good may tend,
All that may our sorrows end,
All our vows so long have taught !—
Heaven conduct thee, gentle thought.

Chalvet.

CLEMENCE ISAURE.

THOUGH the very existence of Clemence Isaure is disputed by the learned, yet the opinions of M. Alex. Dumège and of M. le Baron Taylor in her favour may at least excuse the introduction of her poems. The original is given in the Baron Taylor's magnificent and beautiful work "Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'Ancienne France." (See Languedoc).

Baron Taylor observes: "Clemence loved and was betrothed to a young knight, who was killed in a combat, and his faithful Clemence resolved to dedicate her remaining days to the Virgin. Her life appears to have been one tender and pious complaint."

She restored the fêtes of the *gai savoir*, and by her influence and her talents renewed all the glory of the Courts of Love. Her praises are sung by numerous contemporary poets.

M. Dumège thinks that this celebrated lady was born about 1450, and that her remains were translated to the ancient church of N. D. de la Daurade. He proposes shortly to publish her poetry, with notes and a glossary, which will be extremely valuable. M. le Baron Taylor, in his peculiarly agreeable and amiable manner, playfully declines entering into the argument of the actual existence of this divinity of Thoulouse, as he, in common with many of the friends of poesy, would rather believe that she is not merely a name.

The verses given as hers are at all events of the period ascribed to her, and possess much grace and feeling.

Au sein des bois la colombe amoureuse.*

PLAINE D'AMOUR.

THE tender dove amidst the woods all day
 Murmurs in peace her long continued strain,
 The linnet warbles his melodious lay,
 To hail bright spring and all her flowers again !

Alas ! and I—thus plaintive and alone,
 Who have no lore but love and misery,
 My only task,—to joy, to hope unknown—
 Is to lament my sorrows and to die !

Bella sazo, joentat de l'annada.

FAIR season ! childhood of the year,
 Verse and mirth to thee are dear,
 Wreaths thou hast, of old renown,
 The faithful Troubadour to crown.

Let us sing the Virgin's praise,
 Let her name inspire our lays ;

* Given by M. Dumège in modern French.

She, whose heart with woe was riven,
Mourning for the Prince of Heaven !

Bards may deem, alas ! how wrong,
That they yet may live in song,
Well I know the hour will come,
When, within the dreary tomb,
Poets will forget my fame,
And Clemence shall be but a name !

Thus may early roses blow,
When the sun of spring is bright,
But even the buds that fairest glow
Wither in the blast of night.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

OF François Villon, Boileau, that oracle of French criticism, who appeared ignorant of the merits of the early French poets, has said :

Villon sut le premier dans ces siècles grossiers
Débrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers.

If, as Dr. Johnson remarks, “ much is due to those who first broke the way to knowledge, and left only to their successors the task of smoothing it,” credit is due to Villon for what he effected, but his own works are so little pleasing, indeed possess so little true poetry as to be scarcely readable, and quite unworthy of translation. His language is nevertheless esteemed for the time in which he lived, his rhyme considered rich, his style easy, and his genius well suited to gay and

lively compositions. Francis the First admired the works of Villon, and by his desire Clement Marot revised them : we see by his preface that he looked upon him as the best *Parisian* poet up to his own time, and made him his model in composition. It is difficult, particularly for a foreigner, to discover in what the beauties consisted which attracted such correct judges, and made them prefer him to all of the poets who had gone before, among whom were many so excellent as to make the reader not only forget the roughness of their garb, but regret that a greater polish bestowed on verse should have extinguished every spark of their delicacy, sweetness, and sublimity, to substitute a flippant, heartless, epigrammatic style, which, with few exceptions, mark French verse from this period, and render it inharmonious and uninteresting.

Villon was born in Paris in 1431. *Villon* signifying in old French the same as *fripou*: Clement Marot said of him :

Peu de Villons en bon sçavoir,
Trop de Villons pour décevoir.

He appears to have been altogether a *mauvais sujet* : he was frequently imprisoned for those freaks of youth which in his time consisted in “escamoter tout ce qui est propre à boire et à manger, et autres petites bagatelles pour se réjouir aux dépens d'autrui avec ses camarades.” For one of these little *bagatelles* he was sentenced to be hanged ;* some great person interceded for him with Louis the Eleventh, and his sentence was commuted to banishment.

His work, as edited by Marot, begins with a humorous

* M. Francisque Michel informs me that he has carefully perused all the registers of the Parisian Parliament at this epoch, preserved in the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, and that he has found no indication of the above sentence ; probably, therefore, the statement is a piece of gratuitous scandal.

poem entitled "Le petit testament de Villon, ainsi intitulé sans le consentement de l'autheur," being a series of bequests principally of a ridiculous nature. The second and principal subject is called "Le Grand Testament," which Marot considers to be "plein d'érudition et de bon sçavoir :" it is not remarkable for poetical merit. Ballads and smaller pieces complete the collection. Were it not that he is regarded in some degree as the father of French verse, he would not have occupied a place in these pages.

See, for various particulars of him and his works, the *Bibl. Franç*: *Niceron*: *Moreri*: *Barbin*, &c.

BALLADE DES DAMES DU TEMPS JADIS.*

Mais où sont les neiges d'autan ? &c.

TELL me to what region flown
 Is Flora the fair Roman gone ?
 Where lovely Thaïs' hiding place,
 Her sister in each charm and grace ?
 Echo—let thy voice awake,
 Over river, stream, and lake :
 Answer, where does beauty go ?
 Where is fled the south wind's snow ?

Where is Eloïse the wise,
 For whose two bewitching eyes

* Edition de Paris, 1525.

Hapless Abeillard was doom'd
 In his cell to live entomb'd ?
 Where the Queen, her love who gave,
 Cast in Seine a wat'ry grave ? *
 Where each lovely cause of woe ?
 Where is fled the south wind's snow ?

Where thy voice, oh regal fair,
 Sweet as is the lark's in air ?
 Where is Bertha ? Alix ?—she
 Who le Mayne held gallantly ?
 Where is Joan, whom English flame
 Gave, at Rouen, death and fame ?
 Where are all ?—does any know ?
 Where is fled the south wind's snow ?

JEAN REGNIER.

JEAN REGNIER, seigneur de Guerchi et Bailli d'Auxerre, (where he was born) and counsellor of Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, was contemporary with Villon. He must not be confounded with Mathurin Regnier, the satirist, who lived from 1573 to 1613.

* See the reign of Louis the Tenth for account of Marguerite of Burgundy and her proceedings.

J'ai vu qu'on estoit bien joyeux.*

How many eite with airs of pride
 Long lists of kindred well allied,
 As though they caught reflected worth :
 But what avails their vaunted birth ?
 Though by the proverb we are told
 A friend is better far than gold,
 Yet, since my kindred sleep in peace,
 From whom I look'd for some increase,
 When Fortune to my wish attends,
 I'll ask less kindred and more friends.

PIERRE MICHAULT.†

THIS poet was secretary of Charles the Bold. He has left two works, "Le Doctrinal de Cour," and "La Danse aux Aveugles," mingled verse and prose. The first is allegorical.

MORALITÉ.

LOVE, Fortune, Death, blind guides by turns,
 Teach man their dance, with artful skill ;
 First, from Love's treacherous wiles he learns
 To thread the maze, where'er he will.

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

† *L'Abbé Goujet.*

Then Fortune comes, whose tuneless measure
Bids him whirl and wind at pleasure,
Till, in the giddy dance, his feet
Lead him watchful Death to meet.
Thus follow all of mortal breath,
The dance of Fortune, Love, and Death.

GUILLAUME ALEXIS.

GUILLAUME ALEXIS, surnamed le bon moine de Lyre, was a monk of that abbey, in the diocese of Evreux, and afterwards became Prior of Bussy, in Perche. He was living in 1505, but the date of his birth is not known, nor that of his death. He has left many poems, rondeaux, ballads, and *chants royaux* in honour of the Virgin. Those which are most worthy of attention are “*Le grant Blazon des faulses amours*,” and “*Le Passe-temps de tout homme et de toute femme*,” from which the following is taken.

L'AVARE.

L'homme convoiteur est hatif, &c.¹

HE who for selfish gain would live
Is quick to take, and slow to give,
Knows well the secret to refuse,
And can his niggard deeds excuse.

■ *L'Abbe Goujet.*

If aught he gives will straight repent,
 Holds all as lost he may have spent.
 His gold counts daily o'er and o'er,
 And seeks in books no other lore.
 From morn till night is restless still
 To watch how soon his coffers fill.
 Sighs, listens, breathless at a sound,
 Lest lurking spies should hover round :
 Cares not to pay, at each demand
 Doles forth his coin with trembling hand :
 He gives but that his gains may grow,
 And gains not ever to bestow ;
 Free, if to others goods belong,
 But, on his own, his clutch is strong :
 To give his miser hand is closed,
 To take his eager palm exposed.

MARTIAL DE PARIS.

MARTIAL DE PARIS, dit d'Auvergne, was born in 1440, at Paris, where he exercised for forty years the functions of "procureur du parlement." He died 13th May, 1508. His principal poem is entitled "Les vigiles de la mort du Roi Charles Sept," and is very long, containing a faithful account, year by year, of the events of his reign. See *Gonjet*.

Benoist Court says that he was an Auvergnat, and had the surname of Paris from being established there. He was one of the most celebrated writers of his time. His "Arrêts

d'Amour' were very popular. His description of the Lady-judges of the Court of Love is curious, and exhibits a custom of the period :

Leurs habits sentoient le cyprès
 Et le musc si abondamment
 Que l'on n'eust sceu estre au plus près
 Sans éternuer largement.
 Outre plus, en lieu d'herbe vert,
 Qu'on a accoustumé d'espandre,
 Tout le parquet estoit couvert
 De romarin et de lavandre, &c.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

Princes qui ont de la misère.

The prince who fortune's falsehood knows
 With pity hears his subjects' woes,
 And seeks to comfort and to heal
 Those griefs the prosperous cannot feel.

Warn'd by the dangers he has run,
 He strives the ills of war to shun,
 Seeks peace, and with a steady hand
 Spreads truth and justice through the land.

When poverty the Romans knew,
 Each honest heart was pure and true,
 But soon as wealth assumed her reign,
 Pride and ambition swell'd her train.

When hardship is a monarch's share,
And his career begins in care,
'Tis sign that good will come, though late,
And blessings on the future wait.

Mieulx vaut liesse, &c.

DEAR the felicity,
 Gentle, and fair, and sweet,
Love and simplicity,
 When tender shepherds meet :
Better than store of gold,
Silver and gems untold,
Manners refined and cold,
 Which to our lords belong ;
We, when our toil is past,
Softest delight can taste,
While summer's beauties last,
 Dance, feast, and jocund song ;
And in our hearts a joy
No envy can destroy.

LEMAIRE DE BELGE.

JEAN LEMAIRE, surnamed de Belge, was born at Bavai, a small town of Hainault, (said to be the capital of the ancient province of Belgium) in 1473. He was patronised by Marguerite of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and of the heiress of Burgundy. He published verses entitled "Regrets de la Dame infortunée," being on occasion of the sorrow of Marguerite for the death of her brother, Philip the First, of Spain.

He wrote by her desire "Illustrations des Gaules," a singular work on the church, Legends of the Venetians, and a History of Ismael Sophi. *La Couronne Margueritique*, in honour of his protectress, who, after having been promised to several princes, married at length Philibert, Duke of Savoy. To her he addressed his "Letters of the Green Lover." He attached himself to Anne de Bretagne, and called himself her "Secrétaire Indiciaire," that is to say, historiographer. To her he dedicated the third part of his "Illustrations;" the second being to Mad. Claude de France, only daughter of that princess, who became the wife of François 1^{er}. The title of his famous work is "Epîtres de l'Amant Verd, addressées à Madame Marguerite Auguste par son Amant Verd," in 1510 they appeared. The first contained five hundred verses, the second four hundred, and that no mistake might arise as to their author, he signed them

"Lemaire de Belge."

"De peu assez."

He calls her "La fleur des fleurs, le choix des marguerites."

M. l'Abbé Sallier, and M. l'Abbé Goujet, who have both spoken much on the subject of Lemaire, (in *Mém. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, et Bibliothèque Françoise*) conceived the ‘Amant Vert’ to be really a lover who assumed a green habit, and died of grief on the departure of his lady love. They are astonished that the delicacy and propriety of her character did not suffer from the open avowal he makes of her favours, and suppose his insignificance protected him from resentment; when the fact is, as was told them by an anonymous writer in the ‘*Mercure*,’ (and indeed which the poems themselves might have shown) that this presumptuous and daring boaster was no other than a *green paroquet*, of a species very rare at that time in France and the Low Countries, though grey, red, and various coloured parrots were known. It was an Ethiopian bird presented to the Archduke Sigismond, of Austria, uncle to Maximilian; Sigismond gave it to Mary of Burgundy, his nephew’s wife. Mary dying, it came into possession of her daughter, Marguerite, who was much attached to it, but when she went to Germany, it is supposed the bird died of regret. By a fiction, pleasing enough, ‘L’Amant Verd’ is transported after death to the elysian fields, where his spirit meets many other animals remarkable in history: this circumstance alone seems sufficient to explain the *nature* of the lover, who has given rise to so much discussion.

He was, at his time, one of the most celebrated oratorical poets, and his language was very pure: he was a great historian, and wrote a laborious work “*Illustrations de la France et des Gaules, contenant quelques singularités de Troye.*”

Ronsard is indebted to him for the finest parts “*de cette belle hymne sur la mort de la Royne de Navarre.*”

Bibl. Franç.

In his first work entitled “*Temple d’honneur et de vertu,*” which appeared in 1503, he calls himself in the title page the disciple of Molinet, whose relation he was.

ADIEU OF THE GREEN LOVER.*

Ah ! je te prie.

I do implore thee, oh ! my lady dear,
 When that this heart a soul no longer warms, --
 Though for my sake might start the tender tear, --
 To guard thy bosom from all fond alarms ;
 I would not mar with grief those lovely eyes,
 Nor have thee heave for me distressful sighs,
 For as on earth I caused thee only joy,
 I would not prove a source of thine annoy.

EPITAPH OF THE GREEN LOVER.

Sous ce tombel,

BENEATH this tomb, in gloom and darkness cast,
 Lies the Green Lover, faithful to the last ;
 Whose noble soul, when she he loved was gone,
 Could not endure to lose her and live on !

* Edition Paris, 1519. The device by which he distinguished himself was " De peu assez."

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARADISE
INTO WHICH L'AMANT VERD IS CONDUCTED
BY MERCURY.

Ainsy dit-il, et je luy rendy graces ;
Puis il s'en vole, &c.

EPITRE DE L'AMANT VERD.

HE said—my thanks I duly paid, he rose
And fled, nor trace the yielding clouds disclose.
Soft was the air, as sapphires clear and light,
The zephyrs balmy, and the sunbeams bright;
The west wind's sigh was never more benign,
And I, content with such a lot as mine,
Look'd round for some retreat to mark how gay
Those spirits wander'd clothed in fair array :
An orange bough I chose, whose leaves between
Rich fruit and flowers in fragrant pomp were seen.
There I beheld the sparkling waters round,
Whose clasping arms this glorious island bound,
Tranquil, unmoved, beneath the genial ray,
Clear, as of purest crystal form'd, they lay.

The lofty isle rose from its wat'ry bed,
With verdant meads and shady valleys spread ;
But there, though warm the sun his beams had thrown,
Was heat's excess and parching drought unknown.
Thus all was smiling, all was blooming round,
And divers painting* seem'd to stain the ground.

While all I mark'd delighted o'er and o'er;
Close by my side, though unperceived before,
A Lucid Spirit † sat—his plumage fair,
Crimson and scarlet, flutter'd in the air :
And after him, upon the orange bough,
Came troops of birds in many a shining row,
So rich, so gay, so bright their gorgeous dress,
Vain were all words to tell their loveliness.

Believe me, princess, on each loaded stem,
Whose leaves form'd round an emerald diadem,
Alighting at an instant, crowding came
Birds of all note, all plumage, and all name:
These flitted round about in joyous sort,
And carol'd sweet, and hail'd me in their sport.
But still the Lucid Spirit stood confest,
His ruby wings more radiant than the rest,
Than roses fairer far his form appear'd,
And thus he spoke, while all attentive heard.

* De diverse paincture.

† Ung cler esprit.

THE RUBY SPIRIT.*

“ Welcome, dear brother, to these valleys green,
 Thrice welcome art thou to our blissful glades,
 No greater joy my thankful mind has seen,
 Than thus to hail thy spirit in our shades.
 To find that death thy glory could not tame,
 And that thy mem’ry lives in endless fame.
 But chief I joy that from the cherish’d spot
 Thou com’st where once was cast my happy lot :
 Even from that gorgeous palace, rich and bright,
 Where Burgundy and Austria’s hands unite.

■ * * *

My charms the royal Mary’s heart could prize,†
 And thou wert dear in royal Marg’ret’s eyes.

Together then let us for ever live
 In all the bliss this paradise can give,
 Nor cross again the fatal gulf, but prove

* *l’Esprit Vermeil.*

† It appears that the Esprit Vermeil was also a paroquet, whose fate had been similar to that of *l’Amant Verd*, owing his death to

“ *Les cruelz dentz d’une fière jennette*
Come tu as d’un levrier deshonneste.”

When introduced into Tartarus by Mercury, the Green Lover sees these two cruel animals tormented for their crimes, amidst a host of others too tedious to mention.

Amidst these groves and flowers eternal love ;
 The doves and turtles shall their vows renew,
 And we, with tender looks, their peace shall view ;
 All fair and good are these that round thee throng,
 And to them all these ceaseless joys belong.

First on the noble Phœnix turn thy gaze,
 Whose wings with azure, gold, and purple blaze ;
 The painted pheasant and the timid dove,
 And swallows, who the willow islands love ;
 The lonely pelican, and nightingale,
 Who woos the ear with her melodious tale,
 The brilliant goldfinch, who to learn applies,
 Bold cocks, whose diligence with valour vies ;
 The bright canary, and the sparrow light,
 The tuneful blackbird, and the swan, snow-white ;
 The lively lark, the crane, who joys to rest
 High on some favourite tower beside her nest ;
 The friendly stork, and royal eagle view,
 And hundreds round of various form and hue :
 All gay, and beautiful, and blest they come,
 To hail thy spirit to its native home.*

* * * *

Their chorus done, the noble parrot plumed
 In purple state, his courtesy resumed,

* Here a concert is performed by all the birds in honour of the new comer, after which the Cler Esprit resumes his introduction.

LEMAIRE DE BELGE.

And, with kind care, my rapt attention drew
On every side where throngs appear'd in view,
Of various creatures, who, for worthy deeds,
Had gain'd a place in these celestial meads.

Tripping along th' enamel'd plain, my eye
On Lesbia's sparrow glanced admiringly,
That happy bird by beauty so adored,
And since in strains of noblest verse deplored :
The goose who saved the capitol I hail'd,
The crow, whose merits Pliny has detail'd :
*The snowy falcon of the Roman king
Flitted amongst the rest on glittering wing,
In honour great, though bird of prey beside
Might not within this peaceful realm abide.

Two turtle doves, the selfsame offer'd pair
When Jesus did his circumcision bear :
And the good cock that bade St. Peter know
His fault, and caused his sorrowing tears to flow.
†The pigeon who for shelter vainly sought,
And back the olive branch to Noah brought.
The eagle of great Charles's mighty line,
The swan of Cleves—the Orleans' porcupine.‡

* “Le Gerfaut blanc du haut royaume des Romains.”

† There is a curious medley of objects, sacred and profane, in this enumeration: a vice of the time. Heraldic animals are also pressed into the service.

‡ The order of the Porcupine was erected by Louis of France, Duc d'Orleans, 1393, on occasion of his son Charles's

All these with Bretaigne's ermine loved to stray,
And waste in careless sport the livelong day :
While in the flowers' soft bells reposed at ease,
Faint with their fragrant toil, those golden bees,
Which, when sweet slumbering in his cradle laid,
Their store to Plato's infant lips convey'd.

The fly in Virgil's tuneful page enshrined,
And, leaping midst the verdure unconfined,
I mark'd the locusts that St. John sustain'd,
While he amidst the desert's wilds remain'd.
And there the camel—crown'd with glory—stray'd,
Whose skin the sacred hermit's clothing made.
The ass, who bore the Virgin's blessed form,
The ox, who bade his breath at midnight warm
The holy child within his manger bed :
The paschal lamb : the sheep that Jason led
To seek her golden fleece : St. Vast's good bear :
And virtuous Anthony's sage hog were there :
The faithful dog, who brought St. Roch his food :
And there the bear, who rear'd in solitude

baptism. The epigraph of the order was “Cominus et Eminus.” *Ashmole.* See *Life of Charles, Duc d'Orleans*, p. 143.

The order of the Ermine was erected by Francis the First, Duke of Bretaigne. Its epigraph is the word “Amaire.” *Ashmole.* It is, however, attributed to Conan, from whom the first Dukes of Bretagne draw their origin, who, marching through Bretagne with his army, a terrified ermine took shelter under his shield, and he accordingly adopted an ermine for his device, with this motto: *Malo mori quam fœdari.* The same order of the ermine of Naples, instituted 1463, had this motto.

The valiant Orson : and the She Wolf blest
Who Rome's great founder as his nurse confest.

St. Jerome's Lion roved the woods among :
St. George's valiant Horse pass'd swift along,
With proud Bucephalus : Montaigne the strong :
And Savoy,* erst the charger of King Charles,
Than whom no nobler breath'd from Rome to Arles.
And Bayard† too by Aymon's son beloved,
Who once in Ardennes' thickest forests roved.
St. Marg'rets lambs play'd near those happy steeds,
And all the flock she tended in the meads.
Here, arbour'd in a flowery grove, were placed
The two fair stags the holy huntmen chased,
St. Eustace and St. Hubert. Feeding near
The gentle Doe to good Sartorius dear.
The Greyhound Brutus, known by deeds of worth,
Lusignan's Serpent, whence derive their birth
Princes and kings. Yet deem not strife nor fear
Between these various creatures enter here :
Tho' far more num'rous than my muse can tell,
In endless peace and harmony they dwell.‡

* A charger ridden by Charles the Eighth at the battle of Fernoue, in 1495.

† The horse of Rinaldo of Montalban, who, after the banishment of his master, refused to let any one mount him. The traitor Ganelon having undertaken to do so, Bayard threw him, and rushing away into the forest of Ardennes, was supposed to live there for many years afterwards.—See *Bib. Bleue*.

‡ The description of this paradise cannot but remind the reader of the Land of Cockagne :

Ther beth briddes mani and fale

JEAN MESCHINOT.

JEAN MESCHINOT, écuyer, Sieur de Mortières, was born at Nantes, and was surnamed "Le Banni de Liesse," from his having assumed this title in a *Requête* in prose, presented to Francis the Second, last Duke of Bretagne, who died 9th Sept., 1488.

The reason of this denomination was some real or supposed misfortunes of which he frequently complains, though its nature he does not explain, in his works. He says in this *Requête* that he is more than fifty years of age, or that for that number of years he was attached to the Dukes of Bretagne, for the manner in which he expresses himself leaves his meaning in doubt. He more clearly alludes to his having served Duke John the Sixth, surnamed the Good and Wise, who died in 1442, from his childhood. He was his maître

Throstil, thrusse, and nigtingal,
 Chalandre,* and wodwale,
 And other briddes without tale,
 That stinteth neuer bi har migt
 Miri to sing dai and nigt. MS. Harl. 913.

* This is explained erroneously by Warton as meaning *goldfinch*, and Ellis explains it as "woodlark;" the *Calandre* is described by maistre Jehan Corbichon as a marvellous bird "quite white, which foretells by its looks whether a sick man shall die or recover."

See a quaint description of this bird also in *Boswell's Armorie*.

d'hôtel, and continued in this employment under three successive dukes, and finally under Anne of Bretagne, and remained in that capacity when she became Queen of France.

He died on the 12th Sept., 1509, at a very advanced age, having held the above offices upwards of sixty years.

His works consist of poems entitled "Les Lunettes des Princes." The author thus accounts for the singularity of his title : " Saches, lui dit la raison, en lui présentant les lunettes allégoriques dont il s'agit, que je leur ay donné à nom 'les Lunettes des Princes,' non pour ce que tu soyes prince ne grant seigneur temporel : car trop plus que bien loin es-tu d'un tel état valeur ou dignité ; mais leur ay principalement ce nom imposé pour ce que tout homme peut estre dict prince en tant qu'il a receu de Dieu gouvernement d'âme."

He also wrote ballads, and moral and scriptural pieces. Also " La Plainte de la Ville de Nantes," which was placed under an interdict by Amaury d'Acigné, Bishop of Nantes, in 1462. In general in the diverse works of Meschinot may be found examples of the most singular rhymes and verse : but two Huitains are the most peculiar in this style. One of them is thus prefaced : " Les huit vers ci-dessous escrits se peuvent lire et retourner en trente-huit manières." The other thus : " Ceste oraison se peut dire par 8 ou par 16 vers tant en rétrogradant que aultrement ; tellement qu'elle se peut lire en 32 manières différentes, et à chascune y aura sens et rime, et commencer toujours par mots différents qui veult." The Abbé Goujet excuses himself from giving these specimens, assuring the reader that, however the author may boast of rhyme, no *reason* will be found in the poems.

Princes, vous n'estes d'autre alloi, &c.*

PRINCES, are ye of other clay
Than those who toil from day to day ?
Be subject to the laws, for all,
Even like the meanest serf, shall fall.
Go view those dismal vaults, where piles
Of nameless bones deform the aisles,
Say, can ye tell amidst the throng
Which to the noble frame belong,
Which to the wretch who lived obscure,
Condemn'd each hardship to endure ?
Neither can then distinction claim,
All shall return from whence it came !

ON JOHN, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

PROUD to the proud, and gentle to the good,
Prudent in deeds, in words benign and sage,
His promise in all times unshaken stood,
Ne'er to dishonour known from youth to age
May Heaven receive him in his proper sphere,
Who was the father of all virtues here.

* Edit. de Paris, 1592.

JEHAN MOLINET was a poet contemporary with Meschinot, and a disciple of Georges Chastellain. Very little is known of his life, and only a part of his works are published. The MS. which is preserved in the library of the cathedral of Tournay is more complete than the printed edition published in Paris, 1531 (black letter). It is entitled "Les Faitz et Dictz de feu de bonne mémoire Maistre Jehan Molinet, contenant plusieurs beaux Traictez, Oraisons et Chants Royaulx." The subjects are various—it begins with several orisons to the Virgin, and different Saints. One to St. Anne may give an idea of the absurdity of the style:

Ton nom est Anne et en Latin *Anna*.
Dieu tout-puissant qui justement t'anna,
Veult qu'à l'anne tu soies comparée ;
Quatre quartiers une très juste anne* a ;
Quatre lettres en ton nom amena,
Par quoy tu as juste et bien mesurée,
Quatre vertus sont dont tu es parée.†

After having made a *measure* of the saint, he converts her into a *tree*, and embarrasses himself strangely between the two comparisons.

In fine, his only merit consists in the extraordinary quantity he produced, accumulating rhyme on rhyme with incredible facility; but like a dance in fetters, though he surmounted the difficulties in which he placed himself, his performance is any thing but agreeable.

But among the historical pieces of Molinet, one, the most worthy of attention, is that in which he continues the Recital "des Choses Merveilleuses arrivées de son Temps," begun by

* *Anne* for *aune*, a measure.

† A similar conceit is to be found in the Spanish poet, the Visconde de Altamira, beginning thus:

To the Virgin.
La *M* madre te muestra,
La *A* te manda adorar, &c. *Bouterweck.*

Georges Chastellain, in which many events are noticed, as the death of the ‘Duc de Clarence,’ drowned in ‘malvoisie’ ‘*to prevent his being thirsty,*’ and among others the following sight is recorded :

J’ay veu grant multitude
De livres imprimés,
Pour tirer en estude
Povres mal argentés ;
Par ces nouvelles modes
Aura maint ecolier
Décret, Bibles et Codes
Sans grant argent bailler.

He was an intimate friend of Cretin, and also of Charles Bordigné. The only known work of the latter is “*La Légende de Maistre Pierre Faifeu ou les gestes et dictz joyeulx de Maistre Pierre Faifeu Escolier d’Angers* :” it is divided into forty-nine chapters, very droll, and written with spirit. He is sometimes dignified by the title of *Prebstre*, but is extremely severe on the clergy. The following will give an idea of his style ; they will scarcely bear translation :

De Pathelin n’oyez plus les cantiques,
De Jehan de Meun la grant jolyvoté ;
Ne de Villon les subtilles trafiques,
Car pour tout vrai ils n’ont que nacquetté.
Robert le Diable a la teste abolye,
Bacchus s’endort et ronfle sur la lye.
Laissez ester Caillette le folastre,
Les quatre fils d’Aymon vestuz de bleue,
Gargantua qui a cheveulx de plastre ;
Voyez les Faits Maistre Pierre Faifeu.
Le prince Ovide a déchiffré Baratre,
Du Roy Pluton tout lénorme théâtre :
Ce n’est rien dit, mettez tout dans le feu.
Messire Virgille en plaignant sa marastre —
Voyez les Faits Maistre Pierre Faifeu !

WILLIAM CRETIN.

THE censure applicable to the works of Molinet equally suits those of Cretin, whom Marot describes as “ le bon Cretin aux vers équivoques,” but who, nevertheless, bestows on him the most excessive praise. He addresses an epigram to him in which he styles him “ Souverain Poète François,” and at his death wrote an epitaph lauding him to the skies as immortal by his talent, and calling him “ Cretin qui tout savoit.”

Jean Lemaire speaks of him in equally high terms, and Geoffrey Tory is bold enough to advance, that in his ‘Chronique de France’ he has, by the eloquence of his style, surpassed Homer, Virgil, and Dante. But little is known of his life; all that can be collected is, that he was born at Paris, was treasurer of the holy chapel of Vincennes, and afterwards Chantre de la Sainte-Chapelle de Paris, and that he lived under Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First: it is very probable that he died in 1525. Rabelais, however, considered his poetical claims in their true light, and ridicules him under the name of Romimagrobis, whom Panurge consults on his marriage; he introduces the following lines, which are actually to be found among the poems of Cretin.

Prenez-la, ne la prenez pas.
Si vous la prenez, c'est bien fait.
Si ne la prenez, en effet
Ce sera ouvré pas compas.
Gallopez, mais allez le pas.
Recueillez, entrez-y de fait.

Prenez-la, ne la prenez pas.
 Jeusnez, prenez double repas.
 Deffaitez ce qu'estoit refait,
 Refaites ce qu'estoit desfait,
 Souhaitez-lui vie et trespass,
 Prenez-la, ne la prenez pas.

"Mieux que pis."*

Les faietz d'amour sont œuvres de faerie.†

LOVE is like a fairy's favour,
 Bright to-day, but faded soon ;
 If thou lov'st and fain wouldest have her,
 Think what course will speed thee on.
 For her faults if thou reprove her,
 Frowns are ready, words as bad ;
 If thou sigh her smiles recover,
 But be gay, and she is sad.
 If with stratagems thou try her,
 All thy wiles she soon will find ;
 The only art—unless thou fly her—
 Is to seem as thou wert blind.

* His device.

† *L'Abbé Goujet.*

JEHAN MAROT.

JEHAN MAROT was born near Caen, and was secretary and poet of Anne of Brittany, and afterwards valet de chambre of Francis the First. He married at Cahors, and became father of the celebrated Clement Marot, who succeeded him as valet to the king on his death, which happened in 1517. His principal works are *La Description des deux Voyages de Louis XII à Gênes et à Venise*; *Le Doctrinal des Princesses*, twenty-four Rondeaux, Epistles, &c., and *Chants Royaux*.

"Ne trop ne peu."^{*}

Par faux rapport.[†]

By evil tongues how many true and kind
Have been a prey to grief and foul disgrace :
Alas ! when slander with her stealthy pace
Has reach'd the goal, more venomous her trace
Than adders or than toads can leave behind :
A ruffian's steel gives not the fatal wound
That in the stab of evil tongues is found :
For slander lives on poison as her food ;
The pure she persecutes, and lauds the ill ;
And if in vain she seek to harm the good,
Attacks her own vile race with artful skill ;
Nay, rather than forego her spleen and hate,
Even of herself will cursed slander prate !

* His device.

† Edit. de L.

*Mort ou mercy.**

Oh ! give me death, or pity show !—
I know my time is pass'd in vain ;
Despair still urges me to go,
But Love will linger on in pain.
Alas ! my love, thou know'st too well
What my fond glances hourly tell ;
My heart entreats thee, lost in woe.
Oh give me death, or pity show.

If this sad heart has been to thee
Loyal and patient of thy scorn,
At length its state with mercy see,
Nor cast it forth, unmark'd, forlorn :
But if 'tis false, or could betray,
Let Death at once its crime repay :
Let one or other end my woe.
Oh ! give me death, or pity show !

* Edit. de Lyon, 1537.

PIERRE GRINGORE.

THIS poet flourished from 1500 to 1554.

ON LEARNING AND WEALTH.

Il fut jadis une femme de nom.*

ONCE on a time a worthy dame,
When anxious friends bade her decide
Whether her son should rise to fame
By wealth or learning—thus replied :
'Tis true that knowledge has its worth,
But riches give far higher state ;
For never saw I, since my birth,
A rich man on a wise man wait :
But can the scholar do without
His aid who riches can bestow ?
My son then shall, beyond all doubt,
Be rich—if I can make him so.

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

ON MARRIAGE.

THOU wilt be wed!—so let it be—
 But ill will follow thee, 'tis plain—
 For married folk, it seems to me,
 Are ever in some care or pain:
 Better to say “ Shall *I* do thus ? ”
 Than sigh—“ Which is the best for *us* ? ”

JACQUES COLIN,

ABBÉ de St. Ambroix de Bourges, ordre de St. Augustin,
 born at Auxerre, reader and secretary of Francis the First.

CUPID JUSTIFIED.

Venus faisant à son fils sa plainte.*

THUS angry Venus chid her son,
 “ Behold,” she said, “ what ill you do !
 I am your mother, and undone,
 I, most, your cruel malice rue ;

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

While, what to me is worst of all,
Your wrongs on Pallas never fall.”
“Mother,” he answer’d, “shall I tell
Why from Minerva’s frown I start?
It is that she is arm’d so well,
And with such fear inspires my heart,
That when I look, with strange amaze,
I feel half vanquish’d at her gaze.”
“Away!” she cried, “it is not so!
For Mars is arm’d, and fiercer far,
Yet he is doom’d your force to know,
And ever waged unequal war.”
“Mother,” he said, “much more my pride
Did he defy, resist my skill,
But scarcely are my arrows tried,
At once he yields him to my will.
And thou, sweet mother, since he chose thee,
Would hardly wish him to oppose me.”

CLÉMENT MAROT.

CLÉMENT MAROT was the son of Jehan Marot, and was born at Cahors in Quercy; he succeeded his father as valet de chambre to the king, Francis the First, and having followed this prince to the battle of Pavia, was there wounded in the arm, and taken prisoner, as he himself recounts in this first elegy:

Là fut percé tout outre rudement
Le bras de cil qui t'aime loyaument;
Non pas ce bras dont il ha de coustume
De manier ou la lance ou la plume:
Amour encore te le garde et réserve
Et par escrits veut que de loing te serve.
Finalement avec le roi mon maistre
De là les Monts prisonnier se vid estre, &c.

Marot was called *Le Poète des Princes, et le Prince des Poètes*, and is considered to have rendered important service to the French language. Boileau thus speaks of him :

Imitons de Marot l'élégant badinage.

The sonnet, madrigal, and rondeau owe him much, but in epigram he appears principally to have succeeded; his works are numerous, and discover great facility of composition.

Not only was he held in the highest esteem in his own time, but the poets of succeeding ages have looked up to him as to a master. The following lines of Charleval, written in a copy of Marot, lent by him to a lady, are characteristic :

Les œuvres de Maître Clément
 Ne sont point gibier à dévote :
 Je vous les prête seulement,
 Gardez bien qu'on vous les ôte :
 Si quelqu'un vous les escamote,
 Je le donne ou diable Astarot,
 Chacun est fol de sa marotte,
 Moi je suis de mon *Marot*.

The translation of the Psalms by Marot became so popular, that all other songs were abandoned for them; each of the royal family and nobility chose one, and arranged it to some favourite ballad tune. They seem to have superseded the customary devices, or mottos, so prevalent at that period. The dauphin, (afterwards Henry the Second) who delighted in hunting, chose "Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire," (Like as the hart, &c.), which he constantly sung in going to the chase. Diane de Poitiers chose "Du fond de ma pensée," (From the depths of my heart, oh Lord.) The queen "Ne vucilles pas, o sire," (Oh Lord, rebuke me not, &c.) Anthony, King of Navarre, "Revenge-moy, pren ma querelle," (Stand up, oh Lord, and revenge my quarrel, &c.) to the air of a dance of Poitou.

Calvin, at the same period, was framing his church at Geneva, and adopted Marot's psalms, which were set to simple and almost monotonous tunes, by Guillaume de Franc, and they became at length a mark of the sect, spreading through all the reformed churches.* The catholics, taking the alarm, gave up Clément's psalms in dismay, and they were shortly forbidden under the severest penalties to sing them. In the language of the orthodox, psalm singing and heresy were synonymous terms.

* The 100th Psalm (sung in England) is one of those originally set for one of Marot's by Goudimel and le Jeune.

Warton remarks, relative to the rage which took possession of the gay court of Francis the First for Clément Marot's new subject of composition : “ Either tired of the vanities of profane poetry, or rather tinctured privately with the principles of Lutheranism, he attempted, with the assistance of his friend, Theodore Beza, and by the encouragement of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris, a version of David's Psalms into French verse. This translation, which did not aim at any innovation in the public worship, and which received the sanction of the Sorbonne, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine, he dedicated to his master Francis the First, and to the Ladies of France. In addressing the latter, whom he had often before eulogized in the tenderest or most complimentary strains, he seems anxious to deprecate the railly which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed how to find an apology for turning saint. Conscious of his apostacy from the levities of life, in a spirit of religious gallantry he declares that his design is to add to the happiness of his fair readers by substituting divine hymns in the place of *chansons d'amour*, to inspire their susceptible hearts with a passion in which there is no torment, to banish that fickle and fantastic deity, Cupid, from the world, and to fill their apartments with the praises, not of le petit Dieu, but of the true Jehovah.

E voz doigts sur les espinettes
Pour dire *saintes chançonnettes*.

He adds that the golden age would now be restored ; we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with songs and canticles : and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the creator.

These translations soon eclipsed the brilliancy of his ma-

drigals and sonnets. They sold so rapidly that the printers could not supply the public with copies fast enough. In the festive and splendid court of Francis the First, of a sudden nothing was heard but the psalms of Clément Marot.

When Clément and his former friend, the beautiful Diane de Poictiers, quarrelled, and became bitter enemies, she sought occasion to accuse him of heresy, and disclosed a confession he had made to her, of having eaten meat in Lent, for which he was imprisoned. This was the origin of his lampoon : “ Prenez-le, il a mangé du lard ! ” Diana was as fierce a persecutor of the Huguenots as the wife of her royal lover, Catherine de Médicis.

The “ bouche de corail précieux,” which he had once so much praised, did not spare accusations against the unlucky poet. He could, however, boast of the regard of the greatest princes of the age, among the most distinguished were François Premier, Charles the Fifth, Renée Duchesse de Ferrare, and Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, in whose service he was during his youth.

He died at Turin, in 1544, aged about sixty. His epitaph by Jodelle is as follows :

Quercy, la Cour, Piémont, tout l'Univers,
Me fit, n.e tint, m'enterra, me connaît,
Quercy mon los, la Cour tout mon tems eut,
Piémont mes os, et l'Univers mes vers.

That which is inscribed on his tomb in the church of St. Jean de Turin is thus expressed :

Icy devant, au giron de sa mère,
Gist des François le Virgile et l'Homère.
Cy est couché et repose à l'envers
Le nompareil des mieux disans en vers.
Cy gist celuy que peu de terre œuvre,
Qui toute France enrichit de son œuvre.

Cy dort un mort, qui toujours vif sera
 Tant que la France en François parlera.
 Brief, gist, repose et dort en ce lieu-cy
 Clément Marot de Cahors en Quercy.

TO ANNE, WHOSE ABSENCE HE REGRETS.

Incontentant que je te voy venue, &c.*

WHEN thou art near to me it seems
 As if the sun along the sky,
 Though he awhile withheld his beams,
 Burst forth in glowing majesty :
 But like a storm that lowers on high,
 Thy absence clouds the scene again.—
 Alas ! that from so sweet a joy
 Should spring regret so full of pain !

ON THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

Qui dort icy ? &c.

WHO slumbers here ?—to ask how idly vain,—
 Behold, 'tis Venus—spare thy queen's repose :
 Awake her not, thou mayst escape her chain,
 But thou art lost if once her eyes unclose.

* Edit. de la Haye, 1702.

ON THE SMILE OF MAD. D'ALBRET.

DIXAIN.

Elle ha très bien ceste gorge d'albastre.

THOUGH clear her cheek, all light her eye,
Music her voice, and snow her breast,
That little smile of gaiety
To me is dearer than the rest.
With that sweet spell, where'er she goes
She makes all pastime, all delight,
And were I prostrate with my woes,
And fainting life had closed in night,
I should but need, existence to restore,
That lovely smile that caused my death before.*

* This idea will remind the reader of Pope's line:

"And, at her smile, the beau revived again."

These forced metaphors were the fashion of the age, and long retained their rank in French poetry, from the time that compliment took the place of real feeling.

ON THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

Entre autres dons de grâces immortelles.

WITH store of gifts, and num'rous graces fraught,
While from her pen such wit and wisdom fall,
How comes it, I have sometimes idly thought,
That our surprise is, at her power, so small?
But when she writes and speaks so sweetly still,
And when her words my tranced sense enthrall,
I can but blush that any, at her skill,
Can be so weak as be amazed at all.

Tu m'as donné au vif ta face paincte, &c.

THIS dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
'Tis true is painted with a master's care,
But one, far better still my heart can trace,
For Love himself engraved the image there.
Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share,
But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
Were I within thy heart impress'd as fair,
As true, as vividly, as thou in mine!

Dès que m'amie est un jour sans me voir, &c.

My love, if I depart a day,
 Believes it four with little trouble;
 But if still longer I delay,
 Makes out the time much more than double:
 If I my quiet would restore,
 'Twere well I never saw her more!

How different is our passion shown!—
 Say, ye to whom Love's cares are known,
 She in my absence mourns in pain,
 And I, when in her presence, die;
 Decide, ye slaves of Cupid's reign,
 Which loves the better, she or I?

DU DÉPART DE S'AMIE.

Elle s'en va de moy la mieux aymée, &c.

SHE leaves me! she, beloved so long—
 She leaves me, but her image here
 Within my heart impress'd so strong,
 Shall linger till my latest tear.
 Where'er she goes on her my heart relies,
 And thus relying, is unknown to care:

But ah, what space divides her from my eyes,
And scatters all our joys in empty air !
Farewell, sole beauty that my eyes can view,
And oh, farewell my heart's enjoyment too !

HUITAIN.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ay estimé, &c.

I AM no more what I have been,
Nor can regret restore my prime ;
My summer years and beauty's sheen
Are in the envious clutch of Time.
Above all gods I own'd thy reign,
Oh Love ! and served thee to the letter ;
But, if my life were given again,
Methinks I yet could serve thee better.

EPIGRAMME A L'IMITATION DE MARTIAL.

D'une qui se vanie.

Vous estes belle en bonne foye.

YES, you are fair, 'tis plain to see,
 They are but blind who should oppose it :
 And you are rich all must agree,
 None can deny, for each man knows it :
 Virtuous you are, by ev'ry rule,
 Who questions it is but a fool ;
 But, when you praise yourself, you are
 Neither virtuous, rich, nor fair.

TO DIANE DE POICTIERS.

Puisque de vous je n'ai autre visage, &c.

FAREWELL ! since vain is all my care,
 Far, in some desert rude,
 I'll hide my weakness, my despair ;
 And, midst my solitude,
 I'll pray that, should another move thee,
 He may as fondly, truly love thee !

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven !
Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms ;
Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
Which love inhabits and illumes !
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me,
One, far less fond, perchance had won ye !

A ANNE,* POUR ESTRE EN SA GRACE.

Si jamais fust un paradis en terre, &c.

OH ! if on earth a paradise may be,
Where'er thou art methinks it may be found ;
Yet he, who seeks that paradise in thee,
Will find more pains than pleasures there abound :
Yet will he not repent he sought the prize,
For he is blest who suffers for those eyes :
What fate is his, whose truth thy heart shall move,
By thee admitted to that heaven of love ?
I know not—words his happiness would wrong—
His fate is that which I have sought so long !

* Anne de Pisseleu, Duchesse d'Etampes.

LA REINE DE NAVARRE.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, daughter of Charles d'Orléans, duc d'Angoulême, sister of Francis the First, was born at Angoulême, 11th of April, 1492. She was celebrated for her beauty and talent, no less than for her tender attachment to her illustrious brother, Francis the First, whom she attended in Spain, when he was prisoner, with the most devoted affection, and who returned her tenderness with equal fondness. She patronized letters and the arts, and encouraged genius; her works are numerous, and display great taste. She survived her royal brother only a year, dying in 1549, and was buried at Pacy.

The following lines were addressed by her to Clément Marot, who had complained to her of the persecution of his creditors :

Si ceux à qui devez comme vous dites,
 Vous connoissoient comme je vous connois,
 Quitte seriez des debtes que vous fitez,
 Le tems passé, tant grandes que petites,
 En leur pavant un dixain toutefois,
 Tel que le vostre qui vaut mieux mille fois
 Que l'argent dû par vous en conscience :
 Car estimer on peut l'argent au poids ;
 Mais on ne peut (et j'en donne ma voix)
 Assez priser votre belle science.

Marot showed these lines to his creditors, and we may judge of the effect they produced by the following reply of the poet :

Mes créanciers, qui de Dixain n'ont cure,
 Ont leu le vostre ; et sur ce leur ay dit :
 “ Sire Michel, sire Bonaventure,
 Le sœur du Roy a pour moi fait ce dit.”
 Lors eux cuidans que fusse en grand crédit,
 M'ont appellé monsieur, à cry et cor ;
 Et m'a valu votre escript autant d'or :
 Car promet-on non seulement d'attendre,
 Mais d'en preter (foy de marchand) encor ;
 Et j'ai promis (foy de Clément) d'en prendre.

They may be thus rendered :

LINES OF MARGUERITE.

If those to whom some sordid gold you owe
 Knew your excelling genius as I know,
 They would not urge you thus, but hold you free
 Even for one effort of your minstrelsy.
 Such lays as yours are worth far more than all
 They may your debts, however num'rous, call :
 Coin may be weigh'd, but who has power on earth
 To tell the measure of your muse's worth !

And those of Clément thus :

My creditors, who little prize the muse,
 Could not to list your melody refuse,
 To them I said : “ Good sirs, attend, I pray,
 The princess framed for me this flatt'ring lay.”
 They, seeing that my credit stood so high,
 With many a courteous gesture made reply.
 The magic of your lines to me is great,
 For not alone they promise now to wait,
 But, on a tradesman's word, *to lend* they proffer,
 And I, on Clement's word, accept their offer.

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER,
FRANCIS THE FIRST.

Je n'ay plus ny père ny mère, &c.*

'Tis done ! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,
The world's wide compass is his own.

I love—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower,
Not the fair forms I prized before,
But him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain !

I from my mem'ry have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends ;
All honours that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends ;
Hence ! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last !

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

FRANCIS THE FIRST.*

EPITAPH ON FRANÇOISE DE FOIX.†

Sous ce tombeau gist Françoise de Foix.

BENEATH this tomb de Foix's fair Frances lies,
 On whose rare worth each tongue delights to dwell;
 And none, while fame her virtue deifies,
 Can with harsh voice the mede of praise repel.
 In beauty peerless, in attractive grace,
 Of mind enlighten'd, and of wit refined ;
 With honour, more than this weak tongue can trace,
 Th' eternal father stored her spotless mind.
 Alas ! the sum of human gifts how small !
 Here *nothing* lies, that once commanded all !

* Auguis, Poëtes François.

+ The subject of this epitaph was the unfortunate Countess de Chateaubriant, beloved by the king, and, in consequence, the victim of her husband's jealousy, who, during the captivity of Francis in Spain, caused her to be taken to his castle, and there had her bled to death, in 1526. Her tomb is in the church of the Mathurins at Chateaubriant, and bears the above inscription, with this motto round, “ Prou de moins, peu de telles, point de plus.” The epitaph is sometimes given to Clément Marot.

EPITAPH ON AGNÈS SOREL.*

Ici dessoubz des belles gist l'eslite.

HERE lies entomb'd the fairest of the fair:
To her rare beauty greater praise be given,
Than holy maids in cloister'd cells may share,
Or hermits that in deserts live for heaven.
For by her charms recover'd France arose,
Shook off her chains, and triumph'd o'er her foes.

* Agnès Soreau, or, as she is usually called, Sorel, was of Tourraine; Mezeray thus describes her: "Daunoiselle fort agréable, et généreuse, mais qui allant de pair avec les plus grandes princesses et faisant, tant qu'elle pouvoit, éclater sa faute, donneoit de l'envie à la cour et du scandale à toute la France."

She died in 1449, not without suspicion of poison, and the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, who was her known enemy, was strongly suspected of being the instigator of her murder. Her devotion to Charles the Seventh, and the benefit he derived from her advice is well known.

ON PETRARCH'S LAURA.

En petit lieu.

A LITTLE space contains a mighty fame,—
Labour and thought, learning and verse combined,
To give immortal lustre to thy name,
Were conquer'd by thy lover's matchless mind :
Oh gentle soul ! so tenderly esteem'd,
We honour thee with silent, tearful gaze,
For words can nought but empty air be deem'd,
When the bright subject is beyond all praise !

MADRIGAL.

Le mal d'amour.

OH Love ! thy pain is more extreme
Than those who know thee not may deem ;
What in all else were transient care
Is fraught to lovers with despair :
Complaint and sorrow, tears and sighs,
A lover's restless life supplies ;
But, if a beam of joy arise,
A moment ends his miseries.

TO THE DUCHESS D'ESTAMPES.

Est-il point vrai.

Is it a dream, or but too true
 That I should fly you from this hour,
 To all our fondness bid adieu ?—
 Alas ! I would, but want the power.
 What do I say !—oh, I am wrong,
 The power, but not the will, have I ;
 My heart has been a slave so long,
 The more you give it liberty,
 The more a captive at your feet it lies,
 When you command what every glance denies.

HENRY THE SECOND.*

TO DIANA OF POICTIERS.

Plus ferme foy.

MORE constant faith none ever swore
 To a new prince, oh fairest fair !
 Than mine to thee, whom I adore,
 Which time nor death can e'er impair.

* The famous Quatrain of Nostradamus the astrologer is as follows relative to the death of Henry the Second, who wa

The steady fortress of my heart
 Seeks not with towers secured to be,
 The lady of the hold thou art,
 For 'tis of firmness worthy thee :
 No bribes o'er thee can victory obtain,
 A heart so noble treason cannot stain !*

MELLIN DE ST. GELAIS.

MELLIN is said to have been the son of Octavien de St. Gelais, Sieur de Lansac, Bishop of Angoulême, who, in the reign of Louis the Twelfth, translated into tolerably elegant verse certain ‘Rapsodies’ of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. Mellin, however, greatly surpassed his father, and has even been considered above Marot and du Bellay in epigram. He was called l’Ovide François, and had great reputation

killed in a tournament by a thrust from the lance of Montgomery through the bars of his gilt helmet. It was made four years before the event :

Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera
 En champ bellique par singulier duel,
 Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crévera.
 Deux plaies une, puis mourir ! mort cruelle !

* This poem is sometimes attributed to Joachim du Bellay, and may be found in the edition of his works, Rouen, 1597, among the ‘Olive de du Bellay.’ In ‘Auguis’ ‘Poètes François,’ (Paris, 1825, 8vo.) it is given to Henry the Second.

for the neatness and grace of his style. By some he is thought to have first introduced the sonnet into France from Italy, the poetry of which country he was master of. He excelled in short pieces for music, which he executed with taste on the lute and guitar.

X HUITAIN.

Soupirs ardens.

Go, glowing sighs, my soul's expiring breath,
 Ye who alone can tell my cause of care ;
 If she I love behold unmoved my death,
 Fly up to heaven, and wait my coming there.
 But if her eye, as ye believe so fain,
 Deign with some hope our sorrow to supply,
 Return to me, and bring my soul again,
 For I no more shall have a wish to die.

QUATRAIN.

Dis-moi, ami.*

WHICH is the best to choose I'd fain be told,
 Great store of learning, or great store of gold.
 I know not, but the learned, all can tell,
 Pay court to those whose purse is plenish'd well.

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

SIXAIN, ON A LITTLE LUTE.

Pour un luth, bien petit je suis.

I AM a little lute, 'tis true,
But if my numbers could subdue
My master's mistress' cruelty,
Methinks my rank as glorious then
Amongst the race of lutes would be,
As Alexander's amongst men.

LOUISE LABÉ.

LOUISE LABÉ, called La Belle Cordière, was born at Lyons, in 1526; at fifteen she disguised herself in male attire, and joined the army, where she particularly distinguished herself at the siege of Perpignan, in 1542; she was then known as Le Capitaine Louis. Amongst other acquirements she possessed that of managing a horse with perfect skill. A cavalier for whom she long preserved a tender regard, discovered her sex, and persuaded her to resume her proper station. According to the descriptions given of her, and the portrait at the head of her works, she must have been possessed of much beauty. On her return to Lyons her father thought of marrying her: it appears that the campaign of Perpignan, far from having injured her reputation, had gained her celebrity, and made her an object of much interest. A man

who had a large trade in ropes, and was very rich, possessing several valuable houses in Lyons, proposed for her, and was accepted. They appear to have lived very happily together, but he died at the end of a few years, leaving no children. From this time till 1566, when she died, aged about forty, her life was passed in the most pleasing manner imaginable. Her fortune was large, she had a fine house in the street still called by her name, which, as she tells us in her works, was magnificently furnished, with a beautiful garden. Here she drew together the best company in Lyons, and all the strangers of talent who passed through the city. She was mistress of Greek and Latin, Italian and Spanish, sang and played on all sorts of instruments with infinite grace. She had collected a library of the best works in various languages. Surrounded with admirers of her charms, her talents, and her knowledge, she triumphed in the midst of this circle. Her poems were printed during her life at Lyons, in 1555. She dedicated them to Clemence de Bourges, a Lyonnese lady, who was at that time her intimate friend, but with whom she afterwards disagreed. The cause was this: both were handsome, and full of talent, but Clemence was the youngest; the latter was in love with a young officer, whose duty obliged him frequently to quit Lyons: Clemence addressed verses to him, and communicated them to her friend, to whom she continually expressed her fondness for him. The young man returned, Louise found him very agreeable, and soon distinguished him by attentions to which he was not insensible. His infidelity was suspected by Clemence, who accused her friend of gaining his affections from her, and their friendship was suddenly broken with a violence which caused much sensation at the time. The unfortunate Clemence was unable to support the sorrow this adventure caused her, or rather, perhaps, her lover's death, which happened soon after. She died young, and the regrets of all Lyons followed her to the tomb.

There is no kind of praise, says the Abbé Goujet, which the contemporaries of Louise Labé have not given her. La Croix du Maine speaks of her as very learned, and excelling both in prose and verse; he adds that her *anagram* was ‘Belle à soy’ (souhait). Paradin, who knew her, says in his history of Lyons, that “elle avoit la face plus angélique qu’humaine; mais ce n’estoit rien en comparaison de son esprit, tant chaste, tant vertueux, tant poétique, tant rare en sçavoir qu’il sembloit qu’elle estoit créeée de Dieu pour estre admirée pour un grand prodige entre les humains.”

Her poems consist in three elegies, and twenty-four sonnets: the collection begins by an ingenious dialogue in prose, entitled ‘Le Débat de Folie et d’Amour.’ The cause is tried before Jupiter, Apollo pleads for Love, Mercury for Folly. Jupiter declines giving judgment, “pour la difficulté et importance de vos différens opinions, &c.” and recommends them to make up matters as well as they can between them. The first sonnet is in Italian. She has been called a second Sappho, and was held in extraordinary esteem.

SONNET XIV.

Tant que mes yeux pourront larmes espandre.*

WHILE yet these tears have power to flow
 For hours for ever past away;
 While yet these swelling sighs allow
 My falt'ring voice to breathe a lay;
 While yet my hand can touch the chords,
 My tender lute, to wake thy tone;

* Edit. Lyons.

While yet my mind no thought affords,
 But one remember'd dream alone,
 I ask not death, whate'er my state :
 But when my eyes can weep no more,
 My voice is lost, my hand untrue,
 And when my spirit's fire is o'er,
 Nor can express the love it knew,
 Come, death, and cast thy shadow o'er my fate !

ELEGY.

D'un tel vouloir le serf point ne désire.

THE captive deer pants not for freedom more,
 Nor storm-beat vessel striving for the shore,
 Than I thy blest return from day to day,
 Counting each moment of thy long delay :
 Alas ! I fondly fix'd my term of pain,
 The day, the hour, when we should meet again :
 But oh ! this long, this dismal hope deferr'd
 Has shown my trusting heart how much it err'd !
 Oh, thou unkind ! whom I too much adore,
 What meant thy promise, dwelt on o'er and o'er ?
 Could all thy tenderness so quickly fade ?
 So soon is my devotion thus repaid ?
 Darest thou so soon to her be faithless grown,
 Whose thoughts, whose words, whose soul is all thine
 own !

Amidst the heights of rocky Pau thy way
Perchance has been by fortune led astray,
Some fairy form thy wand'ring path has crost,
And I thy wavering, careless heart have lost :
And in that beautiful and distant spot,
My hopes, my love, my sorrow are forgot !

If it be so—if I no more am prized,
Cast from thy memory like a toy despised,
I marvel not with love that pity fled,
And all that told of me and truth is dead.
Oh ! how I loved thee !—how my thoughts and fears
Have dwelt on thee, and made my moments years !
Yet, let me pause—have I not loved too well,
Far more than even this breaking heart can tell !—
Have we not loved so fondly, that to change
Were most impossible, most wild, most strange ?
No : all my fond reliance I renew,
And will believe thee more than mortal true—
Thou'rt sick !—thou'rt suff'ring !

—Heaven and I away !

Thou'rt in some hostile clime condemn'd to stay !
Ah no, ah no ! Heaven knows too well my care,
And how I weary ev'ry saint with prayer ;
And it were hard if constancy like mine
Gain'd not protection from the hosts divine.
It cannot be ! thy mind, too lightly moved,
Forgets in change and absence how we loved ;
While I, in whose sad heart no change can be,
Contented suffer, and implore for thee !

Oh, when I ask kind heaven to make thee blest,
No crime, methinks, is lurking in my breast ;
Save, when my soul should all be given to prayer,
I fondly pause, and find thy image there !

Twice has the moon her new born light received
Since thy return was promised and believed :
Yet silence and oblivion shroud thee still,
Nor know I of thy fortune, good or ill.
Though for another I am dead to thee,
She scarce, methinks, can boast of fame like me,
If in my form those charms and graces shine,
Which, some have said, the world esteems as mine :
Alas with idle praise they crown'd my name,
Who can depend upon the breath of fame !
Yet not in France alone the trump is blown,
Even to the Pyrenees and Calpe flown,
Where the loud sea washes that frowning shore,
Its echo wakes above the billows' roar.
Where the broad Rhine's majestic waters flow,
In the fair land where thou art roaming now ;
And thou hast told to my too willing ear,
That gifted spirits held my glory dear.

Take thou the prize which all have sought to gain,
Stay thou where others plead to stay in vain,
And oh ;—believe none may with me compare—
I say not she, my rival, is less fair,
But that so firm her passion cannot prove ;
Nor thou derive such honour from her love !

For me are feasts and tourneys without end,
The noble, rich, and brave for me contend,
Yet I, regardless, turn my careless eye,
And scarce for them have words of courtesy.
In thee my good and ill alike reside,
In thee is all—without thee, all is void !
And, having thee alone, when thou art fled,
All pleasure, all delight, all hope is dead !
And still to dream of happiness gone by,
And weep its loss is now my sad employ !
Gloomy despair so triumphs o'er my mind,
Death seems the sole relief my woes can find,
And thou the cause !—thy absence, mourn'd in vain,
Thus keeps me ling'ring in unpitied pain :
Not living—for this is not life, condemn'd
To the sharp torment of a love contemn'd !

Return ! return ! if still one wish remain
To see this fading form yet once again :
But if stern Death, before thee, come to claim
This broken heart, and this exhausted frame,
At least in robes of sorrow's hue appear,*
And follow to the grave my mournful bier,
There on the marble, pallid as my cheek,
These graven words my epitaph shall speak :

* This resemblance to the epistle of Eloisa appears more than accidental ; indeed the whole elegy seems formed on the complaints of Eloisa and Sappho.

" By thee love's early flame was taught to glow,
And love consumed her heart who sleeps below :
The secret fire her silent ashes keep,
Till by thy tears the flame is charm'd to sleep ! "

SONNET VII.

On voit mourir toute chose animée, &c.

DOES not, alas ! all nature fade away,
If from the fragile form the soul depart ?
I am that body—thou its better part—
Where art thou ?—why this cruel, sad delay !
Thy pity will, perchance, arrive too late,
Ah ! soul so prized, so fondly loved, beware !
Too long thou leav'st me to consuming care,
And hast resign'd my part in thee to fate.
Return ! but oh, my soul, with caution come,
Lest in our meeting danger lurk unseen,
Return with gentle greeting to thy home,
Nor let one frown severe thy beauty screen :
Let me forget that sorrow has been mine,
And see thy glories all unclouded shine !

ISAAC HABERT.

ISAAC HABERT was the nephew of François Habert, who wrote under the title of *Le Bailli de Liesse*, and *Le Banni de Liesse*, of whose verses the following extract from his *Epistres Héroïdes* may give a general idea. He exhorts his readers to devotion and the study of the gospel :

Ce Testament c'est le livre accompli,
Des dons de Dieu exorné et rempli ;
Livre de vie et résurrection,
Du vrai salut et de rédemption ;
Libre plus beau qu'un Roman de la Rose
Et qui du sang de Jésus Christ s'arrose ;
Livre plus beau que celui de Gauvain
Et Lancelot, dont le langage est vain ;
Plus excellent ni que Perceforest,
Ni chevaliers errans en la forest, &c.

François Habert translated three books of ‘*La Chrysopée ou l'Art de faire de l'or*,’ a Latin poem by Aurelius Augustinus.

His comedy of ‘*Le Monarque*’ has for its hero Sardanapalus. He published a great many poems on various events relating to the royal family, their deaths, marriages, and births, &c. He took for his motto “*Fy de soulas*.”

His brother Pierre also wrote, but was less celebrated, yet his works contain little that is interesting, or capable of being rendered into English.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

THESE pearls, this branch of coral fine,

These emeralds and rubies fair,

This liquid amber, all are thine—

I would they were more rich and rare,
That I might give them all, and more,
And see thee smile to take my store.

Oh ! I would add my heart beside,

But that thou hadst long, long ago :
Come to me, love, my boat shall glide,

And we will search the caves below,
And draw my nets, that only wait
For thee to yield their finny freight.
Let us together live and love,

Forget thy coldness and thy pride ;
The lights of heaven are bright above,

The moon is glittering o'er the tide ;
The winds are low, the waves asleep,
I, only I, awake and weep !
Ye scaly people of the wave,
Ye mermaids of each sparry cave,
Ye know my sorrows, and can tell
That I have served—how long, how well !
But still, the deeper is my care,
The more unnoticed is my prayer,

Oh love ! my nets too much delay,
 They tremble with their finny prey,
 The winds are low, the billows sleep,
 I, only I, awake and weep !

JACQUES TAHUREAU DU MANS.

TO ESTIENNE JODELLE.

Quand tu naquis.

WHEN first within our nether sphere
 Thou saw'st the light, the gods above,
 With all the demigods, that near
 The throne of regal brightness move,
 With all the goddesses, whose eyes
 Give light and glory to the skies,
 Fraught with each influence benign
 Inscribed in characters divine,
 Upon the planet of thy birth,
 ' Behold ! a poet born to earth !'

All Parnassus at the word
 Round thy cradle crowding came,
 Hailing thee their priest and lord,
 Who in France should spread their fame :
 Garlands on thy brow they flung,
 And with hymns each echo rung,

Hymns of pride, of joy, and mirth,
 ‘ Lo ! a poet born to earth !’

The nymphs that through the forests stray,
 And in the waves delight to sport,
 The wanton fauns and sylvans gay,
 Who in each sunny glade resort,
 Join’d in the strain, till every hill,
 And rock, and cave, and mountain round,
 And meadow, grove, and dancing rill,
 Jocund caught the cheerful sound,
 And all together hail’d thy birth,
 ‘ Lo ! a poet born to earth !’

Even while yet thy infant lyre
 Bade our bards attend with pride,
 Strains, that breathed immortal fire,
 Far excelling aught beside :
 Straight their harps awoke thy praise,
 And fair girls, with violets crown’d,
 Tuned the most entrancing lays,
 Rich in music’s sweetest sound ;
 To proclaim and bless thy birth,
 ‘ Lo ! a poet born to earth !’*

* From the edition of his works, *Paris*, 1574, ‘ mises toutes ensemble et dédiées au Reverendissime Cardinal de Guise.’

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND,
FRANCIS THE SECOND.

En mon triste et doux chant.

My lute awakes a mournful strain,
My eyes are sadly cast
Tow'rd scenes that tell of woe and pain,
Of joys too dear to last:
And in despair and in lament
My early years must now be spent.

Alas ! has fate a pang in store
That may with mine compare ?
Condemn'd to suffer and deplore,
Though born with hopes so fair :
My wither'd heart can find no room
For aught but visions of the tomb !

Though few, my early blighted years
An age of grief have known,
My op'ning bud of youth in tears
And sad regret has blown :
Regret and hopes, both frail and vain,
My sole variety of pain !

What once all beautiful and gay
My cheerful heart could see,—
What once could make a summer day
Is wintry gloom to me ;
All that had power to please or charm
Wears now the stamp of fear and harm.

My trembling heart and eye can trace
One thought, one form alone,
And in the paleness of my face
My misery is shown.
I wear the colours of my fate,
Hopeless, abandon'd, desolate !

Restless I fly from spot to spot,
But vainly may I range,
For sorrow will not be forgot,
Despair admits no change—
Alike whate'er may grieve or bless,
My mind is its own wilderness !

The morn may rise in beauty gay,
The vesper star may glow,
The woods may echo many a lay,
The murmuring waters flow ;
But in my soul, where'er I rove,
Swell the deep pang of parted love.

Oh ! if I cast a glance aside
Where once his step has been,

I see his form, his brow, his smile,
Though clouds seem drawn between.
My eyes, all drown'd in tears, present
The image of his monument.

If sleep a short oblivion brings
To woes no time can heal,
We talk of long accustom'd things,
His fond caress I feel:
Whate'er I do, whate'er betide,
He seems still ling'ring by my side.

In vain on Nature's charms I gaze,
To me all dark they seem,
Whate'er her boundless store displays
Appears an empty dream:
No talisman the world can show
To end my all absorbing woe.

Be still, my lute, no more complain,
Thy theme must ever be,
Eternal love that mourns in vain
A hapless destiny:
Your lays, my tears, can nought restore,
We parted, and we meet no more ! *

* An apology is, perhaps, necessary for introducing the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, among the poets of France. But as France was the country of her adoption, as the recollection of her happiness there was never effaced from her memory, and as she wrote in French, her claim to a place in the 'Parnasse Français' may probably be not unwillingly conceded.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY, said to be a native of Angers, was related to the Cardinal du Bellay; he died of apoplexy 1st January, 1560, aged thirty-five years: he was buried in the church of Notre-Dame de Paris, of which he was canon and archdeacon. Queen Marguerite esteemed him greatly, as did also Henry the Second, who gave him a considerable pension. He is considered the greatest poet, with Ronsard, of his time: he is compared by Scaliger to Catullus, and shares the title of the French Ovid with many others. His facility and grace in French poetry was such, that it is said he was accustomed to swear by Apollo: "Qu'Apollon ne soit jamais à mon aide, si cela n'est." His Latin compositions are also esteemed. He is one of those who were distinguished by the sounding title of "Poète de la Pleïade."

SONNET IN A SERIES ENTITLED L'OLIVE.

Si nostre vie.*

If our life is scarce a day
On vast Time's eternal shore,
And each year sweeps far away
Joys and hopes that come no more;

* Edit. de Rouen, 1592.

IN ' OLIVE.'

Rendez à l'or ceste couleur qui dore, &c.

GIVE back the gold that tints each curl,
Give back a thousand treasures bright ;
Give to the east those teeth of pearl,
And to the sun those eyes of light.
The ivory of thy hands restore,
The marble that thy brow discloses ;
Those sighs to every opening flower,
And of thy lips the pilfer'd roses :
That glowing cheek to early morn,
To love the spells that from him sprung ;
That grace, those smiles, of Venus born,
And to the skies that heavenly tongue.
Thy name,* yon tree proclaims its own,
And to the rocks thy heart of stone !

* *Olive.*

THE FURIES AGAINST THE FAITHLESS.*

La fatale flamme.

THE fatal flame will burn and spread apace,
Whilst one exists of that accursed race !

* * * *

Oh thou, whom justice, virtue, wisdom claim,
To prove thy title to a Cæsar's name,
Thou, prince, whom as a Christian we revere,
If that great fame thou ever held'st as dear,
Wilt thou protect—not Mahomed's foul brood,—
But these vile Atheists of degenerate blood ?
Think'st thou to find fidelity in those
Who, in their inmost hearts, to God are foes ?
Thou, by thy wisdom, hast effected more
Than King of France has e'er perform'd before.

* This *furious* poem seems directed against the Huguenot party, and is worthy of the time when the massacre of St. Bartholomew was looked upon as a pious act. The curses yield to none ever vented in bitterness ; and in fact, the whole work from which the above passages are extracted form a curious contrast to the gentleness and elegance of the 'Olive.'

THE CALCULATION OF LIFE.

Tu as cent ans.

THOU art aged ; but recount,
Since thy early life began,
What may be the just amount
Thou shouldst number of thy span.
How much to thy debts belong,
How much when vain fancy caught thee,
How much to the giddy throng,
How much to the poor who sought thee.
How much to thy lawyer's wiles,
How much to thy menial crew,
How much to thy lady's smiles,
How much to thy sick bed due.
How much for thy hours of leisure,
For thy hurrying to and fro,
How much for each idle pleasure,
If the list thy memory know.
Every wasted, mis-spent day,
Which regret can ne'er recall,—
If all these thou tak'st away,
Thou wilt find thy age but small :
That thy years were falsely told,
And, even now, thou art not old.

THE QUEEN ON THE DEATH OF
HENRY THE SECOND.

Si j'eusse eu le pouvoir.

OII, could the power my earnest wishes crown,
To lay at once this earthly burthen down,
And with thee go, or fondly make for thee
That journey, dread to all, but sweet to me ;
How blest my lot ! but Heaven, all just, all wise,
Rejects my vows, and Death's repose denies :
Yet still 'tis mine in tears for evermore
Thy name to honour, and thy loss deplore !

Chascun son heure.*

EACII pursues as Fancy guides
Bliss we fain would call our own ;
But from our embrace she glides,
Since no bounds to hope are known.
Scarce the treasure is possest,
When new dreams the mind employ ;
Seeking, when we might be blest,
A future in the present joy !

* Edit. de Paris, 1581.

THE FEATHERS.

Volez, pennaches bien heureux.

FLY, ye happy plumes, and seek
Her whose heart love knows so well ;
Greet her straight with homage meek,
And your fond devotion tell :
Kiss her hands, and in her breast
Ye, perchance, awhile may rest.

Then should conqu'ring Love illumine
Flames within that holy shrine,
Such as now, alas ! consume
All the soul that still is mine :
Fan the fire so pure and bright
With your feathers soft and light.

Think not that this gift was made,
Fairest, from some gay bird's wing,
Love himself the plumes display'd,
And 'tis his own offering :
He despoil'd his wings for thee,
Nor will struggle to be free.

Fear not lest some passing thought
 Should entice his steps to rove ;
 And his sojourn, frail and short,
 Like a bird of passage prove :
 All his wand'ring now are o'er,
 And he can escape no more.

LA PERLE,* FROM THE LOVES OF THE GEMS.

DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

Je veux de main industrieux.

I SEEK a pearl of rarest worth,
 By the shore of some bright wave :
 Such a gem, whose wondrous birth
 Radiance to all nature gave :
 Which no change of tint can know,
 Spotless ever, pure and white,
 Midst the rudest winds that blow
 Sparkling in its silver light.
 Thou, bright pearl, excell'st each gem
 In proud Nature's diadem,
 Yet a captive lov'st to dwell,
 Hid within thy cavern shell ;

* A favourite theme at his period.

Where the sands of India lie,
Basking in the sunny sky.

Thou, fair gem, art so divine,
That thy birth-place must be Heaven,
Where the stars, thy neighbours, shine ;
And thy lucid hue was given
By Aurora's rosy fingers,
When she colours herb and flower,
And, with breath of perfume lingers
Over meadow, dell, and bower.

Lustrous shell, from whose bright womb
Does this fairy treasure come ?
If thou art the Ocean's child,
Though thy kindred crowd the deep,
Thou disdain'st the moaning wild,
Which thy foamy lovers keep :
And in vain their vows they pour
Round thy closed and guarded door.

Thou, proud beauty, bid'st them learn,
But a sojourner art thou ;
And their idle hopes can't spurn,
Nor may choose a mate below.

But when Spring, with treasures rife,
Calls all Nature forth to life,
Then upon the waves descending,
Transient rays of brightness lending,

Falls the dew upon thy breast,
 And, thy heavenly spouse confess,
 Thou admit'st within thy cave
 That bright stranger of the wave.
 There he dwells, and hardens there
 To the gem so pure and fair,
 Which above all else is famed,
 And the Marguerite * is named.

APRIL, FROM 'LA BERGERIE.'

Avril, l'honneur et des bois
 Et des mois, &c.

APRIL, season blest and dear,
 Hope of the reviving year,
 Promise of bright fruits that lie
 In their downy canopy,
 Till the nipping winds are past,
 And their veils aside are cast.
 April, who delight'st to spread
 O'er the emerald, laughing mead,
 Flowers of fresh and brilliant dyes,
 Rich in wild embroideries.
 April, who each zephyr's sigh
 Dost with perfumed breath supply;

* The French word *Marguerite*, meaning both *pearl* and *daisy*, is a constant theme for the poets of every age, and furnishes a compliment to the many princesses of that name.

When they through the forest rove,
Spreading wily nets of love,
That, for lovely Flora made,
May detain her in the shade.

April, by thy hand carest,
Nature from her genial breast
Loves her richest gifts to shower,
And awakes her magic power :
Till all earth and air are rife
With delight, and hope, and life.

April, nymph for ever fair,
On my mistress' sunny hair
Scattering wreaths of odours sweet,
For her snowy bosom meet ;
April, full of smiles and grace
Drawn from Venus' dwelling place ;
Thou, from earth's enamel'd plain,
Yield'st the Gods their breath again.

"Tis thy courteous hand doth bring
Back the messenger of spring ;
And, his tedious exile o'er,
Hail'st the swallow's wing once more.

The eglantine and hawthorn bright,
The thyme, and pink, and jasmine white,
Don their purest robes to be
Guests, fair April, worthy thee.

The nightingale—sweet hidden sound !
Midst the clust'ring boughs around,
Charms to silence notes that wake
Soft discourse from bush and brake :
And bids every list'ning thing
Pause awhile to hear her sing !

'Tis to thy return we owe
Love's fond sighs that learn to glow
After Winter's chilling reign
Long has bound them in her chain.
'Tis thy smile to being warms
All the busy, shining swarms,
Which, on perfumed pillage bent,
Fly from flower to flower, intent ;
Till they load their golden thighs
With the treasure each supplies.

May may boast her ripen'd hues,
Richer fruits, and flowers, and dews,
And those glowing charms that well
All the happy world can tell ;
But, sweet April ! thou shalt be
Still a chosen month for me,
For thy birth to her is due,*
Who all grace and beauty gave,
When the gaze of Heaven she drew,
Fresh from ocean's foamy wave.

* Venus.

R

ESTIENNE JODELLE.

ESTIENNE JODELLE was not only celebrated in his time as a poet, but as an architect, painter, and sculptor. Some attribute to him the invention of French verse composed in the manner of Latin verse, according to the quantity of syllables —others consider Baif as entitled to the honour; which fact it is, however, of little consequence to establish, for the invention soon fell into contempt. There appears more reason to pronounce Jodelle the first who introduced into the French language tragedy and comedy, according to the rules of the ancients. He composed two tragedies, Cleopatra and Dion, and two comedies, *La Rencontre* and *l'Eugène*.

Jodelle was one of those who wished to change the form of the French language; but by rendering it demi-Greek, as Ronsard and Du Bartas did, they introduced a barbarous jargon, which, though it met with great success at court, could not fail to be held by the judicious in contempt. His facility appears to have been extraordinary: his Cleopatra is said to have cost him only the attention of ten mornings, his Eugène less, and he had the power of composing for a wager in one night five hundred Latin verses: he frequently produced his sonnets extempore, but the merit of any of his works is not sufficient to induce the reader to wade through them, and the trifling specimens given are all that appeared to be worth notice. He died in 1573, aged forty-one.

La Mothe, in enumerating the works of Jodelle, mentions a poem which, from its nature, one might imagine would not have been very long: "Les Discours de Jules César avant le passage du Rubicon," yet he says it consists of "*dix mille vers, pour le moins.*"

Du Bellay calls him the "Grave, doux et copieux Jodelle." Pasquier recounts his having said of himself "Si un Ronsard avoit le dessus d'un Jodelle le matin, l'après-diner Jodelle l'emporteroit de Ronsard." The Cardinal du Perron, however, appears not to have shared his high opinion of his own powers, for he says "Jodelle has never done anything worth mentioning," and "qu'il faisoit des vers de *Pois-pilés*, et de mauvaises farces qui divertissoient la populace." The cardinal's judgment is now generally adopted: and of the sonnets which la Mothe praises as made so rapidly, "que il les a tous faicts en se promenant et s'amusant parfois à autres choses, si soudainement que, quand il nous les disoit, nous pensions qu'il ne les eust encore commencez,"—not one appears to possess any other merit than the singularity he names.

TO MADAME DE PRIMADIS.

Voyant, madame, un bel œuvre, &c.*

I saw thee weave a web with care,
 Where, at thy touch, fresh roses grew,
 And marvell'd they were form'd so fair,
 And that thy heart such nature knew :
 Alas ! how idle my surprise !
 Since nought so plain can be,
 Thy cheek their richest hue supplies,
 And in thy breath their perfume lies,
 Their grace, their beauty, all are drawn from thee !

JEAN DORAT.

JEAN DORAT, or Daurat, called in Latin Auratus, began his career as preceptor of the pages of the King, but exercised this employment only one year. He then established an academy at the college of Coqueret, of which he was governor, and there persons of the greatest talent flocked to receive his instructions. Ronsard was one of his principal pupils, and lauds him extremely in many of his poems. His knowledge of Greek and Latin was very extensive, and he was considered, though on what grounds it is hard to conjecture, an excellent poet in his native tongue : his chief merit, if such it can be termed, seems to have been his having first introduced *anagrams* into the language, a species of dulness much in vogue at his time. He held in such high esteem the prophecies of Nostradamus* as to explain them publicly

■ It may not be out of place to say something of this extraordinary person who commanded the attention of his age, and was looked upon as an oracle. He was born at Salon, in the diocese of Arles, where he died in 1566—his tomb is still shown, of which many fables are told, and there is a tradition that he was buried alive. His verses called Centuries he wrote by hundreds, and they might be applied to events past, present, and to come. His first seven Centuries were published at Lyons, in 1555. Finding they met with great success, he published three more, and dedicated the whole to King Henry the Second. This monarch, and Catherine de Medicis, held them in much esteem. He received rewards from several princes, and before his death his Centuries amounted to twelve. The best edition of his works is that of the Elzevirs, date

to his pupils : he died at Paris, aged eighty. So worthless do his compositions appear, that, but that he was of so much consequence in his own time, one of the Pleïade, and looked upon as the father of literature, it would not have been deemed necessary to introduce his name at all.

1668, at the beginning are represented two of the most remarkable events predicted by him, i. e. the death of Charles the First, of England, in 1649, and the great fire of London in 1666.

He foretold the death of Henry the Second, in 1555, and it happened in 1559 ; he also predicted the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurred in 1572, his death having happened six years previous. One of his predictions was, that in 1792 the christian religion would be abolished in France, and many of the nobles and clergy put to death.

His famous Quatrain relating to Henry the Second's death by the spear of Montgomery entering the bars of his gilt helmet, and piercing his eye, is as follows :

Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera
 En champ bellique par singulier duel,
 Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crévera.
 Deux plaies une, puis mourir ! mort cruelle !

The well known distich on his Centuries which follows has been attributed to Jodelle, Beze, and others :

Nostra damus, cum falsa damus : nam fallere nostrum est ;
 Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.

TO CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, REGENT.

Si j'ay servy cinq rois fidélement.*

IF faithful to five kings I've been,
And forty years have fill'd the scene,
Till learning's stream a torrent grows,
And France with knowledge overflows ;
While fame is ours from shore to shore,
For ancient and for modern lore ;
Methinks, if I deserve such fame,
And nations thus applaud my name,
"Twill sound but ill that men should say,
"Beneath the Regent Catherine's sway—
Patron of arts, of wits the pride—
Of want and famine Dorat died!"

* See Le Parnasse François, edit. Paris, 1732.

FRANÇOIS DE LOUVENCOURT
DE VAUCHELLES.*

Je n'eus pas le moyen seulement de luy dire
Un adieu comme il faut, &c.

I HAD not even time to say
 The fond adieu that swell'd my heart,
So quickly sped the hour away,
 And brought the signal to depart.
Alas, that moment to review,
 So full of sad regret and pain,
Seems all my suff'rings to renew,
 And makes me weep those tears again.
I thought to tell her all my care,
 Yet dared not breathe a single word,
Lest she should smile at my despair,
 Or but some chilling look afford.
How blissfully that hour flew by !
 But ah ! as transient as dear—
Like meteors in a tranquil sky,
 That in bright sparkles disappear.

* His poems are dedicated to the Princess Catherine d'Orléans de Longueville, edit. 1595.

JACQUES DAVY DU PERRON.

JACQUES DAVY DU PERRON was born at St. Lo, in Lower Normandy, 15th November, 1556 : he died 5th September, 1618. Till the age of seventeen he was brought up by his father in the opinions of Calvin, which he afterwards renounced, and became a cardinal. He was greatly esteemed at the court of Henry the Third, and by all the poets of his time. An anecdote is told of his extraordinary memory : being one day with the king, to whom he was reader, a poet having recited a very long poem, du Perron assured his majesty that he was the author of the verses, and to prove the fact, offered to repeat them word for word : this he immediately did, in a manner that left no doubt of the truth of his assertion ; having gained this triumph, he restored the honour to the real author. He was very fond of reprinting his poems even after he became a cardinal, though their subjects were principally amatory. His poem on the death of the Duke de Joyeuse is esteemed, and also his funeral oration on the death of Mary Stuart.

Perrault, in his ‘Hommes illustres du 17^e siècle,’ thus remarks : “ It is difficult to comprehend how du Perron, who lived at the time of Ronsard, should speak the language of the present day, and that his style should have advanced to that which was not in general use till more than sixty years afterwards.”

After the death of Henry the Fourth he retired into the country, and it is said when he was ill, so impatient was he of suffering, that great as he was, he wished it had been possible for him to exchange all his preferment, all his knowledge, and all his reputation for the health of the curé of Bagnolet.*

* A village near Paris, of which du Perron was *seigneur*.

*Quand l'infidèle usoit envers moi de ses charmes,
Son traistre cœur m'alloit de soupirs esmouvant, &c.**

WHEN she, who made my heart her prize,
 By gentle vows that seem'd so fair,
All sighs her breath, all tears her eyes,—
 That were but water and but air !
'Twas by her eyes, false lights ! she swore—
 Her aids in cruel perjury,
Our love should ne'er a change deplore,—
 But ah ! her eyes are false as she !
Those eyes where lurk such foes to joy,
 'Twere strange if they their art forgot ;—
Those eyes are hers but to destroy,
 And useless if they injure not.
'Twas by her eyes she vow'd to prove
 Still the same truth that then she knew :
Nor spoke she false—though changed her love—
 For never yet that love was true !
'Twas by her eyes she vow'd—and they
 Gave tears that told her heart opprest :
They seem'd like founts of truth to play
 Round that unshaken rock, her breast.
But how betray'd was I—how vain !
 Nor mark'd what guile her thoughts involved,

* From 'Les Muses Françoises,' edit. 1607.

"Twas but a vapour of her brain,
That in a passing shower dissolved.
Alas ! had I adored her less,
That fickle grace I would not blame :
Nor mourn her falsehood's harsh excess,—
But ah ! my love deserved the name !

Learn, ye deceived, of each deceiver,
To risk no hopes, to be unmoved—
To war with oaths, to trust her never,
And only love ~~as~~ ye are loved.
If real faith can e'er be found,
Love well, nor let a care intrude ;
But those chameleon hearts—unsound,
Give them but air, their proper food.
Ungrateful maid ; thy perfidy
Instructs my heart this lore to know :
The lesson taught too soon by thee
These lines shall pay—'tis all I owe !

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

PIERRE DE RONSARD belonged to a noble family of the Vendomois. He was born 1524 at the château de la Poissonnière ; his father was Chevalier de l'Ordre, and Maitre d'Hôtel to Francis the First : he came at an early age to Paris, and studied at the college of Navarre for a time, when he became page, at twelve years old, to the dauphin, on whose death the Duke of Orleans, his brother, took him into his service, from whence he passed to James Stuart, King of Scotland, who visited Paris in order to espouse Magdalen of France. Ronsard followed him to Scotland, and there, and in England, passed two years : on his return he once more entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, who employed him in different negotiations.

He travelled to Italy, where falling sick, he returned home, and, having become rather deaf, he was induced to embrace the profession of the church, and to renew his study of the belles lettres, in which he made rapid progress under the auspices of Jean Dorat. Charles the Ninth bestowed on him the Priories of Croix-Val and St. Cosme-lez-Tours, as well as the abbey of Bellozane. Auguste de Thou says that Ronsard read with so much application the works of the ancients, and so happily imitated them, that he not only equalled, but in many instances surpassed the most famous poets of antiquity : he considers him the most accomplished poet since the reign of Augustus.

The two Scaligers, Adrien Turnèbe, Marc Antoine Muret, Estienne Pasquier, Scévole de St. Marthe, Pierre Pithou, Davy du Perron, and many other learned men of his time, add to which several among those of foreign nations,

as Pierre Victorius, Spero Speronius, Thomassin, Joseph Vossius, Olaus Borrichius, have ranked him as the finest of French poets, and some have gone so far as to consider him the third of the universe, placing him immediately after Homer and Virgil. Marguerite, Duchess of Savoy, so renowned for her virtues and great knowledge, esteemed him highly, and was the cause that her brother, Henry the Second, appreciated and rewarded him in the manner he did.

He was the first who introduced the ode in France, and also ventured to compose an epic poem, entitled the *Franciade*.* At the Jeux Floraux of Thoulouse, he gained the first prize, which is a silver eglantine; this, however, was considered too mean a reward for such a poet, and the parliament and nobles voted him a massive silver Minerva of considerable value, which they sent him, and which Ronsard immediately presented to the king, Henry the Second, who was highly flattered by the tribute. Ronsard was forthwith named by the parliament of Thoulouse ‘*Le Poète François*,’ par excellence. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the writings of Ronsard, and sent him a diamond of great price, comparing the beauty and brilliancy of his verses to the finest gem. To the fair and unfortunate Mary Stuart his verses were a source of consolation during her confinement. To testify her sense of the poet’s devotion, which so many of his verses expressed, and in acknowledgment of the praises he lavished upon her, she directed her secretary Nauzon to send him a buffet worth two thousand crowns, in which was a vase in the form of a rose tree, representing Parnassus, and a Pegasus above, on which was inscribed :

A Ronsard, l’Apollon de la source des Muses.

Henry the Second, Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third distinguished Rousard by their admi-

* Called by Binet his ‘ Divine Work.’

ration, and the benefits they conferred on him. Charles the Ninth, in particular, had much affection for him,* and took great pleasure in conversing with him, and in writing to him in verse, in which he regarded him as his master. He ordered in all his journeys that the poet should be carefully lodged in the palace or house which he himself occupied. The following lines are more remarkable for the esteem which he appears to have felt for Ronsard, than for their poetical merit :

Ronsard, je connois bien que si tu ne me vois
 Tu oublies soudain de ton grand roy la vois ;
 Mais pour t'en souvenir, pense que je n'oublie
 Continuer toujours d'apprendre en poësie :
 Et pour ce j'ai voulu t'envoyer cest esprit,
 Pour enthousiasmer ton phantastique esprit.

Donc ne t'amuser plus à faire ton mesnage ;
 Maintenant n'est plus tems de faire jardinage :
 Il faut suivre tou roy, qui t'aime par sus tous,
 Pour les vers qui de toy coulent braves et doux ;
 Et crois, si tu ne viens me trouver à Amboise,
 Qu'entre nous adviendra une bien grande noise.

Ronsard died at his priory of St. Cosme, 27th December, 1585, in his sixty-second year. He had suffered much from illness during several years, but preserved his faculties entire to the last, dictating, even on his death-bed, several poems, and finishing two sonnets, in which he recommends his soul to mercy. He was buried with little ceremony : but twenty-four years after his death, Joachim de la Chetardie, being Prieur Commanditaire of St. Cosme, indignant that so great a poet should receive so little honour, and remain with no inscription to his memory, erected a handsome tomb of

" Bon et vertueux prince, père des bons esprits."

Vie de Ronsard.

marble, with his statue executed by one of the most famous Parisian sculptors.

In 1586, 24th February, a service and ‘Pompe Funèbre’ was performed for him in the chapel of the college of Boncour, at which many exalted personages assisted. The royal band attended, and Mauduit, one of the best musicians of the time, and a friend of Ronsard’s, was the composer employed. Jacques Davy du Perron, afterwards Cardinal, pronounced his funeral oration in the court of the said college, which was arranged for the occasion, and so numerous was the assembly, that the Cardinal de Bourbon, and many other princes and great men were obliged to return, being unable to penetrate the crowd.

Ronsard preserved unimpaired his great reputation till Malherbe criticised his works so severely, although he allows him great merit for imagination.

Boileau, after having praised Marot, thus speaks of Ronsard :

Ronsard, qui le suivit, par un autre méthode
Réglant tout, brouilla tout, fit un art à sa mode,
Et toutefois long-temps eut un heureux destin ;
Mais sa muse, en François parlant Grec et Latin,
Vit dans l'âge suivant, par un retour grotesque,
Tomber de ses grands mots le faste pédantesque.

Nevertheless there is much merit amidst the bombast of Ronsard, and he deserves, perhaps, more praise than has been awarded him : he, however, created a style which was servilely followed by a host of contemporary poets, many of whom possessed his defects without his genius, and France was inundated with sonnets, amours, bergeries, à la mode de Ronsard usque ad nauseam !

In his life by Claude Binet, appended to his works, the following remarks occur :—

“ As the child was being carried from the château de

Poissonnière to the village of Coustures to be christened, the person who carried him, in crossing a meadow, accidentally let him fall on the flowery turf, which softly received him, another person hastening to take up the infant, spilt over him a vase of rose water, which she was bearing—these were considered as presages of his future fame and excellence.

He had constantly the works of some celebrated French poet in his hand, and chiefly delighted in Jehan Lemaire de Belge, the Romance of the Rose, Coquillart, and Clément Marot.

After Ronsard's 'Amours' appeared, and the four books of his odes, the swarm of petty poets which started up, because they could compose a ballad, a chant royal, or a rondeau, however insipid it might be, supposed themselves entitled to the same honours as the master poet, and from time to time caused him some annoyance : he alludes to this in one of his 'Hymnes.'

Escarte loin de mon chef
Tout malheur et tout meschef;
Préserve-moi d'infamie,
De toute langue ennemie
Et de tout acte malin,
Et fay que devant mon prince
Désormais plus ne me pince
Le tenaille de Mellin.

He, however, afterwards altered the last line, as Mellin de St. Gelais sought his friendship. This crowd of railers and imitators continuing to attack him, ridiculing his style, accusing him of obscurity and affectation, he was induced to simplify his ideas, and, to assist the comprehension of his readers, de Muret and Remy Belleau undertook to write annotations to the first and second part of his 'Amours,' which are sometimes pleasing and learned, though, as is usual in such cases, they assist but little in making the author's meaning clear.

Binet considers that his most appropriate epitaph may be found in a line of his own :

Je suis Ronsard, et cela te suffise.

Ronsard always expressed great contempt for *poetasters* who, he said, esteemed their *rhymed prose* as fine verse; that poetry, being the language of gods, ought not to be lightly attempted by man, and none but the inspired ought to attempt it at all.

TO HIS LYRE.

Lyre dorée où Phœbus seulement.*

OH, golden lyre, whom all the muses claim,
And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
My solace in all woes that Fate has sent;
At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
The dance springs gaily at thy jocund call,
And with thy music echo bower and hall.

When thou art heard the lightnings cease to play,
And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away;
Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
His eagle droops his wing, and sleeps resign'd;
As, at thy power his all pervading eye
Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.

* Edit. of his poems, with commentary by Muret, Paris, 1587.

To him may ne'er elysian joys belong,
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song.
Pride of my youth!—I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy godlike tone;
I tuned thee first, for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound:
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.

Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorn'd of men;
Who once at monarchs' feasts, so gaily dight,
Fill'd all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought—Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.

Then forth, through lovely France, we took our way,
And Loir resounded many an early lay:
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And pour'd th' exulting song of victory.

He who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou, my forest! and each pleasant wood

Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
When Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose ;
Ye sacred choir, whom Braye's fair walls enclose,
Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
That through the universe shall spread his fame ;
His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
And all be subject to his sounding lyre.
Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise,
Even now the sons of France applaud my lays :
Me, as their bard, above the rest they choose.
To you be thanks, oh each propitious muse !
That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
To celebrate my country and my king !

Oh ! if I please, oh ! if my songs awake
Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
If I the harper of fair France may be,
If men shall point and say, 'Lo ! that is he :'
If mine may prove a destiny so proud
That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
If on my head I place a starry crown,
To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown !*

* Several parts of the above poem will remind the reader of Moore's exquisite Irish melody, 'Dear Harp of my Country !' but the French poet is so well satisfied with *himself*, that it is with some difficulty we can accord to him his just meed of praise.

FROM HIS ' LOVES.'

Une beauté de quinze ans, enfantine.

FIFTEEN lovely, childish springs,
Hair of gold in crisped rings,
Cheek and lip with roses spread,
Smile, that to the stars can lead,
Grace, whose every turn can please,
Virtue worthy charms like these.
Breast, within whose virgin snows
Lies a gentle heart that glows
Midst the sparkling thoughts of youth
All divine with steady truth;*
Eyes, that make a day of night;
Hands, whose touch so soft and light
Hold my soul a prisoner long;
Voice, whose soft, entrancing song,
Now a smile, and now a sigh
Interrupts melodiously!
These are charms, within whose spell
All my peace and reason dwell.

* These lines remind one of Lord Byron's, in his description of Zuleika :

"The heart whose softness harmonized the whole."

LOVES.

Œil, qui des miens à ton vouloir disposes.

EYES, which dispose my every glance at will,
The sun that rules each planet of my sky :
Smile, which from liberty debars me still,
And canst transform me at thy fantasy ;
Bright silver tears ! that fall like balmy dew,
And bid me hope thy pity to obtain ;
Hands, which my soul a willing captive drew,
Imprison'd ever in a rosy chain :
So much I am your own, so well has love
Within my heart your images portray'd,
That envious time nor death can e'er remove
The glowing impress which his pencil made ;
And there shall still, through all my life of pain,
Those eyes, that smile, that hand, those tears remain !

LOVES.

Cesse tes pleurs.

My sorrowing muse, no more complain,
'Twas not ordain'd for thee,
While yet the bard in life remain,
 The meed of fame to see.
The poet, till the dismal gulf be past,
Knows not what honours crown his name at last.
Perchance, when years have roll'd away,
 My Loir shall be a sacred stream,
 My name a dear and cherish'd theme,
And those who in that region stray
 Shall marvel such a spot of earth
 Could give so great a poet birth.
Revive, my muse, for virtue's ore
 In this vain world is counted air,
 But held a gem beyond compare
When 'tis beheld on earth no more.
Rancour the living seeks, the dead alone
Enjoy their fame, to envy's blights unknown.

TO HIS MISTRESS'S DOG.

Petit barbet ! que tu es bienheureux ! &c.

On happy favourite, how blest,
Within her arms so gently prest,
If thou couldst know what bliss is thine
On that dear bosom to recline !
Whilst I endure a life of pain,
Condemn'd to murmur and complain !
For, all too well, alas ! I know
Each fickle change from joy to woe,
The fatal lore I learnt too soon,
And lost my day before its noon.
Oh, that I were a village clown,
Senseless, unfeeling, stupid grown,
A labourer, whose only care
His daily food is to prepare !
My reason only sorrow brings,
And all my pain from knowledge springs !

EPITAPH DE MARIE.*

Cy reposent les oz de la belle Marie,
Qui me fist pour Anjou quitter mon Vandômois, &c.

HERE lies my Mary ! she who lured me first
From fair Vendôme in Anjou's meads to rove,
She who my fond, my early passion nurst,
Who was my hope, my being, and my love.
Honour and gentleness with her lie low,
That tender beauty, now my soul's despair !
The torch of Love, his arrows and his bow,
My heart, my thoughts, my life are buried there.
Thou art, fair spirit, starr'd amidst the skies,
And angels gaze enraptured on those eyes ;
Earth sadly mourns her richest jewel fled,
But thou still livest, and 'tis I am dead !
Ah, wretch ! whom too much trust, alas ! betray'd,
Whose heart three friends a ruin'd shrine have made.
Ah, Mary ! sad the lot reserved for me,
Deceived by love, and by the world, and thee !

* See concerning this lady "les mélanges tirés d'une petite bibliothèque," by M. Charles Nodier.

TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

ALL beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compared to hers is void, and Nature's care
Ne'er form'd a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn :
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint :
With all his richest store love deck'd her eyes :
The graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

The day that was to bear her far away—
Why was I mortal to behold that day !
Oh, had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen,
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,
That I might weep, as weep amidst their bowers
The nymphs, when winter winds have cropt their flowers :
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,
Or when the trees are riven by the storm :
Or rather, would that I some bird had been,
Still to be near her in each changing scene,

Still on the highest mast to watch all day,
And like a star to mark her vessel's way ;
The dangerous billows past, on shore, on sea,
Near that dear face it still were mine to be.

Oh France ! where are thy ancient champions gone—
Roland, Rinaldo—is there living none
Her steps to follow, and her safety guard,
And deem her lovely looks their best reward,
Which might subdue the pride of mighty Jove
To leave his heaven, and languish for her love !
No fault is hers, but in her royal state,
For simple love dreads to approach the great,
He flies from regal pomp, that treacherous snare,
Where truth unmark'd may wither in despair.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,
The tempest check its fury at her sight,
The sea be calm : her beauty to behold,
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold,
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Je n'ay voulu, Madame, que ce livre
Passast la mer, &c.

I WOULD NOT, lady, that this book of mine
Should pass the seas by thee unseen, unknown,
Whose presence yields all that we deem divine,
All Heaven can give, or Nature calls her own !

I would it follow'd wheresoe'er thou art,
In solitude, or midst a nation's gaze,
Where, as they hail thee, each devoted heart
Swells with their sovereign's honour and her praise :

I would it follow'd thee, when from the throng
Of loyal subjects thou, retired, may'st muse,
When, free from cares that still to state belong,
Thou wilt not to thy lute a lay refuse :

And mine, perchance, the happy verse may prove
Destined to soothe thee—chosen, the rest above,—
Oh ! all the honour of the world to me
Is nought compared to that of pleasing thee !

My book, 'twere hard if England claim'd thee all,
And thou from Scotland shouldst too long delay ;

Where, ready at thy mistress' slightest call,
Thou may'st thy tender, duteous homage pay.

Then shalt thou, happy far beyond thy race,
Behold two queens whom the same seas enclose,
Whose fame their billows would in vain oppose,
Which fills the universe and boundless space !

'Tis meet that, since for both I frame these lays,
They should each separate beauty fitly praise ;
That each should at her feet the gift survey,
Which shall the bard's devoted zeal display.

Oh, happier than thy master's is thy lot—
Thou goest, my verse, where I so fain would be ;
Oft in my dreams I reach that blessed spot,
But waking, lo ! between us roars the sea !
Oh ! could I pass even as my thoughts have done,
Soon would the dear, the envied goal be won !
And I should gaze on eyes whose radiant light
Can make eternal day of darkest night !

There, throned in that celestial place of earth,
Virtue, and courtesy, and honour dwell,
And beauty, which from heaven derived its birth,
And by its dazzling splendour seems to tell
How fair the angels are, for ever blest,
Since, by a part, we judge of all the rest.

She, peerless lady, will with joyous air
Welcome thee, happy page, with many a smile ;

With her soft hand receive thee to her care,
And bid thee speak of Ronsard's fate the while :
Where dwells he now, what does he, how he fares ?
And thou shalt answer, that he lives in woe,
That life is tasteless—that no bliss he shares,
Weary, alone, the woods his sorrow know;
And, with no hope of solace, evermore
A prince, two kings, his tears in vain deplore !

TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Encores que la mer de bien loin nous sépare, &c.

ALTHOUGH the envious seas divide us far,
Thine eye, Heaven's brightest, most immortal star,
Will not consent that time nor space should sever
From thee the heart that is thine own for ever.
Oh queen ! who hold'st in bonds so rare a queen,
Thy counsels change, assuage thy bitter ire !
The sun in all his course has never seen
A deed so foul, so vengeful, and so dire !

Degenerate race ! what mean those shining arms
Which Renault, Launcelot, Orlando bore ?
The helpless sex they should protect from harms,
But lo ! they can oppose, defend, no more !
Rust, ye vain trophies, idle, useless, all,
France has no sons to win a queen from thrall !

MOTIN.*

Qui retarde tes pas enserrez d'une chaîne,
Sans à moy revenir, infidele trompeur ? &c.

WHY linger thus—what heavy chain
Can absence round thee throw !
Hast thou some pleasure in my pain—
Think'st thou Love's food is woe ?
And I—alas ! what idle dream
Made thy false heart all fondness seem !
If faith that heart has ever known,
'Tis constancy to change alone.

No more for his return I pray,
Who smiles content to view my pain;
My doubts, my hopes are past away,
My fears and his untruth remain.

Still-glitt'ring gem, why break'st thou not ?
A pledge he gave in early days,
Since all his passion is forgot,
What boots thy unextinguish'd blaze :
Thou still art bright and pure, but he
In hardness only is like thee.

* See "Le Parnasse des plus Excellens Poëtes de ce tems edit. 1607, Paris.

I gaze on thee with sad regret,
I strive to think on him no more ;
Oh ! could I but as soon forget
As I, too soon, believed before !
Had I foreseen my lonely state,
Oh, had I not been wise too late,
Or learnt from him the happy art
To hide each feeling of my heart !

Ye letters that his love record,
True portraits of his fickle mind,
How have I dwelt on each fond word,
Like him, how false—like him, how kind !
Oh, that my hand and heart had power
To bid the flames your lines devour ;
Or cease to read them, and deplore,
Or, reading, could believe no more !
But no, I dwell upon ye still,
And with vain hope my cares amuse,
My thoughts with treacherous memories fill,
And in a dream existence lose !

MAYNARD.*

Bien que vos yeux brûlent mon ame, &c.

ALTHOUGH thine eyes consume my soul,
 Yet, by their power I swear,
None shall perceive their strong control,
 Nor guess my secret care.
My tongue shall guard the truth so well
 In all my misery,
That not a struggling sigh shall tell
 What I endure for thee.
No, none shall hear, no, none record
 How all my hopes decay ;
And fear not thou a single word
 My passion should betray.
The only cause thou hast for fear
 Is that, when I am cold,
Those who upon the mournful bier
 My senseless form behold,
May find, in characters of flame,
 Graved on my breast thy cherish'd name !

* See *Parnasse*.

PHILIPPE DESPORTES.

PHILIPPE DESPORTES was born at Chartres, and died in 1606. He was canon of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, Abbé of Tiron of Josaphat, Vaux-Cernay, Aurillac and Bon Port. His modesty induced him to refuse several bishoprics, among others even that of Bourdeaux.

His family was respectable, but poor, and in his youth he entered the service of a bishop, who took him to Rome, where he studied the Italian language, and formed his taste on the model of Italian poetry. He afterwards accompanied Henry the Third to Poland, and became a great favourite with that prince, "son bien aimé et favoré poète," and also with the Duke de Joyeuse, who was all powerful with his doting master. Desportes distinguished himself as much as a good citizen under Henry the Fourth as a good poet: he appears to have been a very amiable man, and to have preferred literary quiet to ambition. His ample fortune he devoted to encouraging men of letters, and in collecting a fine library.

His style is simple and natural, and he reformed much of the pedantic style which Ronsard and his followers had introduced into the French language.

Boileau considers that he profited by the faults of Ronsard, he says :

La chute de Ronsard, trébuché de si haut,
Rendit plus retenus Desportes et Bertaut.

He was liberally rewarded for his poems by Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third. Claude Garnier thus mentions his good fortune :

Et toutefois Desportes
 (Charles de Valois étant bien jeune encor)
 Eut pour son Rodomont huit cent couronnes d'or :
 Je le tiens de lui même , et qu'il eut de Henri
 Dont il étoit nommé le poëte favory,
 Dix mille écus pour faire
 Que ses premiers labeurs honorassent le jour.

DIANE.

Si la foy plus certaine en une âme non feinte, &c.*

If stainless faith and fondness tried,
 If hopes, and looks that softness tell,
 If sighs whose tender whispers hide
 Deep feelings that I would not quell,
 Swift blushes that like clouds appear,
 A trembling voice, a mournful gaze,
 The timid step, the sudden fear,
 The pallid hue that grief betrays,
 If self neglect to live for one,
 If countless tears, and sighs untold,
 If sorrow, to a habit grown,—
 When absent warm, when present cold,
 If these can speak, and thou unmoved canst see,
 The blame be thine—the ruin falls on me !

* Edit. 1600, Paris.

DIANE, LIVRE I.

JE me laisse brûler d'une flamme couverte,
 Sans pleurer, sans gémir, sans en faire semblant ;
 Quant je suis tout en feu, je feins d'estre tremblant,
 Et de peur du péril je consens à ma perte.
 Ma bouche, incessamment aux cris d'amour ouverte,
 N'ose plaindre le mal qui mes sens va troublant ;
 Bien que ma passion, sans cesser redoublant,
 Passe toute douleur qu'autrefois j'ay souffrerte.
 Amans, qui vous plaignez de vostre ardant vouloir
 D'amer en lieu trop haut, de n'oser vous douloir,
 N'égalez vostre cendre à ma flamme incognuë ;
 Car je suis tant, par force, ennemy de mon bien,
 Que je cache ma peine à celle qui me tuë,
 Et, quand elle me plaint, je dy que ce n'est rien !

I PERISH with conceal'd desire,
 No tears, no sighs the truth betray ;
 I tremble with a heart all fire,
 And in my terror pine away.
 My lips no sound but sorrow's know,
 Yet dare not whisper my regret ;
 Though deeper now my secret woe
 Than ever pierced my bosom yet.
 Oh ye who mourn the fatal spell
 That bade ye love above your sphere,

Who fain your hidden thoughts would tell,
Though bitter may your lot appear.
Far worse is mine, whose ev'ry word
Is to myself with misery fraught,
Avoide the balm her looks afford,
And when she pities, says—'tis nought !

DIANE.

O Liet, s'il est ainsi que tu sois inventé, &c

All, gentle couch ! if thou wert made
For soft repose when night descends,
Whence comes it on thy bosom laid
New grief thy lone retreat attends ?
I find no calm, from side to side
Disturb'd and sad I turn in vain,
And restless as the troubled tide,
My heart recals past shades of pain.
I close my throbbing lids, and strive
To lose the memory of care,
But still those dark regrets revive,
And slumber comes not to my prayer :
One comfort thou canst yield to me,
In thee each hope I may confide,
May tell those mournful thoughts to thee
I dare not breathe to aught beside !

JEAN BERTAUT.

JEAN BERTAUT was born at Caen, where he pursued his studies. Afterwards, coming to Paris, he was much esteemed by Henry the Third, and also by Henry the Fourth. He became almoner to Catherine de Medicis, abbé of Aunay, bishop of Seez, and died in 1611.

His works consist of Pièces Galantes, and poems on pious subjects, Translations of the Psalms, and Hymns.

Les cieux inexorables, &c.*

FORTUNE, to me unkind,
So scoffs at my distress,
Each wretch his lot would find
Compared to mine a life of happiness.
My pillow every night
Is water'd by my tears :
Slumber yields no delight,
Nor with her gentle hand my sorrow cheers.
For every fleeting dream
But fills me with alarm ;
And still my visions seem
Too like the waking truth, pregnant with harm.

* *L'Abbé Goujet.*

Justice and mercy's grace,
With faith and constancy,
To guile and wrong give place,
And every virtue seems from me to fly.
Amidst a stormy sea
I perish in despair;
Men come the wreck to see,
And talk of pity while I perish there.
Ye joys, too dearly bought,
Which time can ne'er renew,
Dear torments of my thought,
Why, when ye fled, fled not your memory too !
Alas ! of hopes bereft,
The dreams that once they were,
Is all that now is left,
And memory thus but turns them all to care !

RENAISSANCE D'AMOUR.

Quand je revis ce que j'ai tant aimé,
Peu s'en fallut que mon feu rallumé, &c.

WHEN I met her once more whom so fondly I loved,
My heart with its former emotion was moved;
And I felt like the slave who had wander'd in vain,
And fortune had led to his master again.
What words to delight me—what fears to annoy !
What tender ideas that each other destroy !
And oh ! what regrets that for freedom I strove,
Nor stray'd undisturb'd in the mazes of love !
Alas ! how I sigh'd for the shades that were past,
And turn'd from the wisdom that crown'd me at last !
Oh, chains so delicious ! why could I not bear
Those bonds which 'tis joy, 'tis enchantment to wear :
Too happy is he whom thy fetters adorn,
Why left I the rose for the dread of its thorn !

AMADIS JAMYNN.

THE poems of Jamyn, like too many of those of all the poets of this period, are principally dedicated to the royal family, in a strain of exaggerated flattery. Words seem inadequate to express the perfections of that constellation of virtues, the offspring of the queen mother Catherine de Medicis. It is annoying to find that nothing more can be said in praise of Francis the First, or Henry the Fourth, than has been lavished on characters so opposite, and who, with all their weaknesses, cruelties, and crimes, are held up by this servile race of adulators, as models of piety, bravery, wisdom, and goodness !

CALLIRÉE.

Combien que mon âme alors
Quand ta beauté j'abandonne, &c.*

ALTHOUGH when I depart
My soul that moment flies,
And in Death's chill my heart
Without sensation lies,
Yet still content am I
Once more to tempt my pain,
So pleasant 'tis to die,
To have my life again.

* Edit. 1577.

Even thus I seek my woe,
My happiness to learn ;
It is so blest to go—
So happy to return !

ARTEMIS.

Pource que les mortels sont coustumiers de voir
Flamboyer à tous coups les estoiles nuitales, &c.

BECAUSE each night we may behold
The stars in all their beauty gleam,
And the sun's rays of living gold,
To us but common things they seem.
Far more we prize the gems of earth,
Rubies, and pearls, and diamonds bright,
But little are those treasures worth
Compared to Heaven, who gave their light.
But when I gaze, enrapt, on thee,
I know the miracle thou art,
Whether thy mind or form it be
That charms each feeling of my heart,
The more I see thee yet the more
Thy bright perfections I adore.

D'HUXATTIME.*

LE REPENTIR DU REPENTIR.

Reviens, mon cœur, reviens, regarde au ciel ton ourse,
Tu te pers trop souvent,
Tu sembles au cheval qui se tue en sa course
Pour attraper du vent, &c.

RETURN again, return, look towards thy polar star,
Too oft thou'rt lost, my soul :
Like to the fiery steed, whose speed is urged too far,
And dies without a goal.
As yet ungather'd all by any friendly hand,
Thy tender blossoms die,
Like bending, fruitful, trees that on the way side stand,
But for the passer by.

* * * *

The lively flame that once within me burn'd so high
Is now extinct and fled,
I feel another fire its former place supply
More holy and more dread :
My heart with other love has taught its pulse to glow,
My prison gates unclose ;

My laws I frame myself, no lord but reason now
 My rescued bosom knows.
Upon a sea of love the raging storms I braved,
 And 'scaped the vengeful main ;
Wretched, alas, is he who, from the wreck once saved,
 Trusts to the winds again.

* * * *

* * * *

If I should ever love, my flame shall flourish well
 More secret than confest,
And in my thought alone shall be content to dwell
 More soul than body's guest.
If I should ever love, an angel's love be mine,
 And in the mind endure ;
Love is a son of Heaven, nor will he e'er combine
 With elements less pure.
If I should ever love, 'twill be in paths unknown,
 Where virtue may be tried ;
I ask no beaten way, too wide, too common grown
 To every foot beside.
If I should ever love, 'twill be a heart unstain'd,
 Which boldly struggles still,
And with a hermit's strength has, unsubdued, main-
 tain'd
 A ceaseless war with ill.
If I should ever love, a pure, chaste heart 'twill be,
 And not a winged thing,
Which like the swallow lives, and flits from tree to tree,
 And can but love in spring.

It shall be you, bright eyes, blest stars that gild my night,
 Centre of all desire,
 In the immortal blaze and splendour of whose light
 Fain would my life expire !
 Eyes which shine purely thus in love and majesty,
 Who ever saw ye glow,
 Nor worshipp'd at your shrine, an infidel must be,
 Or can no transport know.
 Brighteyes ! which well can teach what force is in a ray,
 What dread in looks so dear ;
 Alas ! I languish near, I perish when away,
 And while I hope I fear !
 Bright eyes ! round whom the stars in jealous crowds
 appear,
 In envy of your light,
 Rather than see no more your splendour, soft and clear,
 I'd sleep in endless night.
 Blest eyes ! who gazes rapt sees all the boundless store
 Of love and fond desire,
 Where vanquish'd Love himself has graven all his lore
 In characters of fire !
 Bright eyes—ah ! is't not true your promises are fair ?
 Without a voice ye sigh,
 Love asks from ye no sound, for words are only air
 That idly wanders by.
 Ha ! thus my soul at once all thy sage visions fly,
 Thou tempt'st again the flood :
 Thou canst not fix but to inconstancy,
 And but repent'st of good !

DE PORCHÈRES.*

REGRETS SUR UN DEPART.

Quand premier je la veids, cette âme de mon âme,
Amour ! pour la brusler que n'avois-je ta flamme ! &c.

SOUL of my soul ! when first I saw her face,
Why, to inspire her, had I not love's flame !
Or else his blindness, not to see her grace,
Since, to escape, his wings I could not claim.
After sweet hours of joy she leaves me now,
And to my soul leaves but its mournful part,
The memory of bliss, my source of woe,——
Oh Fate ! since absence must divide each heart,
Be cold indifference o'er the present cast,
Or dim oblivion o'er my pleasures past !

* From *Parnasse des Muses Françoises*.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

SONG.*

Charmante Gabrielle !

My charming Gabrielle !

My heart is pierced with woe,
When glory sounds her knell,
And forth to war I go :

Parting !—perchance our last !
Day, mark'd unblest to prove !
Oh that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love !

Bright star, whose light I lose—

Oh fatal memory !
My grief each thought renews . . .
We meet again, or die !

Parting, &c.

Oh share and bless the crown

By valour given to me,
War made the prize my own,
My love awards it thee !

Parting, &c.

* Anthologie Française, ed. de 1765.

Let all my trumpets swell,
And every echo round
The words of my farewell
Repeat with mournful sound.

Parting, &c.

A P P E N D I X.

APPENDIX.

SONG OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION IN HIS CAPTIVITY.*

(Page 21.)

Ja nuls hom pres non dira sa razon
Adrechament, si com hom dolens non ;
Mas per conort deu hom faire canson :
Pro n'ay d'amis, mas paure son li dou,
Ancta lur es, si per ma recenzon
Soi sai dos yvers pres.

Or sapchon ben miey hom e miey baron,
Angles, Norman, Peytavin e Gascon,
Qu'ieu non ay ja si paure compagnou
Qu'ieu laissasse, per aver, en prison ;
Non ho die mia per nulla retraison,
Mas anquar soi ie pres.

Car sai eu ben per ver, certanament,
Qu' hom mort ni pres n'amic ni parent,
E si m laissan per aur ni per argent,
Mal m'es per mi, ma pieg m'es per ma gent,
Qu'apres ma mort n'auran reprochament
Si sai mi laisson pres.

* Raynouard. Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours. Paris, 6 vols. 1819, Didot.

No m meravilh s'ieu ay lo cor dolent,
 Que mos senher met ma terra en turment ;
 No li membra del nostra sagrament
 Que nos feimes el sans cominalment ;
 Ben sai de ver que gaire longament
 Non serai en sai pres.

Suer comtessa, vostre pretz sobeiran
 Sal Dieus, e gard la bella qu'ieu am tan,
 Ni per cui soi ja pres.

FREE TRANSLATION OF RICHARD'S SONG.

Ah ! what avails the captive's strain,
 Whose numbers wake but to complain !
 Yet there is comfort still in song,
 My solitary solace long.
 Still may I sing of friends afar,
 Beloved in peace, admired in war :
 Can sordid gold have sway with those,
 That thus they leave me to my foes !
 If sordid gold could make me free,
 The shame to them—the grief to me !
 Two winters past!—how sad, how chill !
 And Richard is a prisoner still !

On ye, my barons, I rely,
 Of England, Poictiers, Gascony,
 My Norman followers, can it be
 Unmoved your monarch's fall ye see !
 Has with'ring avarice changed my land,

And closed each open heart and hand !
 I would not cherish thoughts of ill,
 But Richard is a prisoner still !

Alas ! too well I know what fate
 The weary prisoner may await,—
 Forgot, neglected, he may die,
 Nor claim, or friend's, or kindred's sigh :
 But if for dross you let me pine,
 I mourn your fate far more than mine.
 My death reproach and shame shall bring,
 And your own hearts remorse shall sting,
 That let regret and bondage kill,
 For Richard is a prisoner still !

What wonder if my fainting soul
 Sinks under sorrow's fierce control,
 When mem'ry brings before my sight
 Each cherish'd friend, each gallant knight,
 And bids my wounded heart recall
 The sacred vows that bound us all ;
 What wonder that I start in pain,
 And ponder o'er those vows in vain !

And when I muse on her whose love
 All other hopes was far above,
 Whose captive I must ever be,
 Though Heaven, who guards her, set me free :
 My eyes with tears of anguish fill,
 To feel I am a prisoner still !

In Walpole's ' Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' a translation is given of this celebrated song, beginning

" If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain ; "

but the sense of the original has been strangely misunderstood, the spirit quite lost, and the lines are singularly unmusical. In Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music is also a version, beginning

"No wretched captive of his prison speaks."

MARIE DE FRANCE.

(Page 43.)

In the work on Natural Magic by John Baptista Porta (called by Sir Thomas Brown "that famous philosopher of Naples") occurs the following passage:

"Homini sic lupi visus est noxius, ut quem prius contemplatus fuerit, vocem adimat, et anticipatus obtutu nocentis, licet clamare desideret, vocis ministerio caret; si se prauissim senserit, conticescit, et, ferocitate torpescente, gravem virium iacturam facit. Unde natum proverbum: *Lupus est in fabula*, à Platone in Politiis traditum."

Magiae Natur. Liber 1. De Causis Rerum.

"The *were-wolves* are certaine sorcerers who, havyng annoynted their bodyes with an oyntment which they make by the instinct of the devil; and putting on a certayne enchanted girdel, do not only unto the view of others seeme as wolves, but to their owne thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they weare the said girdel. And they doe dispose themselves as very wolves, in wuryng and killing, and moste of humaine creatures. Of such sundry have been taken and executed in sundry partes of Germany and the Netherlands. One Peeter Stump for beeing a *were-wolf*, and having killed thirteen children, two women,

and one man; was at Bedbur, not far from Cullen, in the yeare 1589, put unto a very terrible death. The *were-wolf*, (so called in Germanie) is in France *Loupgarou*."

Verstegan's Antiquities.

In Mr. Algernon Herbert's letters prefixed to Sir Frederick Madden's edition of William and the Werwolf, (London, Nicol, 1832) are to be found many interesting particulars relative to the subject. He observes :

The earliest and most remarkable notice of the superstition is given by Herodotus of the Neurians. Neuris was divided from Scythia proper by the river Tyres. They were said every year for a few days to be turned into wolves. This belief found its way into the most learned and civilised parts of Italy and Greece. See Pliny, who mentions a tribe descended from a certain Anthus, who chose one man by lot out of each family, who was led to the shores of a lake in that country, (Arcadia) where he took off his clothes, and hung them on an oak : then swam across, betook himself to the wilderness, was turned into a wolf, and so remained for nine years, associating with a herd similar to himself. If, during that period, he abstained from human flesh, he might recover his original form by swimming back again, and resuming his clothes.

Plautus, more ancient than Pliny, mentions the same family of Anthus.

In Solinus' work, 'The Wonders of the World,' he follows Herodotus in relating many wonders of the Neurians. He describes them as worshipping Mars under the form of a sword, and says that during winter they feed their fires with human and animal bones.

In Drayton's 'Moon-Calf' is a story of a War-Wolf, or Woolfe, whose depredations are much enlarged on. The change in his appearance is effected by his plunging into a well. See *Dame Howlet's Tale*.

Page 61. Of The Lay of Eglantine. The following is from the romance of Tristan and Yseult :

LAIE DE MORT DE TRISTAN DE LEONNOIS.

(WHEN WANDERING IN THE FOREST DISTRACTED.)

Je fis jadis chançons et laies

FREE TRANSLATION.

TIME was this harp could softly swell,
Love tuned its strings in sweet accord,
But now they only wake to tell
The sorrow of their lord.

Oh Love ! a vassal true and tried
This faithful heart has been to thee,
Why giv'st thou life to all beside,
And only death to me ?

Thy promised joys but sorrow bring,
Like morning skies whose glories call
The flowers to bloom, the birds to sing,
Then cast a cloud o'er all :

The lover all his danger knows,
Yet shrinks not from the dread of ill,
We know that thorns surround the rose,
Yet seek her beauties still.

Like one who nursed a sleeping snake,
Enchanted with each glittering die,
I watched the hour that bade thee wake
To find thy treachery.

Yseult, oh thou, my lovely foe !*

When closed at length is all my care,
Come to the tomb where I lie low,
And read engraven there :

“ Here rests a knight in arms renown’d,
Blush not a passing tear to shed,
No peer in faithful love he found,
And yet by love is dead !”

* * * *

The account of the ‘miracle’ attending the tombs of Tristan and Yseult, who were buried near together, is very poetical, and may have suggested to Lord Byron his beautiful lines on the undying rose on the tomb of Zuleika : Gouvernail, the faithful tutor of Tristan, goes to visit the tomb, and there finds his favourite hound, Hudan, guarding it. “ Ores veit il que de la tumbe de Tristan yssoit une belle ronce verte et feuillée qui alloit par la chapelle et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tumbe d’Yseult et entroit dedans.” Mark, the king of Cornouailles, had it cut three times in vain : “ le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme elle avoit ci-devant été et ce miracle étoit sur Tristan et sur Yseult a tout jamais advenir.”

Rom. de Tristan.

I have been informed by M. Francisque Michel that the above passage does not exist in the original romance of Tristan, of which he is preparing an authentic version, which will doubtless be most valuable. The legend, however, is so pleasing that I cannot resolve to leave it unmentioned, if

* A similar expression occurs in Mr. Lockhart’s beautiful translation of the Spanish ballad of Don Rodrigo, “ Amada enemiga mia !”

only for the association with Lord Byron's exquisite "poem." It may take its place, probably, in the opinion of competent judges, with the spurious poems of Clotilde de Surville, which lately created so much interest in France, although it required little knowledge to reject them altogether as fabrications.

Warton says that Marie's was not the only collection of British (Armorican) lais, as appears not only from the Earl of Thoulouse, but by the romance of Emare, a translation from the French, which has this similar passage :

Thys ys on of Brytayne layes
That was used of olde dayes.

Chaucer, in his Dreme, has copied the lay of Eliudc by Marie.

Brangian, the favourite attendant of Yseult, is frequently mentioned in the romance : in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* her name occurs :

In every man's mouthe it is
How Trystram was of love dronke
With Beal Isowde, when they dronke
The drynk whiche Brangueyn him bytoke,
Er that king Mark, &c.

fol. Caxton, 1493, lib. vi. fol. cxxxix.

Robert de Brunne, speaking of the romance of Sir Tristram, says that

Over gestes it has th' esteem :
Over all that is or was,
If men it said, as made Thomas.*

See *Ellis.*

Supposed to be Thomas of Ercildoune, the Rhymer.

